

THE ^{3rd} ^{ye.}
DRAMATICK
WORKS

OF
Mr. *Nathanael Lee.*

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING

SOPHONISBA.
NERO.
GLORIANA.

RIVAL QUEENS.
The MASSACRE
of PARIS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*; R. WELLINGTON, at the *Dolphin and Crown*, and D. BROWNE, at the *Black-Swan*, without *Temple-Bar*; J. WELLINGTON; A. BETTESWORTH and F. CLAY, in Trust for B. WELLINGTON.

MDCCXXXIV.

WORKS
OF
DRAMATICS



THE MUSEUM OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM
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LONDON:
Printed by J. G. & J. W. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, in the City of London.
1847.





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SOPHONISBA:

O R,

Hannibal's Overthrow.

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the

THEATRE - ROYAL

B Y

. Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by NATHANAEL LEE, *Gent.*

Præcipitandus est liber Spiritus. Petron.

L O N D O N :

Printed for F. CLAY and D. BROWNE with-
out Temple-Bar, M DCC XXXIV.

SOPHOMORE:

O R

Hamlet's Overthrow.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is

THEATRE ROYAL



HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Written by NATHANIEL Lee, Esq.

Performer of the Part of Hamlet

LONDON

Printed for J. COY and D. BROWN
at the Theatre Royal, in St. James's Street.



TO Her GRACE the
Duchess of Portsmouth.

MADAM,



IF *Sophonisba* received some Applause upon the Stage, I arrogate nothing from the Merit of the Poem, but, as I ought, with the humblest Acknowledgments and profoundest Gratitude, impute it to the favourable Aspects of the Court-Stars. But above all, I must pay my Adorations to Your Grace, who, as You are the most beautiful, as well in the bright Appearances of Body, as in the immortal Splendours of an elevated Soul, did shed mightier Influence, and darted on me a Largeness of Glory answerable to your Stock of Beams. *Hannibal* himself, whose hardy Spirit never bow'd but to the fair imperious *Rosalinda*; nay, he who, in spite of Beauty's Charms, durst gaze upon
A 3 that

6 DEDICATION.

that Sun with Eagle-Eyes, and tax her with a Blemish, now making his Approaches to Your Grace, seems awed with the Source of so many Rays, and dazzled with a Presence so illustrious. He sees, with new Bleedings, Eyes more attractive than those of *Rosalinda*; something more delicate in Your Shape, and lofty in Your Mien; an Air so charming sweet, that 'tis miraculous it shou'd be majestick too; Smiles of more delightful Shine than *April* Suns; such Softnesses and Languishing as the Almighty Poet's Hand cannot describe, nor Painter's Pencil ever draw. For my own part, I am resolved to look up to You daily, and dedicate my Life and Labours to Your Grace, to spend all the Store of my yet unexhausted Fancy in Your unbounded Fame: For I declare, to be wreath'd in Laurel from Head to Foot, is not comparable Honour to that of being,

Madam,

Your Grace's most Humble

and devoted Servant,

NAT. LEE.

P R O.



PROLOGUE

To the University of *Oxford*.

Written by J. DRYDEN Esq;

THESPIS, the first Professor of our Art,
At Country Wakes sung Ballads in a Cart.

To prove this true, if Latin be no Trespass,
Dicitur & Plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis.

But Æschylus, says Horace in some Page,
Was the first Mountebank e'er trod the Stage.

Yet Athens never knew your learned Sport,
Of tossing Poets in a Tennis-Court:

But 'tis the Talent of our English Nation,
Still to be plotting some new Reformation;

And some Years hence, if Anarchy go on,
Jack Presbyter will here erect his Throne,

Knock out a Tub with preaching once a Day,
And every Prayer be longer than a Play:

Then all you Heathen Wits shall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popish Plot:

Nor shall we want the Sentence to depart,
Ev'n in our first original, a Cart.

Occham, Dun Scotus, must, tho' learn'd, go down,
As chief Supporters of the Triple-Crown;

And Aristotle, for Destruction ripe,

Some say he called the Soul an Organ-Pipe;

Which by some little Help of Derivation,

Shall thence be call'd a Pipe of Inspiration.

Your wiser Judgments further penetrate,

Who late found out one Tare amongst the Wheat.

This is our Comfort, none e'er cried us down,

But who dislik'd both Bishops and a Crown.



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Sophonisba*, at its playing
at *Oxford*.

TO this learn'd Audience gladly we submit
At once our Action and our Poet's Wit.
Whose Shades, well pleas'd, to these fam'd Seats repair,
To hear the Muses breathe their native Air:
Free from the partial Censure of the Town,
Where senseless Faction runs the Poet down,
Where flutt'ring Hectors on the Vizard fall,
One half o'th' Play they spend in Noise and Brawl,
Sleep out the rest, then wake and damn it all. }
To you the labour'd Scene is better known,
In which no Poets have excell'd your own.
When some fam'd Hero on the Stage is seen,
You strait reflect such was his God-like Mien;
To such Extent did his vast Conquests swell,
He reign'd thus glorious, thus untimely fell:
Knowing th' Original, you the Copy praise,
And crown the Artist with deserved Bays.
Thus to their Merits we our Poets leave,
But for our selves your milder Censure crave,
That all Defects i'th' Action you'd impute
To our straitned Stage, 'tis ours, the Womens Suit.

The

EPILOGUE.

9

*The Gown to Beauty never was unkind,
But form'd by that th' Ideas of the Mind.
'Twas from the Schools our first Respects we gain'd,
Who of our Sex their Sciences have feign'd.
Thus were the Muses, thus the Graces dress'd,
And Plato thus his Virtue has express'd.
We know what's due to Sophonisba's Fame,
And more to Rosalinda's chaster Name.
Nor can we wholly ignorant appear
Of those learn'd Languages that flourish here.
Be not surpriz'd if we invade your Right,
And Ovid's or Catullus' Loves recite,
Or pass from Virgil's Labours of Æneas,
To Menin acide Thea Peleideo Achileos.*



A 5

DAA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Hannibal</i> , General of <i>Carthage</i> ,	Mr. <i>Mobun</i> .
<i>Maberbal</i> , Lieutenant-General,	Mr. <i>Burt</i> .
<i>Bomilcar</i> , Master of the Horse and Elephants,	} Mr. <i>Wintershall</i> .
<i>Scipio</i> , Consul of <i>Rome</i> ,	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Lælius</i> , his Lieutenant,	Mr. <i>Lydall</i> ,
<i>Varro</i> , a Tribune;	Mr. <i>Watson</i> .
<i>Massinissa</i> , King of <i>Numidia</i> , married to <i>Sophonisba</i> ,	} Mr. <i>Hart</i> .
<i>Trebellius</i> , a Roman Officer,	Mr. <i>Powel</i> .
<i>Massina</i> , Nephew of <i>Massinissa</i> ,	Mr. <i>Clark</i> .
<i>Menander</i> , Confident of <i>Massinissa</i> ,	Mr. <i>Griffin</i> .

<i>Sophonisba</i> , a <i>Carthaginian</i> Lady, Daughter of <i>Asdrubal</i> , first marry'd to <i>Syphax</i> , after to <i>Massinissa</i> ,	} Mrs. <i>Cox</i> .
<i>Rosalinda</i> , a Roman Lady, Mistress of <i>Hannibal</i> .	} Mrs. <i>Boutell</i> .
<i>Rezambe</i> , } Maids of Honour, and Con- <i>Merna</i> , } fidents of <i>Sophonisba</i> .	
<i>Aglave</i> . } Priestesses of <i>Bellona</i> , { Mrs. <i>Nep</i> . <i>Cumana</i> , } { Mrs. <i>Corey</i> .	

ATTENDANTS.

SCENE *Zama*.

SOPHO-



SOPHONISBA:

O R,

Hannibal's Overthrow.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar, Guards and Attendants.

Han.



Onquest with Laurels has our Arms
adorn'd,
And *Rome* in Tears of Blood our
Anger mourn'd,
Like Gods we pass'd the rugged
Alpine Hills,

Melted our way, and drove our hissing Wheels
Through cloudy Deluges, eternal Rills.
What after Ages shall with pain believe,
Through burning Quarries did our Passage cleave;

A 6

Hurl'd

Hurl'd dreadful Fire, and Vinegar infus'd,
 Whose horrid Force the Nerves of Flint unloos'd;
 Made Nature start to see us root up Rocks,
 And open all the Adamantine Locks;
 Shake off her massy Bars; o'er Mountains go,
 Through Globes of Ice, and Flakes of solid Snow.
 On our last Elephant, while we did sleep,
 In *Arnus'* foggy Fens and Marshes deep,
 One Light we lost, for *Carthage* underwent
 Wars tedious Toils, our Blood and Spirits spent,
 And all the Stock of Health which bounteous Nature lent.

Mab. But what Return has that slow City made?
 Admir'd by Foes, you were by Friends betray'd.
 While you abroad fam'd Battels bravely fought,
 The Traitor *Hanno* your Destruction sought:
 No Succours were for your Assistance meant;
 For still to *Rome* Intelligence was sent:
 That did the *Carthaginians* Strength declare,
 Which way they pass'd, and what their Numbers were.
Bom. By this Design your Brother's Death was wrought,
 When he apart from you with *Nero* fought.
 Too well that barbarous Statesman *Hanno* knew,
 If Gallant *Asdrubal* should join with you,
 The *Romans* could no hope of Safety have,
 No Power on Earth could their lost Empire save:
 With wicked Policy he therefore try'd
 Your two all conquering Armies to divide.
 How fatally did his curs'd Plots succeed,
 When with your Brother all his Troops did bleed?

Han. Great Statesmen Kings should watch while they
 Left; what they build, those underhand destroy. (employ,
 Nor has his separating Chiefs been known
 Only on Land, but on the Ocean shown:
 Where Fleets divided, by close practis'd Arts,
 Have melted Womens Eyes, and Soldiers Hearts.

Bom. Now all the Fiends those Traitors drag to Hell,
 Who for Revenge, or Gold, their Country sell.

Han. How wou'd the Slave have quak'd, had they but
 The Flights of *Trebid*, or of *Thrasimene*, (seen
 Or dreadful *Cannæ*?

Where

Hannibal's Overbrow.

Where the dire Sisters bit the *Roman* Looms,
As if their Hands were tir'd with cutting Dooms.

Bom. Where fourscore valiant Senators were kill'd,
The Blood of seventy Thousand Soldiers spill'd,
And great *Æmillus'* Death our Conquest swell'd.

Han. When, all with crimson Slaughter cover'd o'er,
We urg'd our Horses through a Flood of Gore;
Whilst from the Battlements of Heaven's high Wall
Each God look'd down, and shook his awful Head,
Mourning to see so many thousands fall,
And then look'd pale, to see us look so red.

Mab. That was a Time worthy severest Fate,
When Victory on Hills of Heroes sat,
And turn'd her Eyes, all blood-shot, on the Fray,
And laugh'd, and clap'd her Wings, and bless'd the Day.

Han. And are we thus at last rewarded then?
Dare they review our Dangers with Disdain?
Dull Counsellors, who only talk of Harm,
Sleep till high Noon, to costly Banquets swarm,
And with rich Wines drink their cold Spirits warm.
Instead of fighting *Scipio*, let us haste,
Set fire to *Carthage*, lay her Glories waste;
Melt, all their hoarded Treasures down, and pour
Into their thirsty Throats the scalding Ore.

Bom. Go on, Great Sir; their trusty Coffers burn,
Their tawring Pride to Desolation turn.

Mab. How I should laugh to see their Ermines smok!
May sulph'rous Flames their gorged Vitals choak.

Han. *Maberbal*, stay; tho' *Carthage* us'd me ill,
Spite of my Wrongs, she is my Country still:
My Father, the great Master of our Arms,
(Who while he gave me Life, heard loud Alarms)
Swore me *Rome's* Foe, when in my Age's Bud,
Wean'd me from Milk, and nurs'd me up in Blood,
And taught me to be obstinately good;
Rome, the World's Giant Empress to invade,
Till her bright Fame should shrink into a Shade
And all her golden Spires in Dust were laid.

Bom. *Carthage*, and *Rome*, which did so long divide
The troubled World, to prop their weighty Pride,

Will

Will brook no more each other's mighty Sway,
The Gods to this or that must give the Day:
Since such Majestick Pow'r to both is giv'n,
As each might take up all the Care of Heav'n.

Mab. Besides the nat'ral Hate to *Rome* you bear
With *Scipio*, Love obliges you to War,
Since *Rosalinda* is a Pris'ner there.
Heavens! shall he dare to keep your Love in Bands?
Beauty, like hers, Swords, Hands, and Hearts commands.

Han. O, my *Maherbal*! thou wert always kind,
See'st all my Good, but to my Ills art blind.

Had I by thy Advice my Soldiers led,
Hot with their Joys, and striding o'er the dead,
To *Rome*, to *Rome*, my Warrior—But, 'tis lost,
That Hour, that did so many last Hours cost!
The Gods and Opportunity ride Post.

Melting at *Capua* I in Pleasures lay;
And for a Mistress gave the World away. (subdue,

Mab. Grudge you the World? Cou'd I such Hearts
Were I great *Jove* himself, I'd give Heav'n too.
But I am rough, and not for Woman made,
In Nature's coarsest Mould my Fortune laid.

Han. Haste to the *Roman* Camp, *Bomilcar* fly,
Take Scouts along, unseen as Spirits pry,
And learn the Posture of the Enemy.
Learn, if thy Knowledge may so happy be,
Where *Rosalinda* mourns for Liberty:
Seek her as thou woud'st Wreaths for Glories Toil,
As after Conquest thou woud'st seek for Spoil. [Exeunt.

*The SCENE drawn, discovers a pleasant Grotto,
King Massinissa, Massina, and Menander sitting up-
on a Bank. Soft Musick is heard.*

K Mas. Since Love, the brightest Jewel of a Crown,
That fires Ambition, and adorns Renown:
That with sweet Hopes does our harsh Pains beguile,
And midst the Javelins makes the Soldier smile;
Since this great Trophy's lost, quite lost to me,
What wretched things must Fame and Empire be!

Men.

Hannibal's Overtbrow.

15

Men. Yet once your Soul 'was of another strain,
And still you talk'd how God-like 'twas to reign,
In mystick Empire to be plac'd alone,
And your Cheeks burn'd when you beheld a Throne;
Ev'n in your Nonage haughty were and bold,
And smiling would your Father's Sceptre hold;
And talk'd, when young, how you would rule when old.

K. Mass. Ambition then I lov'd; but now abhor.

Mass. What is Ambition, Sir?

K. Mass. The Lust of Power.

Like Glory, Boy, it licenses to kill;
A strong Temptation to do bravely ill;
A Bait to draw the Bold and Backward in,
The dear-bought Recompence of highest Sin:
For when to Death we make the conquer'd yield,
What are we but the Murd'ers of the Field?

Men. In gallant Souls, Ambition is no more
The Bawd of Empire or the Lust of Pow'r,
Than lawful Mirth is Leudness in a Bride,
Or Neatness in a Vestal Virgin, Pride.

K. Mass. Then be it so; yet I will out no more,
Since Love has wrack'd me on the long'd-for Shore,
No, but had I a Soul cou'd Storms outwear,
Durst against Rocks, or over Quick-sands steer,
For Love, if *Venus* had like *Juno* bid,
I durst as much as e'er *Alcides* did:
But I am lost; nothing, *Massina* now;
With Love's each Blait, I like a Bulrush bow.
Am I not alter'd much of late?

Mass. Alas!

You look like wither'd Flowers, or Mountain Grass.

K. Mass. O *Sophonisba*, Oh!

Mass. Why sighs my Lord?

Speak; for I will revenge you with my Sword.
What cruel Vulture's this that tears your Breast?
Like fester'd Wounds, it takes away your Rest.
You will grow mad, I think, you watch all Night,
And with your Groans the croaking Ravens fright.
Who is it that these killing Griefs has wrought,
That bends your Brow, and turns you into Thought?

K. Mass.

K. *Maf.* My Sorrows Load, alas! thou canst not bear. }

Maff. Think you my Soul is capable of Fear? }

What is it for your sake I cou'd not bear?

K. *Maff.* *Maffina*, thou art all that I wou'd have;

There's nothing after thee, but a low Grave:

Obdurate stubborn Heart, still wilt thou hold?

Observe me, Boy, when thou shalt see me cold,

Grown by my Death a longer Line of Woe,

Pale as wrong'd Lover's Ghosts, that sigh below;

Then learn to curse the Author of my Fate.

Maff. What horrid things are these, which you relate?

K. *Maf.* Thee from thy Childhood I have train'd with
I'th' painful Discipline of tedious War: (Care,

In Mountains bred thee, and on barren Sands,

And led thee near the Sun, through high parch'd Lands;

Show'd thee to chase wild Boars upon the Heath,

And taught thy Infant Hands the Trade of Death.

When I by *Boccar* hotly was pursu'd,

And forc'd to plunge into the rapid Flood,

Thou leap'dst in after me.

Maff. I did, my Lord.

But you forgot the Whirl-pool in the Ford;

Where when I struggl'd, and my Strength grew slack,

You dash'd my Fate, and bore me on your Back:

So through the *Hellepont* *Europa* rode,

Half dead with Fear, tho' mounted on a God.

K. *Maf.* But, my *Maffina*, there's one Danger more,
More dreadful than all those we pass'd before:
Vile Woman!

Maff. Women, Sir, I oft have seen

Dancing with Timbrels on the Flowry Green,

Or like small Clouds upon the Mountain's Brow;

But never thought they Thunder bore till now.

I know they are all black, have rolling Eyes,

Thick Lips, flat Noses, Breasts of mighty size.

K. *Maf.* Thou never yet in shining Courts hast been;
Nor the fair part of Woman-kind hast seen,

Who close in *Africk* Palaces reside,

And from th' injurious Sun their Faces hide:

To whom compar'd, these seem all hideous Night;
But those, like *Cynibia's* Silver Crescent, bright.

Mass. Is it a Sin to be acquainted, Sir,
With those white Maids, that are so fine and fair?

K. Mas. Shun 'em, *Massina*, as thou woud'st thy Fate;
As things which by Antipathy we hate.

Not all the Horrors of a bloody War,
Nor Lions, Tygers; such hid Fury bear:
Those appear Monsters, but these seem all mild:
None ever yet destroy'd, but still she smil'd.

They are all Grief, when they appear all Joy;
Like Lightning, while they glitter, they destroy.
Lie down, sweet Youth. A fair white Woman was,
Of what thou seest me now the cruel Cause;

Tho' clear her Form appear'd, without one Stain,
Bright as those Bodies which o'er Darkness reign,
Her Soul is blacker than the Skin of *Moors*;
For Fraud with Beauty does his Lodging take.

Mass. Then Beauty's Breast is like a Bank of Flowers,
That fairly hides a foul and ugly Snake.

K. Mas. There's not one safe, and fair; all Seas of Sin;
Shou'dst thou be us'd, alas! as I have been,
'Twou'd make thee grey; hear not my Story told.

Mass. Will Women, if they use me, make me Old?

K. Mas. I had a Mistress once,
For her I fought, and did her Cause maintain
Against the World, upon the list'd Plain:
The Gods too know with what obliging Smiles,
And blushing Joy she prais'd my mighty Toils:
And when to kiss her Hand I bended low,
She made it meet my Lips, and prest 'em too.
All this in Publick; but from Sight remov'd,
Fierce were our Joys, and with a loose we lov'd.

Menan. You may remember, Sir, that I was by,
Call'd as a Witness to the sacred Tye,
Thrice we invok'd the God of Marriage there,
With rich *Sabeian* Scents perfum'd the Air,
And utter'd sacred Vows, and binding Prayer.

K. Mas.

K. Mas. When you were gone,
 And none but I left with a charming Maid,
 What furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade?
 With open Arms upon my Bliss I ran,
 With pangs I grasp'd her, like a dying Man:
 Like Light and Heat, incorporate we lay;
 We blest the Night, and curst the coming Day.

Mass. Now as I love bright Arms, the Story's fine!
 Tell it all Night, my Lord, the Stars will shine.

K. Mas. Soon as the Birds did on the Morning call,
 Her brighter Eyes a show'r of Tears let fall:
 Which in my panting Bosom trickl'd down,
 She prest me close, and cry'd, must you be gone?
 Then round my Neck her snowy Arms did twine:
 She sigh'd; but will you be for ever mine?
 Will you be true?—and then our Lips did join.

Mass. Kind, pretty Heart.

K. Mas. Her last Words were,
 Hear me, ye Gods, may I be never blest,
 If *Massinissa* be not to this Breast
 The sweetest, dearest, everlasting Guest.
 Yet she, this fair, this soft deluding she,
 Forgetting all her Vows, forgetting me,
 While I for *Carthage* follow'd Wars Alarms,
 Resign'd her self up to another's Arms.

Enter Lælius, and Varro.

Læl. At length he's found: Rise, *Massinissa*, rise;
 Shake off these Clouds that hang about your Eyes;
 Glory's in view, and courts us with her call,
 New Storms of War like Hail around us fall.

Var. Fury, that sat at home on massy Shields,
 Now heaves 'em up, and ranges through the Fields;
 With all her hundred Whips of Wire she comes,
 And drives despairing Monarchs to their Tombs.

Læl. *Syphax* and *Asdrubal* their Forces join,
 With Arms the Mountains and the Vallies shine:
 Ha! what unwonted Charm your Soul enchains?
 Is your high Blood congeal'd within your Veins,

That

That from the dusty Field you thus retire,
And seek cool Shades, when all the World's on Fire?

Var. Kings cast their Silks, and Armour make their Robe;
Instead of Lutes, shrill Trumpets charm the Globe;
Yet you from this great Race of Honour run,
Wave falling Palms, and courting Laurels shun:
Why shou'd you *Sophonisba's* Loss bemoan,
When *Syphax*, who enjoys her, cries come on.

K. Mas. Ha! That the base Usurper did but dare
Meet me alone without his Crowds of War!

Lael. If you die here so silently, you'll fall
As if Fate knew not of your Funeral:
And cens'ring Fame will say, when you are gone,
His Thread of Life was by a Woman spun.
But, *Varro*, we mistake; this is not he,
This is some Porer on Morality;
Some studious Youth, who does the Heav'ns survey,
And in dull Science fools his Life away.

K. Mas. Awake! Where hast thou been; my drowsy
In *Lethe* sleep'd, or freezing near the Pole? (Soul
I feel her now my benumb'd Limbs inspire,
My Spirits shoot, and dart, and mount up higher,
Like Sparks that scatter from a kindling Fire:
The Plots of Love inglorious are and dark,
Blindly he aims, and Night is all his Mark;
Like Day I'll dart him through and through; I will;
To cure my Honour, I my Love will kill;
Kill her my self, cut piece-meal all her Charms.
War; how it sounds! away, to Arms, to Arms!
Let's go where the Illustrious *Scipio* calls;
I'll be the first shall scale proud *Carthage's* Walls:
Wing'd with our Glory, come, my Friends, let's fly,
To conquer bravely, or as bravely die.

Lael. Spoke like your self, thus we our Homage pay;
So look'd *Achilles* when *Troy* lost the Day.

Var. Fierce and Majestick as young *Mars* you stand:
Tis fit that Look this *Africk* should command.

K. Mas. As Lovers, big with Expectation, burn;
My Soul to Battel does all fiery turn:

Swift as the Gods, in haste out-strips the Wind,
And leaves the Coursers of the Day behind.
Yet stay; methinks I am uneasy still:
What real Pleasure can it be to kill?

Lel. Frail Prince! how wavering all his Actions be,
By Passions toss'd in Love's tempestuous Sea?
War fires the Brave.

K. Mas. Yet War contracts a Guilt,
And the Brave grieve when many Lives are spilt:
Love like a Monarch merciful and young,
Shedding no Blood effeminates the Strong;
But War does like a Tyrant vex us more,
And breaks those Hearts, which Love did melt before.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Scipio, K. Mass. Menander, Lælius, and Varro.

Scip.



HE Scouts of *Hannibal*, have they sur-
The Camp. (vey'd)

Læ. Your Will exactly was obey'd.

Scip. I hear, my gallant Friend, and
grieve to hear,

That you the Chains of *Sophonisba* wear;
In Glory's School you had the foremost Name,
Skill'd in the dark mysterious Book of Fame;
Did those worn Characters with Pleasure read,
Which told the Stories of the mighty Dead:
But by this Act of Softness you will drown
Those noble Parts, and forfeit your Renown;
Truant to all the Honour that you had,
Drunk with Love's Tears, with Smiles of Beauty mad.

K. Mas. I strove, Sir, by your great Achievements
(taught,
To drive this Beauty from my lab'ring Thought;

But

Hannibal's Overthrow.

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But I as well to Heaven might carry Wars,
And quench the Influence of our crosser Stars :
Like those with fatal Fires she gilds my way,
And leads me on that I may further stray.

Scip. Then I must angry grow, since you are frail,
And Corrosives apply, where Cordials fail ;
To me prove civil ; for your self be wise ;
You have my Friendship, therefore I advise.

K. Mas. Mean you, my Lord, not *Sophonisba* love ?

Scip. As she's the Foe of *Rome*, I disapprove
All Treaties with her : shake her off in time,
Or against Honour you commit a Crime.

K. Mas. And wou'd you have me live ?

Scip. When she is dead :
Why shou'd you wish her Life, that has betray'd
Both you and *Rome* ? *Syphax*, whom I had wrought,
Her cunning Tongue to side with *Carthage* brought ;
By Heaven I swear, if she my Captive be,
I'll use her as the *Romans* Enemy.

K. Mas. You'd have me shake her off and live ; I'd
Whether this Flesh you wear you can forego, (know
And be the same. Here through my Bosom run
Your Sword ; and when the bloody Deed is done,
When your Steel smoaks with my Heart's reeking Gore,
Bid me be well as e'er I was before.

Scip. You are resolv'd, it seems, to cross my Will :
But from a Friend I'll construe nothing ill.

K. Mas. O then endure yet more, and let me speak,
Without some vent my lab'ring Heart will break :
'Tis as a Friend your Life, your Life I spare,
Not as you, more than King, *Rome's* Consul are,
The far-fam'd *Scipio*, and the God of War. }
Can any Man that's brave,
His Mistress Injuries with Patience hear ?
Let any other in your Case appear,
And justify the words that you have said ;
By the immortal Powers, I'll strike him dead.

Lael. My Lord. (As the King moves forward, *Laelius*
lays his Hand on his Sword.

Scip.

Scip. Your gen'rous Temper, *Lælius*, hold ;
 He shall be hotter yet, to be more cold :
 My Virtue all the Storms of Passion knows,
 Has tried its Calms, its wondrous Ebbs and Flows.
 Since a Request so small you can deny,
 From greater Proofs how wou'd your Friendship fly ?

K. Mas. Try me, my Lord, but any other way,
 Heavens ! with what Readiness would I obey ?
 While Blood kind Warmth does to these Limbs afford,
 While I can shake a Spear, or wield a Sword,
 You shall be ever *Massinissa's* Lord.

Go on and wander the wide Ocean o'er,
 Go sail to some inhospitable Shore,
 Where dreadful Monsters guard the horrid Land,
 Tho' down to Hell I sink, at your Command
 I'll throw my Body on the untried Sand.

Wou'd you have all the *Carthaginians* slain,
 Or see their Cities level'd with the Plain ?
 With chearful Toil the business shall be done,
 Give me but *Sophonisba* for my Crown.

Scip. To conquer Enemies abroad's no more
 Than every Tribune here has done before :
 Search all the Army thro, and find that one,
 Who, if I bid, the Force of Fire dares shun,
 Or will not from a Precipice leap down.
 At my Command, *Lælius*, would you refuse
 To die ?

Lel. My Fate for Empire I'd not lose :
 At thy Command, Temples and Shrines should blaze,
 I'd spoil their Gods, their Statues, Altars raze,
 And with my Fury make them dread thee more,
 Than I fear them when all their Thunders roar.

Scip. To conquer Kingdoms, and on Sceptres tread,
 Is but to imitate great Heroes dead.
 Shou'd you your Arms to the World's Limits bear,
 The mighty *Alexander* pierc'd as far :
 But if ungovern'd Passion you can bind,
 And quench th' inglorious Ardour of your Mind,
 Your Fame shall with that haughty Victor's vie,
 Which all the Eastern Beauties cou'd defy.

Hannibal's Overthrow.

29

If still you are resolv'd her Charms to trust,
The World may truly term you rash, unjust,
And when you perish, say, he died for Lust.

K. Mas. You tax me, Sir, with Crimes I do not know :
But urge me not too far ; for I may grow
Beyond all Limits, just Revenge pursue,
And, blinded by my Rage, let fly at you.

Scip. Unhand him—— by the Gods, your worst I dare ;
A single Arm *Rome's* Consul cannot fear :
I shine above thee, like a Star fix'd higher,
Whom tho' you cannot reach, you may admire.

K. Mas. Like Meteors rather you false Glory take,
Whose short-liv'd Blaze low earthy Vapours make ;
Yet, since with fancy'd Fires you fill the Sky,
Shall not one Prince at your dread Aspect die.

Scip. How have I err'd? Your Trial's at an End :
Heav'n! That I e'er should call this Man my Friend.
How could my Soul so grossly be o'reseen?
From all Mankind wert thou selected then,
O most ungrate, ill-temper'd, barb'rous King?
No good did ever from this *Africk* spring.
Did I for this each *Roman* Friendship shun,
And to those savage Arms for Refuge run?
When with the weighty Cares of War oppress'd,
Lean'd all my Troubles on that sullen Breast ;
Took no Petition, granted no Command,
But what was giv'n by *Massinissa's* Hand.
What Triumphs did I ever yet design,
Wherein your Glory might not equal shine?
Yet for a Woman, and a false one too,
Your Fame, your Faith, and Friendship you forego.
Still let the Great of Favourites beware ;
They most deceive us, who most trusted are.

[*The Consul turns away.*]

K. Mas. Stay, Consul, stay, my Friend, my noble
Lord ;

Could you then cast me off for one rash Word?
Forfake me ever? O you never lov'd
Your *Massinissa*, who cou'd thus be mov'd.

Go

Go if you please, leave this ungrateful King,
This savage, barb'rous, indigested thing.
Whate'er my Passion did, should pardon'd be;
For, I confess, you are a God to me:
Yet it had been more friendly and more kind,
Not to have met the Tempest of my Mind.

Scip. But was it possible in this our Strife,
That *Massinissa* should attempt my Life?

K. Mas. Pronounce my Death, cut off these cursed
Hands,

Send me to *Syphax*, bound with shameful Bands,
That I may all the subtlest Torments bear,
And after Death no more Reproaches hear.

Scip. By this return of Virtue I am made
For ever yours——Say, do I now upbraid?
Are these Reproaches?

K. Mas. O ye Powers, look down,
And hear me swear by your eternal Throne;
Whatever this your Likeness shall command,
Tho' *Sophonisba* from my trembling Hand,
I will obey——or curse me where I stand.

Scip. As your first Trial, strait to *Cirta* fly,
And perjur'd *Syphax* at his Gates defy.
Our Troops must conquer when led on by you:
Chiefly his Wife endeavour to subdue,
Whose subtle working Wit wrought all his Care,
And with her beauteous Grievs renew'd the War.

K. Mas. This Youth, my Kinsman, as a Pledge I leave;
My All, the Darling of my Soul receive,
As I in War shall false or faithful be,
So may just Heaven do both to him and me.

Mass. Ah! if I am that Darling of your Heart,
How can you leave me thus forlorn behind?
Take me along, or I shall think 'twas Art
That made you seem so pitiful and kind.

K. Mas. Now all the Gods thy precious Life defend;
Something that's fatal sure these Tears portend;
I was not us'd to weep.

Scip. Nor must not now.
At your request we will to *Zama* go;

From hence to *Bagrada* our Forces draw,
To try our Strength with desp'rate *Hannibal*,
And keep that famous Conqueror in awe,
They talk'd of giving Laws i'th' Capitol.

K. Mas. My Blood boils in my Veins and catches Fire;
Such Words, such Courage would the Dead inspire:
Yes, we will fight, my Lord, with *Hannibal*,
To bloody 'ccount his boasted Valour call.

Scip. Like some vast ill-built Tow'r so high he grows,
His Marble Front nods with each Blast that blows.

K. Mas. Our Arms, like Thunder, levell'd at his
Crown,
Shall all at once, hurl'd by our Rage, rush on,
And in a Moment roll his Glory down.

[*Manet Massina solus.*]

Mass. Was ever Youth unfortunate as I?
But I will be revenged on him and die.
Perhaps to lose me in his Wars he fears,
As if my Soul did not outgo my Years.

Enter Rosalinda.

Ros. I've scap'd with much ado the Tribune's Hands,
But 'tis the Consul who must break my Bands,
And send me with a pass-port back—Who's there?
What are you?

Mass. First instruct what you are,
And how you came to be thus heav'nly fair;
What is it makes your Cheeks so fresh and bright,
The Red of Rosès, or the Lillies White?

Ros. Were you ne'er thus before?

Mass. I never knew
Such Agues in my Blood, and Fevers too.

Ros. I'll leave you, Sir.

Mass. You cannot if you wou'd,
You may as easily forego your Blood:
Like that, I'll blushing creep about you still,
And my sick Thoughts with silent Pleasures fill.

Ros. What is't you'd have?

Mass. Alas! I do not know;
 Something there is which Nature will not show:
 Whene'er you speak, as at melodious Strains,
 There's something purls and trickles thro' my Veins;
 Like Quicksilver it moves so cold and fast,
 Then my Eyes twinkle as they'd look their last.

Ros. It shews like Love: but in its Birth destroy
 A Passion which scarce Pity can enjoy.

Mass. Perhaps you think me born of common Race;
 But royal Blood does my high Lineage grace.
 Ah! do not then put out this harmless Flame,
 Since from your Eyes the tingling Torment came.

Ros. In vain your Passion's Ardour you alledge,
 The Fort's impregnable, break up your Siege;
 No Force nor Art can the least Outwork win,
 There's one for you too mighty enter'd in:
 The haughtiest, bravest, foremost Man on Earth,
 Who from the Blood of Gods derives his Birth.

Mass. To this immortal Kindred leave him then;
 You may be better plac'd with Blood of Men.
 Besides, who knows but his Divinity,
 As Gods will sometimes very forward be,
 May chance take pet as you in Love engage,
 And thunder you to pieces in his Rage?

Ros. 'Tis true, in War most dreadful he appears,
 All cruel, glorious, Dangers thick he wears:
 Not to amuse you, when you have nam'd all
 That's great and lovely, think on *Hannibal*.

Mass. Is't possible!
 In Age can Beauty ought that's lovely spy?
 Can Dreams of Glory waking Youth supply?
Ros. Tho' his Blood mov'd like freezing Currents flow,
 Were his Head whiter than the *Alpine* Snow,
 My Youth his Age into one Piece should grow.

Mass. All you have said I know in jest was spoke;
 What should you do with such a sapless Oak?
 When a young pleasant Vine so near you stands,
 And bows with all his Clusters to your Hands.

Ros. Honour to Youth and Beauty I prefer,
 I'm for the best and bravest Man in War;

And since the World knows none so great as he,
None else shall Lord of my Affection be.
In shorter Joys let other Maids delight,
Those transitory Pleasures of a Night;
But I more lasting Happiness design,
In my illustrious Warriour's Heart to shine,
And have my Name on his high Tomb engrav'd,
This, this is she who *Hannibal* enslav'd.

Mass. Tho' I no Dawn of Comfort can descry,
Yet in this hopeless Love I will engage,
And every Thought of Royalty cast by,
Thro' all the World attend you as your Page:
For all my Pains I will not beg one Kiss,
That were to wrong your mighty Man of War;
Give a kind Look, and I will prize the Bliss
Above those Hopes which the Ambitious bear.

Ros. Since then you are resolv'd a while to wait,
As your first Task, shew me the Consul straight:
My Beauty like a Comet shall arise
That temp'rate Lord of Nations to surprize,
I'll thunder in his Ear and lighten in his Eyes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Carthaginian Camp.*

Hannibal is discover'd in his Tent, sitting at a Table with Lights.

Han. How great's the Care, the Toil and lingring Pain,
That racks a General's Breast, and breaks his Brain!

Argus a hundred Lights had, I but one,
Yet all the Day 'tis watchful as the Sun;
And all the Night 'tis watchful as the Moon.
When shall I sleep, from Noise and Business freed?
'Tis hush'd, but Business does succeed:

Beauty which *Jove* could draw from Heav'n's high
Tow'r,
When Nymphs in Groves his God-head stoop'd to ad-
So much he lov'd Delight above Almighty Pow'r:

In his deep Blood the soft Contagion ran,
 Staining his Son, that vast immortal Man,
 The great *Alcides*, who a Distaff made
 Of that huge Club which Nations could invade;
 Wou'd in his Mistress' Glas kind Looks devise,
 Less'ning the Glories of his God-like Eyes,
 And turn'd his mighty Voiee to tender Cries.
 Since Gods themselves, and God-like Men have low'd,
 Why should not I with Beauty's Charms be mov'd?
 The highest Pow'r has Love's blind Mazes trod;
 Then *Hannibal* love on, and imitate a God.

Enter Bomilcar.

Bomilcar here? So suddenly return'd?
 You look as if your Journey you had mourn'd.

Bom. My Lord, we were discover'd.

Han. Ha! How then?

Was your lost Freedom given you agen?

Bom. The gen'rous Consul knowing who we were,
 Commanded us to dissipate our Fear:
 Then to his Officers gave strict Command,
 To let us take a view of ev'ry Band;
 But such brave Men, and such strict Discipline!

Han. You speak, *Bomilcar*, as you knew not mine.

Bom. My Lord, your Pardon, if I say these Eyes
 Ne'er yet beheld such gallant Enemies.
 When we had seen what might less Spirits damp,
 He generously dismis'd us from the Camp.

Han. This civil Brav'ry has oblig'd me so,
 I shall to Battel with half Fury go:
 Doubts enter here, which yet my Breast ne'er felt;
 Doubts beget Fears, and Fears my Courage melt.
 But of my Love, Cousin, you nothing said;
 Is she alive? How I that Answer dread!
 Or is it possible she can be dead?

Bom. Tho' in the Search our utmost Wit essay'd,
 We nought could hear of that illustrious Maid.

Han. Perhaps his Heart for Temp'rance so renown'd,
 From her all-conqu'ring Eyes might take a Wound,

And

Hannibal's Overthrow.

29

And now he keeps her close : Which should he dare,
With Fire and Sword we'll carry on the War.
Yes, we will instantly our Bodies join ;
The World's at stake, let her be his or mine.

Bom. Throw boldly at the Sum which the Gods set ;
A hundred thousand Lives at once are met,
That on your side will all their Fortunes bet.

Enter Maherbal

(behold

Mab. Come forth, my Lord, haste from your Tent,
Sights that may chill the Fiery, daunt the Bold :
Shrill Trumpets echo thro' the Arch of Heaven,
Battels proclaim'd, and bloody Signals giv'n.
Two Suns their gaudy Chariots Curtains furl,
And at each other brandish'd Lightning hurl ;
Red Bolts rush flaming thro' a bloody Sky,
Wounding the Air, vast pointed Splinters fly,
Immortal Spirits drop down, and seem to die :
A Host of heav'nly Warriours bright and gay
Appointed stand, and ready for the fray ;
In golden Arms their shining Chiefs appear,
Helmets and Shields of Diamonds they wear,
And Spears, with Stars of value set, they bear.

Han. The End of all things sure is drawing nigh.

Maio. Thro' the void Place swift Darts obliquely fly :
Black swarthy Demons hold a hollow Cloud,
And with long Thunder-bolts they drum aloud :
Their Trumpets all with Sun-beams are inlay'd,
Where dreadful Sounds by fiery Breath are made :
Mountains are buried in the Womb of Earth,
A Grave they find where first they had their Birth :
Our Household Gods sweat as they stand, and all
Your Garlands from their Temples untouch'd fall.
A Wolf but now, his Jaws all blooded o'er,
And by his side a savage foaming Boar,
Your Out-guards fac'd, and Slaughter there began,
Nor stop'd they, but thro' all the Army ran,
'Till satiated with Blood, the Monsters fled,
Vanish'd from Sight, and in dark Forests hid.

B 3

Han.

And

Han. Lead to the Place from whence we may descry
These dreadful Prodigies that fill the Sky.
Command our Priests a Sacrifice prepare,
T'appease the angry Demons of the Air.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE drawn discovers a Heaven of Blood, two
Suns, Spirits in Battel, Arrows shot to and fro in the
Air ; Cries of yielding Persons, &c. Cries of Carthage
is fallen, Carthage, &c.*

Re-enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

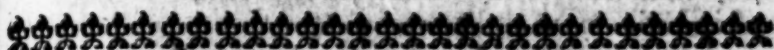
Han. What mean the Gods by these fantastick Forms ?
And unprovok'd why do they raise such Storms ?

Mab. When dreadful Prodigies like these appear,
'The sure Destruction of some State is near.
Our General's mov'd, his angry Looks dart Fire,
And noble Rage does his griev'd Soul inspire.

Han. Can this be true ? Answer, ye Powers Divine,
Shall in our Death the *Roman* Glory shine ?
Has Fate our Ruin fix'd ? Is it decreed,
That *Carthage* fall, and *Hannibal* must bleed ?
Yet with unshaken Souls our Doom we'll wait,
And perish bravely, tho' unfortunate :
Yes, ye malicious Powers, this *Hannibal*,
Whom you untimely to Destruction call,
Still what he was, shall like a Soldier fall.
Let *Hanno* shiver in the Arms of Death ;
But loud Reports shall wait our parting Breath,
We'll drown the talking Gods with our last cry,
And Earth shall thunder back upon the Sky.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

A Roman Camp.

Enter Scipio, Lelius, Attendants, Varro, Guard.

Scip.



I S strange that we no News from *Cirta*
No Soldier thence? (hear

Lel. None, Sir, does yet appear.

Scip. 'Twere fit some Tribune with our
Horse should go,

And the Intents of *Maffiniffa* know.

Enter Rosalinda and Maffina.

Ros. Where is the General? By your Majesty,
And august Garb, you should the Consul be:
If such you are, I charge you set me free. }

Scip. Your strict Commands are told in such a way,
The Consul doubts whether he should obey:
Nor know I, Fair-one, what, or whose you are,
Wrongfully held, or Prisoner of War. }

Ros. By right or wrong, when Beauty pleads like mine,
'Tis fit you strait my Liberty enjoin;
To keep me here against my Will, is wrong,
Since I to *Hannibal* the Great belong:
Dare you detain what's his?

Scip. We all things dare,
But would not willingly offend the Fair:
None shall presume your Freedom to deny,
If with the Gift we may your Friendship buy.

Ros. My Friendship! No; to Death I hate you all,
All that bear Arms against my *Hannibal*:
A Man so great, I tho' a *Roman* born,
Can for his sake my Friends, my Country scorn;

Who drives the bravest of you from the Field,
As I in Cities make all Beauties yield.

Rome! she's not fit tho' she her Head lay down,
To be his Foot-stool, when he mounts a Throne.

Scip. My yet unshaken Soul, with Virtue bound,
No force of War, or Love cou'd ever wound:

But *Mars* and *Cupid* now at once appear,
And strike me with an Object fierce and fair.

How her Eyes shine! what killing Fires theyart!
And all within I feel the fatal Smart.

Away with her, she is a Sorceress, go.

Mass. Stay, stay, my Lord, remember she's your Foe;

Besides, I love her; and if she depart,

Or suffer any Wrong, 'twill break my Heart.

By all those Noble Promises you made,

[*Kneels.*

When *Asdrubal* in *Spain* before you fled,

And I your Pris'ner was, you lov'd me then,

With Gold and Jewels sent me home again,

And hung about my Neck a Di'mond Chain.

Scip. At your Request, she shall not go, but stay
With me.

Mass. With you? Dispatch her, Sir, away.

A Rival in my Love I cannot bear:

Love toys, my Lord, below your Greatness are,

They'll take you off the Business of the War.

Scip. Tho' War usurp the Day, Love claims the Night;
At last we'll try this am'rous new Delight.

Mass. Yes you may try, but ne'er can please like me;

You'll still be dreaming, Sir, of Victory,

Of storming Forts, and digging Trenches deep,

And call for Arms and break your Mistress' sleep.

Ros. The serious Trifles of your Love adjourn;

For know I view you both with equal Scorn.

O mighty *Hannibal!* thou all Divine,

This loyal Heart shall never be but thine;

How little these compar'd to thee? how low?

Scip. Trophies as great, and Conquests we can show,

Noble as those which his fam'd Arms adorn,

From as dire Dangers Victory hath torn.

Ros.

Ros. 'Tis true, some Glory you achiev'd in *Spain*,
And *Carthage* by surprize did gain;
For your late Conquest poorly did conspire,
Pretending Peace, you set the Camp on Fire:
Yet you would loudly talk of *Roman* Fame,
When all your Eagles Dove-like flew so tame.
But *Hannibal* with Noise to War proceeds,
Makes the World start at his unequal'd Deeds;
He like some rolling Whale, who as he laves,
With his bright Armory gilds the Waves;
Dashes the frighted Nation from his side,
That pale and foaming Furies far off ride,
O'er all the watry Region does command,
The Ocean's Lord and Tyrant of the Land:
While your tame Legions, like the smaller Fry,
Glide silent on, and only twinkle by.

Scip. Take her, *Massina*, bear her from my Tent,
To Freedom, Chains, to Death or Banishment:
Bear her where I may never see her more.

[*Massina leads her off.*]

She's gone, and now I am as heretofore;
My panting Heart with Thirst of Glory burns,
Fame flies before, and beck'ning Fortune turns,
Bever and Bucklers, Swords and massy Shields,
And all the wonted Objects Fancy yields,
Black Hills, and dusty Plains, and bloody Fields.

Enter Maherbal.

What art thou? 'Tis the Consul speaks.

Mab. From *Hannibal* I come with you to treat,
E'er Fortune half the frighted World defeat:
The Grace which for his Spies you did command,
He thanks you for; but with his Sword in Hand,
He who ne'er yet a Parley wish'd with *Rome*,
Since War is to the dreadful upshot come,
Would hold Discourse with you of the Earth's Doom.

Scip. 'Tis granted; where's the Place?

Mab. On *Zama's* Plain,
Attended only with five hundred Men;

Soon as the Morn's first Blushes shall appear,
Expect the Terror of your Armies there.

[Exit.

Scip. Wou'd it were done, the great Decision made;
Rome crown'd, and in the Dust great *Carthage* laid.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Laurels, and all the Trophies Conquest yields,
Colours and Standards, bought with Blood in Fields,
King *Massinissa* does to *Scipio* send,
His godlike Master, and his warlike Friend.

Scip. Relate in brief the Progress of his Arms.

Treb. Soon as King *Syphax* heard our dread Alarms,
He sent some Troops of Horse abroad to scout,
Which were by equal Number put to rout.
Urg'd with Despair, and by his charming Wife,
Whose Beauty has been fatal to his Life,
He came in Person forth, to end the Strife.

Our Battels join'd, and fiercely it was fought,
Till to the last Extreame our Troops were brought;
When *Massinissa* more than Man appear'd,
And with his overflowing Valour clear'd
Those mighty Odds, which first our Soldiers fear'd.

Scip. Some wondrous Act of Fortitude was shown,
Which could resettle Troops half overthrown.

Treb. Where'er our General turn'd, Death mark'd his
And whom he ey'd, with his cold Arrow strook; (Look,
Like some vast Flame he made his glorious Way,
And all about him Desolation lay.

Syphax whose Name he made to Heav'n resound,
With Cries of echoing Joys at last he found,
Trembling, tho' with his Guards encompass'd round;
Swift as Revenge could dart, he on him flew,
Whom from his Horse with his Hands force he drew,
And pierc'd his Heart in both the Armies View:
Which seen, with one Consent the Soldiers fled,
As if all Hopes were with their Monarch dead.

Scip. *Cirta* should after such a Loss, in course,
Surrender to the Victor's dreaded Force.

Treb.

Hannibal's Overtbrow.

15

Treb. It did, Great Sir : To *Massinissa* now
The gravest Lords with willing Homage bow ;
Where, as I did amongst the Foremost ride,
'Twas wish'd the Queen might prove the Victor's Bride.

Scip. I rather wish thou could'st not Conquest boast,
And that the King were with the Battel lost.
To *Cirta*, *Lelius*, instantly repair,
And make that subtle Queen our Prisoner :
If *Massinissa* should oppose you, say,
'Tis my Command, who swore you to obey. [Exeunt.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, and Bomilcar.

Han. My *Rosalinda* freed, and in my Tent?
But wherefore was that Stranger with her sent ?
Thou hast a Tempest rais'd within my Mind ;
Speak, was this Youth so fair, and she so kind ?

Bom. Your *Rosalinda's* Beauty did appear
Bright as Noon-day ; all piercing, sprightly clear ;
But he who led her seem'd so soft and young,
As if that Pity handed Love along ;
And Tears did so his blushing Cheeks adorn,
Methought the Sun came usher'd by the Morn.

Han. Cease thy unwelcome Praise ; what did she say ?

Bom. That she wou'd there for your Appearance stay ;
I bow'd and went, and being curious grown,
I stoop'd a while to mark that Fair unknown :
When she with languishing Intreaties said,
Is this your Love ? shall I not be obey'd ?
Be gone, be gone ; if *Hannibal* should come,
And but inspect, Death were a certain Doom.

Han. Peace, Harbinger of Fate ; with Ravens dwell,
Thy Tale at Midnight to the Dying tell :
Oh ! it has pierc'd me like a poison'd Dart,
Which by degrees infects the Blood and Heart ;
And now it higher mounts, divides my Head,
Where like a Plague its pointed Venoms spread,
My Brain ten thousand various Tortures turn ;
Now Agues chill me, and now Fevers burn.

Treb.

B 6

Oh !

Oh *Rosalinda*! False ungrateful Maid,
 Am I for loss of Glory thus repaid?
 But let's away, to my Pavilion lead;
 That Ravisher of all my Hopes shall bleed. [Exeunt.

Enter Rosalinda, and Massina.

Ref. Why did you stay? If you did ever love,
 Let me conjure you, from this Place remove.

Mass. Permit me, as your menial Servant stay,
 And near your Person sigh my Life away:
 Is that so much?

Ref. It cannot, must not be,
 That you should idly spend your Hours with me:
 You, like the golden Planet of the Day,
 Should, as you rise all glorious, set all gay;
 A gen'rous Pity does my Heart subdue,
 Which bids you now eternally adieu.

Mass. Say, your Disdain—Alas! how can I part?
 Methinks I go as if I had no Heart:
 But since you are resolv'd it must be so,
 Near to some murm'ring Brook I'll lay me down;
 Whose Waters, if they should too shallow flow,
 My Tears shall swell 'em up that I will drown.

Enter Hannibal, Bomilcar, Asper.

Ref. Massina, stay; I strictly charge you live.

Han. Not Heav'n nor Earth can grant him a Reprieve,
 Since *Hannibal* has vow'd that he shall die:

Bomilcar bind him, bind him instantly.

False *Rosalinda*!—Bear him from my sight,
 And shade his Beauties with Eternal Night.

Is it for this at last we meet again?

Wou'd you had still the Consul's Captive been.

Ref. Oh *Hannibal*! can you resist my Tears?
 What Change is this your stormy Temper wears?

He shall not die, *Bomilcar, Asper, stay,*

'Tis I command you; dare you disobey?

Han.

Han. Be gone, he dies who listens to her Pray'r;
Pull off his Bracelets, let him Shackles wear.
With Fetters fret his soft and supple Skin;
Too light a Penance for so foul a Sin.

[*Massina is taken away.*]

Ros. If *Rosalinda* yet has any part
Left in that cruel, yet renowned Heart,
This Stranger's Freedom instantly enjoin,
And you shall ever be the Lord of mine.

Han. How dar'st thou plead for him, false as you are?
Falsely, if possible, than thou art fair:
In his Behalf no Intercession make,
His Torments shall be doubled for thy sake:

Ros. Henceforth wrong'd Innocence from Courts re-
Thou best, but rare Companion of the Great: (treat,
Since thus abus'd, ah! visit him no more,
But rest thy Sorrows at some Shepherd's Door.

Han. Oh Guilt! canst thou to Innocence appeal,
Who to this Youth such Kindness didst reveal?

Ros. If Pity Kindness be, I was most kind,
Who all my Softness to his Grievs resign'd:
And what but Marble Hearts cou'd see him mourn,
Yet so much Sweetness with such Sorrows scorn?

Han. Pity, like yours, that does so swiftly move,
Is the Fore-runner of approaching Love.

Ros. Unworthy of the Honour you possess;
My Passion's great, wou'd I cou'd make it less:
Know, most Unjust and Jealous, therefore vain,
For Jealousy's great Weakness in great Men.
My constant Soul did for thy Glory wave,
The Rich, the Young, the Beautiful and Brave.
My Charms the cold and temp'rate Consul felt,
Whilst Beauty's Beams did fiercely on him play:
The Frost which long had bound his Heart, did melt,
And Love like Sun-shine thaw'd his Ice away.

Han. Your Looks methinks have quite another Air;
Nor doubt I but your Beauty has been try'd,
So faint Love's Colours in your Face appear,
Like Silks that lose their Gloss by being dy'd.

Ros. That *Scipio*, nor this Prince, whom cruel you
Have bound, cou'd nothing on my Heart prevail,
Is as Heav'n's high Decree most justly true ;
And I am innocent, as thou art frail.

Han. Alas ! 'twas Innocence to say, be gone ;
If *Hannibal* shou'd but inspect, you're dead.

Ros. Compassion, for a Love I could not own,
Urg'd me to speak : what you have heard, was said,
Therefore release him instantly from Bands,
And yield him safe into the Consul's Hands :
Without Delays or murmur'ing free him strait :
Or may your Laurels never more be green,
Nor may your Arms in War be fortunate,
Nor *Rosalinda* but with Frowns be seen.

Han. Stay, Madam——Haste, the Captive Prince un-
My Heart to others rough, the Soldier's Crime, (bind:
As Rocks to Seas, or stubborn Oaks to Wind,
Shall bow to you, as those must yield to Time :
Forgive my Temper, harden'd with the Steel,
In which I stood almost Immortal Man,
Till Love let fall a Blow, that made me reel,
And pointed Beauty through my Armour ran.
Can you forgive the Rudeness of my Mind ?

Ros. Forego your Jealousy, and I'll be kind.

Enter Massina unbound.

Han. May a rash Man, wrong'd Prince, your Pardon

Mass. No, Sir, my Pardon you shall never have ; (crave ?
For know I hate thee on a double Score,
Much for thy Love, more for Tyrannick Pow'r.
Princes who have like me dishonour'd been,
Should blush to be dishonour'd so agen ;
Fall, die, dispatch, to Fortune's Malice bow,
Thy royal Uncle would not own thee now.
Life proffer'd with the World I would not take ;
Yet I could live for *Rosalinda*'s sake :
Speak *Hannibal*, wilt thou thy share resign ?

Ros. He may, but I can never part with mine.

Mass. How, never ?

Ros.

Ros. Never.

Mass. O unkind hard Heart!

Love when he shot me, sure mistook his Dart,
Or chang'd with Death, whose quick destroying Shaft
Thus drinks my Blood, thus with a full deep Draught.

[Stabs himself.]

Ros. Hold, cruel Prince! the Dagger from him wrest.

Han. Too late, alas! I drew it from his Breast.

Ros. What have you done?

Mass. Only my Body drain'd

Of that sick Blood, which *Hannibal* had stain'd:

What less than Death could I to Honour give?

And Love neglected charg'd me not to live.

Now you may take him, take him to you all.

This cruel, haughty, happy *Hannibal*.

Han. The bus'ness of our Life's a senseless Thing;

Why burns th' ambitious Man to be a King?

Or to what purpose does the Warrior call

For Arms? or Gown-men baffle in the Hall?

Sport for the Gods, they whirl us here and there,

As Boys blow watry Bubbles in the Air.

My Help!

Mass. Ah! let me not be touch'd by thee,

If Foes may capable of Pity be.

Your *Rosalinda* seize, and with her fly

To golden Beds; embrace her fast, while I

Within my dark and dusty Dungeon lie.

[Dies.]

Han. Crouds of ill-boding Thoughts my Soul dismay.

His Body to the *Roman* Camp convey,

Hears'd in a mourning Chariot softly tread,

And look so sad that they may think you dead.

[They bear off the Body.]

Ros. This your Suspicion of my Honour was:

See the Effects where Jealousy's the Cause.

Ah cruel Victor, I cou'd curse thee now;

With all thy Laurels blasted on thy Brow.

Love sickens with this Deed, my Transports fade,

Would we were both in Earth's low Cavern laid;

Curtain'd

Ros.

Curtain'd with shady Horrors, where the Sun
And Stars their fiery Courses never run,
But all the Business of the World is done.

[Exit.]

Han. Oh that my Heart her future State could find;
Know to what Good or Ill this Life's design'd.
Prudence against such Knowledge may advise:
But who of all Mankind was always wise?
For the great Secret to the Gods I'll go;
And if they fail me, fathom for't below,
'Tho' hid by Fate under a thousand Rocks,
And drag it up by the dark jetty Locks.
Let it as ghastly as a Gorgon come,
Stiff with the View, I will out-gaze my Doom. [Exit.]

SCENE the City of Cirta.

Enter King Massinissa, and Menander. [Trumpets sound
a lofty March.]

K. Mas. Was ever Victory so swiftly won?
We scarce had leisure to demand the Town:
Their Gates were open'd with such Haste and Fear,
As if our conqu'ring Swords enchanted were.

Men. *Syphax*, the great Usurper of your Throne,
Is to revenging Furies downwards gone:
In Hell's low Valleys grown the darkest Weed,
And feels the Stings that make Ambition bleed.

K. Mas. Straight to the Palace bid our Forces turn,
Where *Sophonisba* does her Losses mourn.
We'll visit that forsworn-illustrious Fair,
To let her see how unconcern'd we are.

Men. Since you have promis'd that you will forsake,
Why should your Virtue needless Trials make?
Love, tho' scarce warm, within your Bosom pent,
Fann'd with her kindling Sighs, may get a Vent:
Like Heat which stifled in some closer space,
If any Air gets in, fires all the place.

[Exit.]

K. Mas.

Hannibal's Overthrow.

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K. Mas. Dar'st thou suspect? I say, it cannot be;
Has Air, or its wing'd Rangers, Liberty?
Loose like the Wind, as the wide Ocean free,
My enlarg'd Soul rolls wantonly along,
Can hear unmov'd the warbling Syren's Song;
Braving her Eyes, her Falshood I'll upbraid,
For those rude Wrongs she on my Virtue laid.

Men. Your Majesty best knows what's fit to chuse;
I humbly offer'd what you may refuse.

K. Mas. Perhaps my present Rage I may not keep;
For she has Words would make the Cruel weep.
And Charms as powerful as *Circe's* Wiles,
As ravish'd Virgins Sighs, or Infants Smiles.
But I more blind with Rage than she with Tears,
Maugre the Cunning which her Sorrow wears,
Her Hopes will laugh at, and despise her Fears.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE The Palace.

Enter Sophonisba, Rezambe, and Merna.

Soph. Rome and the World against my Life combine;
Methinks I'm still a Queen while this is mine.
Tho' *Massinissa* has the King o'erthrown,
And his victorious Troops possess the Town;
Yet *Sophonisba* is, and shall be free,
Spite of the frighted Senators Decree.
They blush to see this Life so glorious shine,
And fear their Eagles Eyes should dazzl'd be with mine.
Merna, if I have ought from thee deserv'd,
Be grateful thus, and thou hast nobly serv'd.

Mer. Not for the World.

Soph. Rezambe, thou art brave,
Strike, and the *Carthaginian* Glory save:
How will the Just, the Valiant, and the Wise,
Extol thy Virtue and thy Courage prize?
Who durst the Softness of thy Sex forego,
And free thy Country with one desp'rate Blow;
A Deed that will e'en *Hannibal* out-do.

Rez.

Rez. Rather than I would live to see those Hands,
Which Kings have kiss'd, fetter'd with *Roman Bands*,
That Body like a Pageant Wretch adorn'd,
Gracing the Victor's Wheels your Greatness scorn'd;
Rather than this endure, by all that's good,
I'd bathe this Dagger in your Life's warm Flood,
Till the Haft reek'd with your Heart's Royal Blood.

Soph. O thou most noble-martial Maid,
If by thy Eyes my Soul could be survey'd,
Thou wouldst believe what cannot be express'd,
How dear thou art to *Sophonisba's* Breast.
Thy Voice like sad, but pleasing Musick flew;
Like dying Swans, 'twas sweet and fatal too.
Now strike, and bravely act thy tragick part;
Just here, strike thro' and thro' this wretched Heart.

Rez. Death's our last Remedy, as 'tis the worst:
'Tis fit you try the Victor's Mercy first.
Prince *Massinissa* lov'd you once; who knows
But the same Passion in his Bosom glows?
Blow it into a Flame, try all your Charms;
Love laughs at brandish'd Swords and glitt'ring Arms.

Mer. Never was Man like *Massinissa* kind,
By Nature mild, and amorously inclin'd.
Not vanquish'd *Syphax* dying fell so low,
As this charm'd Prince will to your Beauty bow.

Rez. Imputed Treachery you ought to clear;
Let Guilt shrink back, and Innocence appear:
I'll hide the Ponyard in my Robe; if he
Dooms you a Slave, this gives you Liberty.

Soph. When breach of Faith join'd Hearts does disengage,
The calmest Temper turns to wildest Rage:
He thinks me false, tho' I have been most true;
And thinking so, what may his Fury do?

Rez. His Trumpets Clangors make the Palace ring;
Here wait your Fate, and this victorious King.

Enter King Massinissa, Menander, Attendants.

K. Mas. Madam, I come to tell you that you are
No more a Queen, but Prisoner of War.

The

The King, whose Loss 'tis probable you grieve,
To whose lov'd Memory those Tears you give,
For Judgment is to Heav'n's Tribunal gone,
And now I come to claim my Father's Throne.
You in the War have been unfortunate;
Not but your Cause deserv'd a better Fate.

Soph. Of Empire's Joys to you a Gift I make,
More willingly than I did ever take.

Freely as ever *Syphax* made it mine,

To *Massinissa* I my Crown resign.

(*spise*:

K. Mas. Not as your Gift; Crowns I should then de-
But as my Right by Birth and Valour's Prize,
My Father *Galla's* Diadem I'll bear,
And all the Royalties of *Cirta* wear.

Soph. These Springs of Grief Unkindness now supplies.

K. Mas. *Syphax* deserv'd that Tribute from your Eyes.

Soph. There is a Cause more worthy of these Tears.

K. Mas. More worthy! what, than *Syphax*? for your
Did he not Fame and Empire Victims make, (sake
Giving Love over-measure, when at last
He threw his Life up for you as a Cast?

Soph. If what I spake might kindly be receiv'd—
But Misery can never be believ'd.

K. Mas. Not you believ'd! O God, is it clear Day?
So manifest are all Things that you say.

Not you believ'd! what harden'd Infidel
Shall dare to doubt the Oracles you tell?

Soph. I will, when Sorrow shall permit me, speak;
But sure my Heart must with Unkindness break.

K. Mas. 'Tis possible; yet, Madam, e'er I go,
Express your Will, for I have much to do:

My Men I have not plac'd; my Father's Throne
We have not fill'd; I must, I must be gone.

Menander, do we triumph?

Men. Bravely, Sir;

All like your self, and more than Conqueror.

Rez. Merna, we're lost: for with a haughty Scorn
He turns away, and smiles to see her mourn.

Soph. Are you not *Massinissa* call'd?

K. Mas.

K. Mass. I am.

Soph. Have you not heard of *Sophonisba's* Name?
She who unmov'd your high Disdain endures;
Yet *Sophonisba*, who was always your's.

K. Mas. Oh Heavens!

Soph. Whom wasting Cares did all the Day devour,
Who watch'd all Night, counting each tedious Hour:
And never found that there were Joys in Power.

K. Mas. Ha! *Sophonisba*! yes, I knew her well,
That Angel fair, and lov'd her e'er she fell.
Oh, *Sophonisba*, hadst thou but a Mind
Half beauteous as the Case where 'tis enshrin'd,
Thou wert——but she is dangerous to name;
My Reason's snatch'd by my tempestuous Flame.
Menander help——

Or I shall sink in the Abyss of Thought,
My Vows, my Friendship, Glory, all forgot:
As when we launch into the Sea, the Land (Strand.
Goes backward, with the Trees, and all the neighb'ring

Men. Be gone, my Lord, you're ruin'd if you stay.

K. Mas. What, from the vanquish'd shall we run away?

Men. Still there's some Hopes, since at her Name he
And now he eyes her with a kindling Look. (shook.

Rez. With that last Glance methought Love shot him
there.

K. Mas. Yes, Madam, this is *Massinissa*.
I am (to thy Confusion be it known)
A walking Grave with Sorrows over-grown,
With rooted Cares and every baneful Weed,
That nightly Watchings and pale Troubles breed.
Once I was free from these, and flourish'd fair,
Like a tall Tree I blossom'd in the Air;
My chearful Friends like Birds about me sung,
Free from the Charms of thy deceitful Tongue,
And ripening Hopes blooming around me hung;
Till thou, fair Murd'ress, didst like Lightning fall,
And blasted Blossoms, Branches, Root and all.

Soph. O, *Massinissa*, hear I this from thee?

K. Mas. 'Tis equally a Truth from him or me,
Or any here——why, Madam, not from me?

But

Hannibal's Overthrow.

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But if my Presence should a Trouble prove,
I will for ever from your Sight remove.

Soph. Stay, *Massinissa*, stay, my Life, my Soul;
Why do your Eyes with such strange Motion roll?
Your Fury in this Heart that loves you hide.

K. Mas. Where does the Searcher of the Soul reside,
Who thro' blind Tracks finds out a Woman's Heart?
Lo here's a Bar, a Stop to all his Art:

Who would not swear that such a Love is true?

Soph. Do I not love you? by the Gods I do.

K. Mas. Oh thou Dissembler; Once this would have
But all thy practis'd Wiles at last are known. (done;

Just so she talk'd, and so she wept before,
And with that beauteous honest Look she swore.

Gods! if I stay, I shall believe again;

Farewel, thou greatest Pleasure, greatest Pain.

Soph. By all your Loves, this cannot, must not be;
Those cruel Words could not be meant to me:

To me, who love you with a Heart entire,

A Flame more lasting than the Vestal's Fire:

To me, who am indeed all one Desire.

Ah, Prince, thy Love is all my Light and Health,

The Treasure I would hoard, my only Wealth;

Take not that from me.

K. Mas. 'Tis but vain Delay.

Soph. Unkindly urg'd; why do you turn away? [*Kneels.*

You shall not go till you have left me dead.

My Tears till now were never vainly shed.

O hear my Sighs, my Vows, ye Pow'rs above,

If any Pow'r like me could ever love:

Let loose your Fires, and thaw his frozen Heart;

And thou, dread God of Love, try every Dart.

You sha' not stir. [*Weeps.*

K. Mas. What means this rising Flood?

Soph. Nature will start at such Ingratitude;

Revenge on after Ages this Disgrace,

And only Monsters make of human Race:

Inhuman thou.

K. Mas. She shall not; yet she shall:

She grasps my Heart, and cries, she'll have it all.

'Tis

'Tis so, her Eyes resistless Magick bear,
 Angels I see, and Gods are dancing there.
 Rise, Madam, rise; each Sigh, each softning Glance,
 Lulls my loud Wrongs; I'm hush'd and in a Trance.

Men. His Sighs flow from him with so strong a Gale,
 As if his Soul would thro' his Lips exhale.

Soph. Cou'd you be thus? on your poor Mistress frown!
 What was my Fault, alas! what have I done?

K. Mas. Nothing; why nothing; only this thou art,
 My Life, my Soul, my Spirits, Blood, and Heart;
 Whose Hands least thrilling Touch does please above
 The very Act of any other Love.

Gods, how she charms! none sure was e'er like thee;
 Nor wild as I; Storms borrow Rage of me,
 But thou art soft, and sweet, and silent all,
 As Births of Roses, or as Blossoms fall.

Soph. This Rose that sticks so near your Heart will fade,
 When planted by your Hand in Death's cold Shade.

K. Mas. By mine! Not Savages would harm thy
 Breast;

On whose refreshing Pillows *Love* might rest,
 And with immortal Sweets be ever blest.
 So fair, 'tis well thou art not faithful too;
 I could not bear my Bliss if thou wert true.

Soph. Think me not false, tho' I did *Syphax* wed,
 Who ever was a Stranger to my Bed.
 Forc'd by my Father's positive Command,
 I must confess I suffer'd him my Hand:
 Heaven curse me if I ever granted more;
 Cou'd I be his, having been yours before?

K. Mas. Why do you stop? Still as a Statue low
 I stand, nor shall the Wind presume to blow.
 Speak, and it shall be Night: not one shall dare
 To sigh, tho' on the Rack he tortur'd were,
 Nor for his Soul whisper a dying Prayer.

Soph. Make your Love long, and let it burn less fast:
 These sudden Raptures are too hot to last.

K. Mas. Right, Madam; long if we such Joys should
 The furious Transports of Delight would kill. (seel,

Hannibal's Overtbrow.

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Menander to the Temple lead away,
By my clear Fame this is our Marriage-Day.

Soph. Your Fame does far above all Censure sit,
Free from the Taunts of low repining Wit.
Kings tho' they err, should never be arraign'd;
But if I yield, my Glory will be stain'd.
What will the World report of such a Bride,
Who marry'd the same Day her Husband died?

K. Mas. Since *Scipio* is your mortal Enemy,
It must be so upon Necessity;
Who yet will not molest you, being mine.

Soph. Then to the Gods let me my Breath resign.

K. Mas. Can you consent, rather than be my Wife,
To hazard Honour, Liberty, and Life?

Soph. But, Sir——

K. Mas. But, Madam, say what you can say,
You ought not, must not, and I cannot stay,
One Minute more casts both our Lives away.

Soph. Know, mighty Prince, I was, and am the same;
And tho' the World this Act may justly blame,
I will be yours, and in that way you name:

But first by all the Gods and' Glory swear,
Rather than yield me up *Rome's* Prisoner,
That you some fatal Token will present,
To free me from inglorious Punishment.

K. Mas. I swear by Heav'n, by Glory, and by Arms,
By something more, by your own conqu'ring Charms,
You shall be ever from the *Romans* free;
Or I by Death will give you Liberty.

Soph. Now lead me where you please.

K. Mas. A Taste of Bliss:

The God of Marriage seal our Vows with this: [*Kisses her.*
Nectar, and Flames, the Sweets of *Hibla* grow,
About her Lips ambrosial Odours flow.
Let melancholy Monarchs Counsel take,
Wed by Advice, and sullen Nuptials make;
But I prefer what thus my Arms infold,
To all the Wealth that Earth or Seas can hold,
To Rocks of Diamond, or to Hills of Gold.
Spite of proud *Rome*, and all her haughty Mien,
She was my Mistress, and shall be my Queen.

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bellona's Temple.

An Altar is shown, with a Soldier lying upon it, arm'd all but his Head: Aglave, Cumana, standing each upon a Tripod, with Daggers in their right Hands, and Censers in their left.

Agla.



E R we our solemn Rites begin,
The sacred Cavern purge from Sin:
About the dreadful Altar go;
about it Incantations blow.

Cum. The dire Oblation thus we drain,

And with his Blood our Temples stain.
The Screech-Owl warns us with her Note,
Strike your Dagger in his Throat;
Gash him deep and suck his Blood,
Prepare his frighted Ghost a Shroud.

Agla. Rise, ye sulph'rous Flames, arise,
Consume the baleful Sacrifice;
That of his Ashes we may take,
And clotted Cinders with 'em rake,
And Viands for *Bellona* make.

Cum. Our Goddesses smil'd: 'Tis done, 'tis done;
The *Romans* have the Battle wone.
From yonder Battlement of Heav'n
I saw the *Carthaginians* driv'n.
They fly, they fly, the Consul there
Pursues 'em thro' long Tracks of Air;
He puts their General to rout,
And drives them like a Storm about.

Agla. Our Goddesses shall have Death enough;
Her Shrine with Fat of Thousands stuff,

With

Hannibal's Overtbrow.

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With gory Heads her Altar fill;
And Tuns of Blood upon 'em spill.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Cum. But lo, who comes, what, what are these,
That pry into our Mysteries?

Speak, speak, *Agla*; I'll be gone,
Their Business know, I'll come anon;
The Fit of Prophecy's come on.

Our Goddess does the Tunnel wind
And sacred Horrors swell my Mind.

[*Exit.*

Agla. What are you? and what is it you would know?

Han. Men call me *Hannibal*, Rome's dreadful Foe;
Who after many Battels lost and won,
Resolve to perish, or my Conquest crown.

One Day the World's great Empire must decide;
But, what the Gods and that great Day provide,
We wish to know, who dare the worst abide.

Agla. *Cumana* to the sacred Tunnel cleaves,
Her Breast enlarg'd, the Goddess now receives;
And now she rages like a *Bacchanal*,
With Furies acted, rends the holy Veil:
Full of the Deity, about she roams,
Stares, gapes, and on the hallow'd Curtain foams;
Cuts her hot Flesh, grovels upon the Ground,
Sings, dances, kicks the golden Tripods round.

*Enter Cumana scratching her Face, stabbing a Dagger
into her Arms; Spirits following her.*

Sings.

Beneath the Poplar's Shadow lay me,
No raging Fires will there dismay me:
Near some Silver Current lying,
Under sleepy Poppies dying.

I swell and am bigger than Typhon e'er was;
With a strong Band of Brass, O bind me about,
Lest my Body should burst, for the Secret to pass,
And a Vent being given, the Fury get out.

Vol. III.

C

I cannot

With

Sophonisba; or,

...annot, I will not be vext any longer.

While I rage I grow weak, and the Goddess grows stronger.

She speaks.

If Hannibal to Zama tend,
His Valour Scipio shall commend;
And near Bagra, on the Plain,
There shall be thousand Romans slain.
Thou with thy old Italian Band
Shalt put the Consul to a Stand.

Sings.

Hark, hark, the Drums rattle,
Dub a dub to the Battle;
Tarara, tarara, the Trumpets too rattle.
Now, now they come on, and pell-mell they mingle.
What rustling and bustling;
And Splinters of Lances with broken Arms jingle,
Gold Trappings, bright Bevers, Swords, Bucklers and
Daggers;
The stout Man flies on, and the faint-hearted laggards.

See, the Saddle-Girts burst,
And the General's unborst;
But he rallies agen,
And brings up his Men,
Spite of Fortune and Fate,
And the Gods that oppose,
He backs, and he hews,
Thro' the Hearts of his Foes.

Cease, Goddess, cease thy Servant to torment;
My Lungs are with prophetick Fury spent.
The struggling Fates within my Bosom turn,
And heavenly Fires my trembling Heart-strings burn.
When will thy Godhead let me rest,
Too mighty for a mortal Breast?

Agla. Cumana, to a Period haste;
You shall have Ease when you have done,
And sweet refreshing Slumbers taste
Upon the Borders of the Moon.

A Dance

Hannibal's Overtbrow:

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A Dance of Spirits.

Cum. Lo, afar off the curst *Bithynian* Band,
A poison'd General rules upon the Sand.
Gods! how he swells! how bloated is his Look!
Death from the Pummel of his Sword he took. [Exit.

Han. Shall *Romans* fall by *Carthaginians* Swords,
And *Carthage* sink? what mean these mystick Words?
A foolish Bard as much as this might tell;
Or a white Witch, without the Aid of Hell.
More I must know; speak *Rosalinda's* Doom:
Let all the Losses of a Battel come,
May *Scipio* in the Dust our Glory foil,
We'll bear the Frowns of *Mars*, if *Cupid* smile.

Agla. Too curious Mortal, seek not what once known;
May snatch your Sleep, and make you ever groan.
Your Fate crouds back, and would not come in view;
Do not too far th' unwilling Gods pursue:
Like one who rashly dares give Spirits chase,
They fly awhile to some dark ruin'd Place,
Thro' Caverns run, thro' Cloisters dog him round,
Or dance before him over fairy Ground;
Till urg'd too far, a Face all pale and sad
Turns quick upon him, and the Fool runs mad.

Bom. Let's go, my Lord; I am not us'd to fear,
And yet methinks I dread to tarry here.

Mab. Heaps of the Slain I often have beheld,
And with my Battle-ax have hundreds fell'd;
Yet here I'm shaken, th' Objects too funest,
I'd rather see a Javelin at my Breast.

Han. *Aglave*, by your Goddess' Arms I swear,
We will not from the sacred Cavern stir,
Till you have clear'd my Doubts; tho' every Star
At your dread Call start from his flaming Sphere;
Tho' from her Orb, close mantled in a Cloud,
The Moon slide down to wander in this Wood,
Tho' with your Charms the Sun dissolve in Blood:
Nathom the Depth of Destiny below,
And all the Terrors of your Magick show.

C 2

Agla.

Agla. Beneath those burden'd Branches stand,
Safe from the Spirit I command.
Arise, appear, thou whom his Soul does love,
His Heart with visionary Horrors move.

Rosalinda rises in a Chair, pale, with a Wound on her Breast; two Cupids descend, and hang weeping over her.

Han. Shall *Rosalinda* then untimely die?
'Tis false, and all these damn'd Deceivers lye.
Facing thy Fate, with my own Sword I'll stand,
Back'd with my conqu'ring old *Italian* Band,
With the same haughty *Fierceness* rushing on,
Which the *Saguntines* City thunder'd down;
Like *Troy's* young Hero;
Who, while the World about him did admire,
His Father bore thro' Night, Death, Blood and Fire,
Spite of opposing Hell, and War's worst Arms,
So I will bear my Love upon my Arms.

Bom. To Horse, my Lord; and leave this cursed Place:
Let's go and instantly the Consul face.

Mab. No more, in this damn'd Sorcerers confide;
Permit my Sword her Body to divide:
Or from her Corps cut her enchanted Head,
And her black Brains upon the Altar shed.

Han. We'll go, *Mabermal*; with to-morrow's Dawn,
On the vast Plain our Squadrons shall be drawn.
Yet for some Minutes Battel shall decline;
We'll see this Consul e'er our Bodies join;
And if on equal Terms a Peace may be,
For *Carthage* sake I'll court my Enemy.

Bom. 'Tis just you should Deliberation take,
With Caution deal, and manage the last Stake.

Mab. Your Armies are the Cards which both must play:
At least come off a Saver if you may.

Han. But like *Sol's* Offspring, swell'd with dang'rous
He to the Management of all aspires;
Alone the Scepter of the World would sway,
Alone would rule the Heaven, and drive the Day.

Like

Hannibal's Overtthrow.

53

Like that indulgent God, I'll first advise;
Shew him the Tracks thro' which Ambition flies:
If deaf to all, let him ascend the Throne,
Snatching at Glories which must weigh him down;
Like *Jove* we'll toss him from his glitt'ring Chair,
Sing'd in the Clouds, hissing thro' liquid Air,
And dart him headlong like a falling Star.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Scipio, meeting Lælius disarm'd; Varro, Trebellius.

Scip. *Lælius* return'd and sad! tell the Event.

Læ. Too late, my Lord, I was to *Cirta* sent;
For e'er some thousand *Pæes* got from hence,
I *Massinissa* met, that wretched Prince;
Not as I us'd, arm'd with a Warriour's Grace,
Like *Mars* when thundring on the Plains of *Thrace*,
But in a Chariot drawn by milk-white Steeds,
Like soft *Adonis* driving thro' the Meads,
And *Sophonisba* leaning on his Breast,
Like *Venus* with her wanton Huntsman blest.

Scip. Are these his Vows? Some new way we must try;
Rather than live dishonour'd, he shall die.

Læ. Soon as the Tyrant *Syphax* was o'erthrown,
With Menaces he forc'd the frighted Town;
Which enter'd, straight he to the Palace flew,
Forgetting all his Vows, he lov'd anew,
The conquer'd did the Conqueror subdue.
In short, her Tears, and Beauty won so far,
In view of all the World he married her.
They are arriv'd, and now upon the Plain,
In a Pavilion Royal do remain.

Scip. *Trebellius*, go, this subtle Charmer bring:
Take all our Guards t'assist against the King;
And say that we'll attend him in his Tent,
But first expect the Queen be Prisoner sent:
Tell him she is the *Romans* Foe; and shall
A Sacrifice for Blood of Thousands fall.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter King Massinissa, Sophonisba.

K. Mas. Let him arm all his Pow'r against this Breast,
My Heart unmov'd shall stand the mighty Test.
What I have sworn shall like thy Virtue last;
I'll hold thee to me as my Heart-strings fast.
Thou Soul of Love! all charming Excellence!
Whose very Looks drives stormy Troubles hence,
Does all the Blessings of the Gods dispense.
Why dost thou tremble? let not saucy Fear,
Make thy Heart pant, or cause thee shed a Tear.

Soph. Alas, my Lord, 'twere better I were dead,
In my cold Grave, safe from these Troubles laid;
Rather ten thousand Racks let me endure,
Than once be brought into the *Roman* Pow'r.
'Tis true, that you have deeply sworn you would
Defend me.

K. Mas. To my Heart's last drop of Blood;
Or may I by some Coward mangled lie,
And Dogs and Vultures tear me as I die.
The Tygress will revenge her ravish'd Young,
'Midst Darts, and Spears, and Javelins rush along:
The Clown, so low and ignorant of Fame,
Will venture Life to save his swarthy Dame:
And shall not I for thee waste all this Blood,
Thou softest Blessing, and the sweetest Good?

Soph. I know not what the Gods for you intend;
But 'tis most certain I am near my End:
Not that Death's darkest Horror I can fear;
But Bondage is a Load I cannot bear.

K. Mas. Quit all those Fancies that disturb thy Rest,
And cast thy Melancholy on this Breast.
This Heart is ever thine.

Soph. O my lov'd Lord;
If you should break—but you will keep your Word,
Keep all your Oaths; yet Heaven and you know best,
Some surfeit with their Love, as on a Feast,
And then they loath when once they're satiated;
But you'll remember me when I am dead.

From

Hannibal's Overtbrow.

55

From these dear Eyes to endless Shades remov'd,
None e'er will love you sure as I have lov'd.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Guards wait without—— My Lord you must see
The Queen, whom I have Orders to confine. *(sign*

K. Mas. Touch her not for thy Life, but streight retire,
Safer thou may'st with Thunder play, kiss Fire,
Grapple with Death, a Pestilence invade,
With all his fatal purple Pomp array'd.

[Trebellius goes to seize her, Massinissa kills him.]

Treb. Cut off in my full Growth! curse on your Strife;
To die thus, when I Business had for Life.

Just *Scipio* will revenge my Death, beware;
I feel I'm going, tho' I know not where.

[Dies.]

K. Mas. Nought but thy Blood cou'd wash thy Guilt
What durst the Rancour of thy Heart display, *(away,*

And sully with rude Hands the fairest Piece
That the Gods ever drew? Your Troubles cease:

I'm in; and now no Hope of Safety's nigh,
Yet still a King, we will attended die.

Like a brave Merchant,

Who when his long-toss'd loaded Vessel hits
Against some Rock, and with loud Horrour splits;

First grasps one Casket which does all contain,

Then fearless, shoots himself into the Main:

So I with thee, my only Wealth, my All,

Amidst the num'rous slain at last must fall.

The Noise comes near: Here safe retire from view,

Glory and Love shall teach us what to do. *[Exit Soph.]*

Enter Scipio, Lælius, Varro, Guards.

Læl. *Trebellius* slain! and in a Woman's Cause!

Shame to our Arms, Disgrace to Honour's Laws.

What Flames of Mischief from this Spark might rise?

'Tis just with Rigour you his Fault chastise.

Scip. Yet *Massinissa*, thou shalt dearly buy

Thy ill-got Love, and fatal Gallantry:

Curl on in wanton Ways, bask in her Charms,
By *Mars* she is a Victim to our Arms.

King Massinissa meets him.

K. Mas. Your high Displeasure in your Face I spy :
When the great *Scipio* frowns great Danger's nigh.
The Fact I must confess, done in defence
Of Beauty wrong'd, and helpless Innocence.

Scip. Where is that fair Incendiary fled ;
E'er to extremest Rigour we proceed,
I strictly charge thee bring her forth to bleed ;
Or on thy Person I will Vengeance take,
And thou shalt perish for thy Mistress' sake.

K. Mas. With greedy Joy I offer you my Life,
If by the Gods you'll swear to free my Wife.

Scip. You shall not for her sake have leave to die,
Nor will I give her Life or Liberty.
For *Rome*, not for your sake this War was wag'd,
You only as a Voluntier engag'd :
Therefore whatever Towns or Captives fall
Into your hands, they are the *Romans* all.

K. Mas. Then thus I draw ; think it not Insolence,
For it's not meant, Sir, in my own Defence,
But to preserve a sacred Innocence.
From their bright Thrones perhaps the Gods will glide,
And range themselves in Battel on my side :
Beneath a Cause so just I cannot fall,
I and the Gods will fight it with you all.

Scip. Thou deemst thy Lust an Action great and good ;
Death ought to cool this Fever in thy Blood.
With me contending against Fate you strive,
Yet I will Pity shew ; take him alive.

K. Mas. Ingloriously you have a Conquest made,
That Breast my tim'rous Arm durst not invade.
My Heart, tho' prompted by her pow'rful Charms,
Fainted before the Master of my Arms.
Nor shall you yet my Soul's lov'd Treasure reach,
My Body thus dams up the narrow Breach :
And he who dares —

Rash'y

Hannibal's Overthrow.

57

Rashly on this forbidden Earth to tread,
I'll grasp his Soul, I'll spurn him to the Dead.

Trumpets within, enter Menander.

Scip. What means this mournful Noise, whose tragick
Sound

With solemn Horror does my Thoughts confound?

Men. O sacred Sir!

Scip. What, Soldier, all in Tears?

Men. Sorrow her self close Mourner now appears;
The Prince *Massina* slain: See blasted there,
The Hopes you lov'd, the darling of the War.
That beauteous Captive who with you did treat,
He to the *Carthaginian* Camp did wait:
Where *Hannibal* of 's Beauty jealous grown,
Cast him in Bands; but when his Birth was known,
As soon unbound; but then Despair did move,
Despair of Glory, and Despair of Love:
Which when the Royal Youth had rashly weigh'd,
And Fate with murm'ring Thoughts awhile delay'd;
A Ponyard from his Robe unmark'd he took,
And to his Heart the deadly Weapon strook.

Scip. Behold, of furious Love the dire Event!
Yet, *Massinissa*, wilt thou not repent?
Behold the Pledge you left, for your default,
By Heaven's high Justice to Perdition brought.

K. Mas. Was ever Man thus wretched, and durst live?
Yet will I not one Tear to Nature give;
Left Bankrupt-like I lavish what's not mine,
Since all my stock of Sorrow, Love, is thine.

Scip. Remove the Prince's Body from his Sight,
Left too much Grief should to Distraction fright.
Yet if thou'lt bring her forth, we will forget
This daring Rashness which is Passion's heat;
Thy Glory too with Laurels we'll advance,
And with due Praise thy valiant Acts inhance:
Thy Pile of Honour this right Hand shall build.
Why dost thou weep?

K. Mas. Because I dare not yield:

C 5.

No

No, Sir, my Love I never can betray,
Tho' you have touch'd me in the noblest way.

Scip. Canst thou both Promises and Threats refuse?

K. Mas. Death, or what's worse, you only bid me chuse.

Scip. Bring forth thy Love, and Life thou shalt enjoy.

K. Mas. Is that a Life? Your purpose act; destroy:
Turn all your Javelins Points against this Breast;
But let it not of Love be dispossess.

Scip. Must I, who can command, thus vainly sue?

K. Mas. My stubborn Heart Death only can subdue.

Scip. Then take that Death which you so little dread.

Enter Sophonisba.

Soph. Stay, Tyrant, hold; first thou shalt strike me dead:
Come on, with thy brave Sword rip up my Breast,
And fix my panting Heart on thy proud Crest;
There let it hang, thy Valour's Trophy grown,
To all the wondring World let it be shown:
That none but Fools the Conquest may deplore,
While all the Brave admire the Conqueror:
A Conqueror so great, with one sole Blow,
He could even *Hercules* himself out-do.
O Heavens! he durst attempt, (what shall I say?
What Worlds his Heart's fierce Grandeur can display?)
In heat of Blood he durst a Woman slay!

Scip. When Ladies rail, a Soldier should be mute:
Besides, I have no Leisure to dispute.

As *Helen* did to *Troy* Perdition bring,
Where'er you come, your Eyes Destruction fling.
When will your thirsty Charms with Blood be cloy'd?
Two Kings you have like that fair *Greek* destroy'd:
Spite of your Pride, you shall to *Rome* be led;
And there, for all your Witchcrafts, lose your Head.

Soph. On with thy Threats, thy violent course pursue:
Enjoy thy bloody Wishes, Tyger, do;
Barbarian, for in *Rome* thou wert not born;
By such a Wretch her Glories are not worn,
Unless when dress'd up to be sacrific'd:
To thee, the *Moors* and *Goths* are civiliz'd.

Gorge

Hannibal's Overthrow.

59

Gorge thy self, *Saturn*, make my Flesh thy Food,
And laugh when thou art drunk with a Queen's Blood.

K. Mas. All will be well; fair Excellence, retire;
Add not fresh Fuel to the dying Fire.

Soph. To you, and Heaven, my Heart must ever bow;
Consul, with thee I am not angry now.

Scip. Observe, ungovern'd Prince, with how much ease
This Royal Foe we, if we would, might seize;

Yet, on your Promise that he shall not go,

Till we the Fate of War at *Zama* know,

We will permit her in your Tent remain.

But O my Friend, break this inglorious Chain,

Contrive some means to keep your Faith with me;

And set your Heart from that curst Charming free. [*Exit.*

K. Mas. O rigid Honour, must we sep'rate then!
Lose all the Sweetness of Life to purchase Pain!

Men. If she were dead, your Glory were secure.

K. Mas. But could I then this wretched Life endure?

Without her live? It's fatal to refuse,

And Glory ruins me if Love I chuse.

What help, *Menander*?

Men. 'Tis the Sport of Heav'n,

When Ships on Rocks are in the Harbour driv'n:

Having through thousand stormy Dangers past,

In prospect of your Bliss, you're wrack'd at last.

K. Mas. Like one, who having scap'd the Waves,
arrives

To some lone Rock, and there more wretched lives;

Half famish'd, on the rugged Flint he stands,

Viewing with watry Eyes the distant Strands,

And past his Call, Men walking on the Lands:

With Sighs he swells the Wind; and looking round,

Mourns his sad Choice, or to be starv'd or drown'd.

[*Exeunt*





ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Hannibal and Scipio.

Han.



R T thou the Chief whom Men fam'd
Scipio call?

Scip. Art thou the much more famous
Hannibal?

Han. Since by our partial Fate it is
ordain'd,

That I, who have such dreadful Battels gain'd,
That, Torrent like, which from some Mountain falls,
Ran from the cloudy *Alps* to *Rome's* proud Walls,
Shou'd now at last for Peace inglorious sue;
I thank the Gods that they have chosen you
To reap that Honour by this Interview. }

Scip. In civil Praise, and from so brave a Foe,
True Courage does a Sense of Pleasure show:
Thy Words inspire me with such vast Delight,
'Twill scarce be more to vanquish thee in Fight.

Han. 'Twas much the Gods to our Fore-fathers gave,
That you should *Italy*, we *Africk* have.
Our *Africk* Arms much *Roman* Blood have spilt,
And *Carthage* has the *Roman* Fury felt.
What say'st thou, *Scipio*, is it Peace or War?
Th' Invasion made by us we will repair:
We'll give you *Sicily*, *Sardinia*, *Spain*,
And all the Islands which our Arms did gain
'Twixt *Italy* and *Africk* on the Main. }
Thy boiling Courage does to War incline,
And Glory more than Profit you design,
Such Fortune once did on our Genius shine:
But long Experience and the Chance of War,
Makes me at present certain Peace prefer. }

Grasp

Hannibal's Overthrow.

67

Grafp not at Scepters, which may turn to Rods;
To day is yours, to morrow is the Gods.

Scip. That your late landing upon *Leptis*' Coast,
Restor'd those Hopes which drooping *Carthage* lost,
All must confess; we know you are that Man,
Whose Glory to the utmost *Thule* ran;
Born in a Winter's Camp, in Battels bred,
Whilst yet a Stripling durst an Army head,
Whose very Name could make the *Romans* mourn,
And forc'd dead Groans from ev'ry hollow Urn:
The boldest Senators begun to droop;
Yet when all fainted, I alone stood up,
And fac'd that Storm which threaten'd from afar;
Shot warmth, and rose upon 'em like a Star:
To *Africk* came, and in few Months retriev'd
All that your Arms for many Years atchiev'd.
Peace I refuse, unless you offer more:
You give nought yet but what was ours before.
Since all the neighbour Kings our Actions eye,
It rests at last we should our Fortune try;
Let one victorious be, the other die.

Han. Gods, that the glorious *Hannibal* should bow
To be refus'd! It shall be Battel now.
Forgetful Hero, couldst thou court the Son,
Twice by whose Force his Father was o'erthrown?
Scipio, thou mayst too late repent thy Pride,
And vainly in thy Death this Fury chide.
On *Fabius* think, *Rome*'s Shield, her Guard from harms;
Her Sword, *Marcellus*, broken by my Arms:
Remember great *Emilius* slain by me;
And then think last what may thy Fortune be,
E'er yet the Day be done,
With Seas of Gore we'll drown the neighb'ring Wood,
And yonder Sun shall set in *Roman* Blood.

Scip. Prepare to hear thy last Alarms.

Han. In Battel we shall meet; to Arms, to Arms.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Rosalinda in Man's Apparel.

Ros. Thus drest, and with this warlike Weapon
 What hinders but an Army I lead on? (drawn,
 O cruel Nature, why didst thou disgrace
 So brave a Spirit with a Female Face?
 All Women wou'd, but sure no Woman can,
 Be chang'd into that lordly Creature Man.
 However with this Garb I fit my Mind,
 Whose high Ambition has great Things design'd:
 I'll out, and chase, if *Hannibal* succeeds;
 And if he falls, then *Rosalinda* bleeds.

Enter Hannibal, Mahenbal, Bomilcar.

Han. Both Wings are lost, the *Carthaginians* yield,
 Fierce *Caius Lælius* drives them thro' the Field:
 The *Gauls* and the *Ligurians* quit their Ground;
 The *Massilian* King does all confound:
 With such swift Force his Arms our Troops assail,
 As Hurricanes toss Showers, and scatter Hail.

Bom. Wild as our Elephants, about he raves,
 And tramples on those mercenary Slaves,
 Whose scouring thro' the Field avoid his Stroke,
 And fly like Flocks of Doves before a Hawk.

Mab. Your valiant old *Italian* Troops stand fast,
 Resolv'd to fight your Battel to the last.
 The conqu'ring Consul riding o'er the Plain,
 With all his Officers and bravest Men,
 The *Hastati* and *Triarii*, this way comes,
 With Trumpets sounding, and with beat of Drums.

Han. Auspicious *Juno*, thou that didst e'er while
 Favour our Cause, and on our *Carthage* smile;
 Prosper our Arms this bloody dreadful Day,
 And *Hannibal* shall the Foundation lay
 Of such a Temple sacred to thy Name,
 As ne'er was found in the Records of Fame.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Hannibal's Overthrow.

63

Enter King Massinissa, Lælius.

K. Mas. Their Flight has wing'd the Cowards; let 'em
Not worthy by such conqu'ring Swords to die. (fly,
'Tis time we to the Consul should repair,
Rejoin our Forces, and conclude the War.

S C E N E of Hannibal and Scipio fighting, the Consul gives Ground.

Enter King Massinissa and Lælius, and beat Hannibal off.

Scip. Gods, what prodigious Valour have you sent,
And what Rewards are worthy to present!
O Massinissa!

With what impetuous Swiftneſs Fortune's Wheel
Turn'd with thy Strokes! How did the Valiant reel;

Læ. As when ſome diſtant Lab'rer hews an Oak,
We ſee his Arm rais'd for a ſecond Stroak,
E're the firſt Blow's Report can reach our Ear;
So flagg'd our Senſe; nor could it reach him there.

Scip. Th' *Italian* Troops ſhrunk from his Martial Fire,
But *Hannibal* himſelf did laſt retire:

All Lion like,
Whom a bold Band of Huntſmen having found,
And dar'd to rouze, he rolls his Eyes around,
Laſhing his Sides, and tearing up the Ground;
With Trouble from th' unequal Skirmiſh goes,
Majeſtick ſtalks, and turns upon his Foes;
So from the Fight went the great General,
Proud in his Loſs, and riſing in his Fall.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Soldiers ſkirmiſhing, Roſalinda falls.

Reſ. Heav'n thou haſt done thy worſt, there needs no }
Bold with my Overthrow, I brave thy Pow'r, (more; }
And ſhake the Glaſs that holds my lateſt Hour.

O Han-

O *Hannibal* ! did I for this design
 This Heart, this Youth and Beauty only thine ?
 Pride and Neglect on every Lover hurl'd,
 Scorn'd him that conquers thee, and all the World ?
 From me, lost Hero, learn, be great and die :
 The Brave should bleed for loss of Victory.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. Carthage is lost, and *Hannibal* o'erthrown ;
 What is there left that we may call our own ?
 The bleeding World *Rome* does by Conquest claim,
 And swells the Prize with our revolted Fame :
 Yet spite of Fate our length of Earth we have ;
 Thus vanquish'd, Glory shrowd thee in a Grave.

Bom. Hold, General ; the Gods your Death forbid ;
 Vengeance is due, first let false *Hanno* bleed,
 Who cut the Wings of Conquest till she fell.

Mab. By me he shall be headlong sent to Hell,
 Where Fiends for Treason kindle double Fire ;
 Then let the famous *Hannibal* expire.

Ros. Sure I the Name of *Hannibal* did hear ;
Maherbal, tell me, is the General there ?

Mab. Approach, my Lord, view well this wounded
 Sure in your *Capuan* Mistress I have seen (Fair :
 The same majestick Air, and charming Mein.

Han. Ha ! thou hast rous'd a Thought that racks me
 Than all the Losses I in Battel bore. (more
 Either I dream, or in this closing Eye
 My dazzled Senses *Rosalinda* spy.

Ros. Where do th' ambitious rest ? O *Hannibal* !

Han. What art, that dost upon the wretched call ?

Ros. One that's more wretched, and more rash than
 That would to Fate, and not to *Scipio* bow. (thou,
 Disguis'd, and dying *Rosalinda* see,
 Who mourns in Death thy Loss of Victory :
 That last Disgrace.

Han. Dire Goddess, of this War,
 Too true I find all thy Presages are.

The

The Gods have giv'n a double Overthrow ;
 Wou'd I had bravely perish'd by my Foe,
 Stretch'd in the Field, this Loss I had not known,
 Nor should my tortur'd Soul thy Ruin moan.

Ros. Is it so hard our Wishes to obtain ?
 Sad Hearts with bleeding lose Love's burning Pain.

Han. O dying Fair, look up, revive awhile ;
 With one short Joy eternal Care beguile :
 The setting Sun, all curtain'd round by Night,
 At his Departure gives a larger Light.

Ros. Flow faster Blood ; it will not be, I fear,
 The Wound's too small, Death cannot enter here :
 But shall I stay behind when Honour's fled ?

Han. Live, and I'll raise that Honour from the dead.

Ros. Renown runs on, like Time, but ne'er turns back.

Han. Then we that swift Renown will overtake :
 We'll haste where Glory baits, to every Hold,
 And mount new Fame till we out-strip the old.

Ros. Dear *Hannibal*, alas ! I wish I cou'd :
 But 'twill not be ; Life trembling takes the Flood,
 Till well nigh swallow'd up in Waves of Blood.
 The *Roman* Glory shines too fatal bright,
 And with its gathering Lustre dims my Sight :
 Eternally adieu : My Body take,
 Chaste and entire I kept it for your sake :
 'Tis the least Present that I now can make.

[Dies.]

Han. For ever gone ! All her sweet Stock of Breath
 Spent in one Sigh ; the Riot of rich Death.
 Now by my Arms the Gods too partial are,
 Or else they envy'd my full Trade of War ;
 Which cou'd so vast a State of Beauty buy,
 As far surpass'd the Manors of the Sky.
 Dead *Rosalinda*——

Bom. Raise you from the Ground,
 And let not Love your Virtue's Force confound ;
 Where is that Heat and haughty Courage gone,
 Which against Nature's Lets your Troops led on ?

Mab. Think you for nought the Gods such Valour gave ?
 You should prop Thrones, and falling Kingdoms save.

Bury'd.

Bury'd in Thought, and deaf to Honour's Call,
Your Soul beneath her mighty pitch does fall.

Han. Maberbal, no; astonish'd thou shalt be;
We dare be brave in Spite of Destiny.

Tho' robb'd of all the Riches Love cou'd give,
And stript of Glory too, yet will we live:

Courage is form'd of the Etherial Mold,
And round it Bands of Adamant are roll'd.

To this still haughty Breast such Fire is given,
I could the Summons meet of Hell or Heaven:

Could, like the great eternal Mover, sway

The World in Arms, and teach him to obey.

'Twas noble Grief that lately chang'd my Form,
But I am ruffled now into a Storm.

Bom. Your Mistress' Body hence we will convey,
And in some hallow'd Vault her Relicks lay.

Mab. Like Pilgrims once a Year we'll mourning go,
And on her Urn sad Yew with Cypress throw,
And all our Stocks of Tears and Sighs bestow. }

Han. For ever, brightest of thy Kind, farewell,
Who wert too worthy, therefore early fell.

As the young *Phoenix* does, in sacred Myrrh,
His Father's Dust to the Sun's Temple bear,
So in Fame's Houses shalt thou honour'd be,
And every God shall have a Grain of thee.

Mab. Since Glory she with her last Breath profess,
May wish'd Dominion widen all your Breast.

Han. Haste, haste, *Maberbal*, and fresh Levies make;
Honour that did but now calm Slumbers take,

Shall like the Ocean in a Tempest wake:

We'll pass new *Alps*, new Consuls overthrow,

To *Rome* with far more dreadful Armies go;

Forcing the *Appian* and *Emilian* way,

To the *Saburra* we'll pursue the Fray;

Nor stop till *Rosalinda's* Statue, crown'd,

Sits in the Capitol with Gods enthron'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Scipio, King Massiniffa, Lælius, &c.

Scip. I grieve, brave Prince, so often to deny;
She must a Captive be, or we must die.

K. Mas. I know she must, if you will have it so;
But Pardon may be granted to a Foe:
O spare her then; as you would be forgiven.
At your last Hour, when you prepare for Heaven.

Scip. Learn to ask Blessings; those you shall not want:
This is a Curse, which I can never grant.
Like one, who in a burning Fever lies,
And begs for Water, if he drinks, he dies:
I like a wise Physician, thwart your Will,
And vanquish your Distemper with my Skill.

K. Mas. For the Gods sake, for Friendship, Glory, Love,
By all that's good below, or blest above,
Let not at last my well-taught Courage droop;
Break not the Heart, which you have foster'd up.
Oh *Sophonisba*! — Give her to my Prayers,
To these fast rising Sighs, and falling Tears:
No other Crown I ask as Valour's due,
For all that I have done, or all that I shall do.
Lo, at your Knees behold a Monarch fall;
Yet more, your Friend, and then I have said all.

Scip. Let not your Passion Royalty degrade;
Rise, valiant Prince, I've thought of what you said;
And as your Friend, my Temper cannot keep,
Mourn your Misfortunes, and like you can weep;
Curse *Roman* Tyranny, and wish you were
For ever join'd with that unhappy Fair.

K. Mas. O you have blest me!

Scip. Massiniffa, stay;
You only heard what Friendship bid me say:
But as *Rome's* Consul, and the Lord of Power,
I now command you never see her more,
Unless the View to her may fatal be;
This is my last immutable Decree.

K. Mas. Is your feign'd Pity come to this? your Tears
Faker than those which *Ægypt's* Monster wears?

Tyrant

Tyrannick *Rome* ! barb'rous are all thy Laws ;
 Have I for this, in thy accursed Cause,
 Starv'd Life, by lavishing her precious Food,
 My Spirits lost, emptied my dearest Blood,
 Fought till I Rampiers made of Bodies round ;
 So mark'd with Fate, that I appear'd one Wound,
 Yet rais'd thy bleeding Eagles from the Ground ?

Scip. Think no more on't ; her Memory forget.

K. Mas. Cut me to Atoms, tear my Soul out ; yet
 In every smallest Particle of me,
 You shall the Form of *Sophonisba* see :
 All like my Soul, and all in ev'ry Part ;
 Bath'd in my Eyes, and bleeding in my Heart.

Scip. *Lelius*, secure the Queen.

K. Mas. Stay, *Lelius*, stay ;
 I've done, my Lord, and will your Power obey :
 The Queen shall die, on a King's Word she shall ;
 She must a Victim for the Empire fall.

How am I now ?

Scip. For *Sophonisba*'s Loss,
 Your Arms *Numidia*'s Empire shall engross.
 For your late Gallantry at *Zama* shown,
 Kind *Rome* presents you an Imperial Crown,
 Salutes you King. Now all your Griefs defy ;
 Thus we embrace thee as our brave Ally,
 Give your Grief Truce : thus prais'd and thus adorn'd,
 Let all the Beauties of the Earth be scorn'd. [Exit.]

K. Mas. Scorn'd be your Glory more, and *Roman* Pride,
 While I in Winding-sheets embrace my Bride.
 For 'tis decreed that we must never part,
 We'll be one Spirit, as we are now one Heart :
 Traverse the glitt'ring Chambers of the Sky,
 Born in a Cloud, in View of Fate I'll lie ;
 And press her Soul, while Gods stand wishing by.

Men. My Lord, If you would hear.

K. Mas. What canst thou say ?

Men. Reason's a Rebel when high Passions sway.

K. Mas. And such art thou ; yet speak, what shall I do ?
 Instruct me to be greatly false, or true.

Men. The Queen must die.

K. Mas.

K. Mas. Ha ! must ? no more.

Men. She to the Gods is given, or Roman Power.

K. Mas. Neither ; she shall not die, nor shall she live
The Romans Slave ; I'll give her a Reprieve.

Men. But how ?

K. Mas. Why thus : I'll kill my self, kill thee,
Rome, Carthage, all the World ; and then she shall live free.

Men. Glory or Beauty 'tis ordain'd you lose.

K. Mas. O Rome ! O Heaven ! both equally my Foes !
Was ever Heart thus miserably torn ?

Were ever Woes like mine so calmly born ?

From the Contagion of my Troubles take
As much as might the Spring a Winter make,
Freeze the hot Blood of a crown'd Conquerour,
Damp the wish'd Joys of a young bridal Pair ;
Yet then I shall have more than Man can bear.

Men. When Virtue thus oppress'd Mankind does see,
What fearful dreaming Fool will pious be ?

Martyrs no more shall Racks or Flames require,
Nor dying wish ; but only Life desire,
To murder Priests, and Temples set on fire.

K. Mas. Why, ye immortal Gods, is all this care ?
Why do you drive your Creatures to despair ?
Had I upon my Throne sat King of Fears,
The Orphans wrong'd, or drunk the Widow's Tears ;
Had I brav'd Heav'n by some outrageous Sin,
For these Afflictions there had reason been :

But 'tis all well, I no Injustice have ;
The Gods but take the Being which they gave.

Menander, haste, two Bowls with Poison fill ;
And, when I call, like Fate, come forth and kill.

Men. 'Tis a dread Deed to which you urge my Hand.

K. Mas. It's glorious too, dispute not my Command.

Men. I'll not presume to fathom your deep Thought ;
But straight your Will shall by your Slave be wrought.

[Exit.

K. Mas. Love and Ambition have their utmost done,
'Twas Love allur'd, Ambition led me on.

Like a rash Boy, who a steep Mountain climbs,
Big with brave Thoughts of reaching Heav'n betimes,

He

He puffs and blows, and mighty Pains he takes,
 Plies all his Strength, and much ado he makes;
 But having reach'd the Top, he views aloof
 The fancy'd Heav'n, and all the painted Roof;
 So did Ambition draw me with a Wile,
 And fleeting Love my tow'ring Hopes beguile.

[Exit.]

Enter Sophonisba.

Soph. The Consul is return'd with Conquest crown'd;
 Triumphant Voices rend the echoing Ground,
 And to the Heav'ns the Trumpets Clangors sound;
 Yet I no News of *Massinissa* hear:
 Should he be slain, which I with Reason fear,
 Most lost of Women, desperate, undone,
 What could'st thou do? what Gods could'st thou atone?
 Abhor'd, thou must to angry *Rome* repair,
 And all the Cruelties of Bondage bear.
 No, *Sophonisba*, think what thou hast been,
 The Mistress of two Monarchs, twice a Queen.
 If thou must fall, bravely resign thy Breath,
 And be above the *Romans* in thy Death.

Enter King Massinissa.

Oh my lov'd Lord! are you then come at last?
 Are you alive? and do I hold you fast?

K. Mas. Best of thy Sex, and dearer than my Life,
 The fairest Mistress, and the gentlest Wife!
 So great and glorious, Emperors envy thee;
 And art so good that the Gods envy me.
 They sent thee here, but as an Angel Scout,
 With a short light'ning view, to gaze and out:
 Torments of Hell, and Racks of Destiny!
 Thou must, Oh that I live to speak it! die.

Soph. Blest Sound! we shall not then to *Rome* be led;
 But solemn Triumphs have in Honour's Bed.
 This last Alarm my drooping Spirits cheers,
 As when the Warriour his lov'd Trumpet hears,
 His martial Blood begins to warm apace,
 And boils, and flushes in his kindling Face,
 And much he longs to strive in Glory's Race.

} Speak

Hannibal's Overthrow.

71

Speak Death again, my Guard and sure Defence;
It bears a mighty Sound, and mighty Sense.

K. Mas. O keep thee there, now while thy Virtues glow,
And dart Divinity, I'll give the Blow,
Come forth, *Menander*, with those fatal Bowls,
Whose Juice, tho' it the Body's Force controuls,
Revives the Mind, and flakes the Thirst of Souls. }

Enter Menander, with two Bowls.

Give me the Draught.

Soph. What means my Royal Love? }

K. Mas. By your bright self, by all the Pow'rs above,
No Angels Eloquence my Soul shall move.
To die with thee, and thy dear Honour save;
What greater Glory could th' Ambitious have?
'Twill build a Palace for me in the Grave.
Not but that in the Agonies of Breath,
I tremble when I think upon thy Death. }

Soph. Thou best of Men, whose Fame where'er it flies,
Shall draw up bleeding Hearts, and weeping Eyes,
Let not your Soul tremble for me; for I
Can fear no Torment, but to see you die.

K. Mas. Then cheerfully let's go: here's to my Love,
And to our meeting with the Blest above. [*Drinks.*]

Soph. Give me the Bowl, mark if my Hand does shake,
Or the fresh springing Blood my Lips forsake;
Undaunted to my Lips the Draught I lift,
'Tis to my Lord, this is his Nuptial Gift. [*Drinks.*]

K. Mas. *Menander*, faithful Confident, farewell,
Haste, and our Story to the Consul tell.
On thy Allegiance go without Reply,
Thou shouldst rejoice to see me bravely die. [*Exit Men.*]
How fares my only Love? my first, last Dear!
The Sweets of thousand Springs are blowing here.
All in thy Sighs!

Soph. Ah! give your Kindness o'er,
Or we shall live and feel the *Roman* Pow'r.
Methought Death touch'd me with a chilling Pain;
But your warm Kisses shot thro' every Vein
A kinder Heat, and kindled Life again. }

K. Mas.

K. Mas. Thus let us launch into Eternity :
Sink in Death's bottomless and boundless Sea :
Like drowning Friends, link'd in Embraces fast,
Our Arms, Love's Nets, about each other cast.

Soph. What could long Life, or Empire give like this ?

K. Mas. Thy Love is Empire and eternal Bliss.

Soph. I go, where shall we meet ?

[*Dies.*

K. Mas. The Gods can tell ;

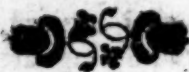
Heaven's Peace, and golden Slumbers with thee dwell. [*Dies.*

Enter Scipio, Lelius, and Menander.

Men. See there, great Sir, th' Effects of your rash Doom,
The Victims you have offer'd up to Rome.

Lel. What cruel Eyes could Pity here refrain,
Beholding two such royal Lovers slain ?

Scip. These unexpected Objects so amaze
My Reason, I could ever on 'em gaze.
Since thou, most great and lovely Prince, art dead,
War's Marches *Scipio* shall no longer tread :
With *Carthage* Peace we'll instantly conclude,
Which, hadst thou liv'd, our Arms might have subdu'd ;
To *Rome* our drooping Eagle then shall steer,
Where after tiresome Honours, we'll repair
To some small Village, *Lelius*, thou and I,
And study not to live, but how to die.



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N E R O,
Emperor of *Rome,*
A
T R A G E D Y,
Acted at the
THEATRE - ROYAL
B Y
His MAJESTY'S Servants.

By NATHANAEL LEE, *Gent.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. FEALES at *Rowe's Head* against
St. *Clement's* Church in the *Strand*; A. WEL-
LINGTON at the *Dolphin* and *Crown* without
Temple-Bar; J. WELLINGTON, A. BETTES-
WORTH and F. CLAY, in Trust for B. WEL-
LINGTON. M DCC XXXIV.

M E R O

Principal of Laws

Y. A. G. B. D.



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BRITISH MUSEUM

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To the Right Honourable
The Earl of Rochester.

My Lord,



OETS for the most part of their Dedications miss of their Design, which should be to please that Honourable Person, whose Protection they desire. For what Pleasure can a noble Spirit, whose Ingenuity equals its Height, receive from an exorbitant Praise and ill-tim'd Applause? Not that the severest Cynick should snarl at just Commendations and due Encomiums; such as the Epistle of *Horace* to *Augustus*, *Pliny's* Panegyrick to *Trajan*; which sort of ponder'd Eloquence ought to be as grateful to a brave and elevated Minds as Adorations to the Deity. My Business waving Insinuation, is to pray, not praise; and I hope, I shall appear less troublesome to your Lordship under the Form of a Beggar, than that

DEDICATION.

of a Flatterer. Your Protection and Favour is implor'd by this humble Supplicant in the behalf of a civil Tyrant, at least one whom I have so represented, and for which I have been sufficiently censur'd, perhaps unjustly enough ; since 'tis not impossible for a Man to love and hate, to be brave and bad. From the Criticks, whose Fury I dread, those Kill-men, and more than *Jews*, I appeal to your Lordship, as the Saint did to *Cæsar*: To you, whose Judgment vies remark with your Grandure, who are as absolutely Lord of Wit, as those Prevaricators are its Slaves: To you, who by excellent Reading and Conversation with the pleasantly Wise, have justly limited the mighty Sallies of an over-flowing Fancy; whose Sayings astonish the Censorious, and whose Writings are so exactly ingenious, Princes treasure them in their Memory as things divine. This is so far from Flattery and Untruth, that it appears rather an impertinent kind of asserting what every Man knows; as if I should gravely tell the World 'tis Day at Noon: Which I had rather another should be smil'd at for, than he who is in highest Truth and lowest Humility,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

NAT. LEE.

P R O

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *HAINES*.

GOOD Plays, and perfect Sense as scarce are grown,
As civil Women in this damn'd leud Town.

Plain Sense is despicable as plain Clothes,

As English Hats, Bone-lace, or woollen Hose.

'Tis your brisk Fool that is your Man of Note;

Yonder he goes, in the embroider'd Coat:

Such wenching Eyes, and Hands so prone to ruffle;

The genteel Fling, the Trip and modish Shuffle;

Salt soul and flame, as gay as any Prince:

Thus Taggs and Silks make up your Men of Sense.

I'm told that some are present here to Day,

Who e're they see resolve to damn this Play,

So much wou'd Interest with Ill-Nature sway.

But Ladies, you we hope, will prove more civil,

And charm these Wits that damn beyond the Devil;

Then let each Critick here, all Hell inherit,

You have Attractions that can lay a Spirit.

A bloody fatal Play you'll see too Night,

I vow to God, 't has put me in a Fright.

The meanest Waiter buffs, looks big, and struts,

Gives Breast a Blow, then Hand on Hilt, he puts;

*'Tis a fine Age, a tearing thund'ring Age,
 Pray Heav'n this Thund'ring does not crack the Stage:
 This Play I like not now——
 And yet for ought I know, it may be good,
 But still I hate this Fighting, Wounds and Blood.
 Why what the Devil have I to do with Honour?
 Let Heroes court her, I cry, Pox upon her;
 All Tragedies i' Gad to me sound odly,
 I can no more be serious, than you godly.*





EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *HARRIS*.

HOW dull, how grave, and how precise ye sit,
As if ye had acted Love, not tasted Wit.

When the Trick's done, like Wine unstopt ye pall
After Enjoyment, thus it's with you all.

Your modish Plays like jaunty Misses shew'd,

Be bravely dress'd, high flown, more fine than good;

For Clothes attract ye more than Flesh and Blood.

Like cover'd Viands Beauties hid from Sight,

Raise drooping Fancy up to new Delight:

For you Gallants, ye gay brisk witty Men,

He knows your killing Trade, your damning strains;

Ye can as well Wenches and Drink refrain.

Yet faith for my sweet sake be kind to night,

Or may this heavy Curse upon you light:

May each Gallant that has an Assignment,

Be jilted after four Hours Expectation;

Or if the masked Gentlewoman come,

Spite of long Scarf, may she be dozg'd from home.

May ye ———

In Height of Titillation bear a rapping,

And then the jealous Cuckold take ye napping.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Nero</i> , Emperor of <i>Rome</i> ,	Mr. <i>Hart</i> .
<i>Britannicus</i> , true Heir of the Empire,	Mr. <i>Mobun</i> .
<i>Petronius</i> , <i>Nero</i> 's Favourite,	Mr. <i>Burt</i> .
<i>Otho</i> , Husband to <i>Poppea</i> ,	Mr. <i>Wintershal</i> .
<i>Piso</i> , her Brother.	Mr. <i>Lydall</i> .
<i>Seneca</i> , <i>Nero</i> 's Tutor,	Mr. <i>Cartwright</i> .
<i>Drusillus</i> ,	Mr. <i>Clark</i> .
<i>Plautus</i> ,	Mr. <i>Coyse</i> .
<i>Silvius</i> ,	Mr. <i>Watson</i> .
<i>Mirmilon</i> ,	Mr. <i>Powel</i> .
<i>Flavius</i> , Friend to <i>Britannicus</i>	Mr. <i>Harris</i> .

<i>Poppea</i> , <i>Otho</i> 's Wife married to <i>Nero</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Marshall</i> .
<i>Agrippina</i> , the old Empress, Mother to <i>Nero</i> .	Mrs. <i>Corey</i> .
<i>Octavia</i> , <i>Nero</i> 's first Wife, Sister of <i>Britannicus</i> .	Mrs. <i>Cox</i> .
<i>Cyara</i> , Pincess of <i>Parthia</i> , Mistress of <i>Britannicus</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bentell</i> .
<i>Syllana</i> , <i>Poppea</i> 's Confident.	Mrs. <i>Uptiel</i> .
Roman Gladiators.	
<i>Caligula</i> 's Ghost.	Mr. <i>Griffin</i> .

SCENE, *Rome*.

NERO,



N E R O,
Emperor of ROME.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Otho, Sylvius, Cyara, *disguis'd*.

Syl.



HY dost thou droop, and hang thy
pensive Head,
As if there were no end of thy Distress?
His Sighs more frequent than the Mi-
nutes are;

Tears hang upon his Cheeks like Morning Dews
On Roses: Yet I cannot blame thy Grief.

Otho. Sir, you amaze me with your sad Relation.
That fatal Night Prince *Alamander* fell,
I, and some more, were in our General's Tent,
(Great *Corbulus* he's call'd) who with Success,
Has often led our gallant *Roman* Troops
Against your *Parthian* Horse; as I remember,
'Twas Midnight when our Scouts, all pale with Fear,

Came,

Came, flying with the News of your Approach :
 Our General undisturb'd, strait gave Command
 That every Captain should his Charge perform,
 With as much Silence as was possible ;
 No Drums, no Trumpets sounded, all was hush'd ;
 Order in Whispers, was by all receiv'd :
 So your Surprise was answer'd with Surprise,
 And gain'd Advantage, without Victory ;
 For 'tis our Custom frequently to sleep
 Whole Nights in Arms, never to rest secure.

Cya. Our Loss, indeed, was great ; but Oh ! that Loss
 Of Losses, our dear Prince, surpasses all !
 For him, our Court now mourns ; Sorrow, like Night,
 Eternal Night, spreads Horror all around ?
 All noble Hearts are cover'd with Despair ;
 For our bright Sun must never shine again.
 Some dawn of Hope we had, he might be here
 A Pris'ner, and unknown ; but Fate decrees
 We shall not be so happy.

Oth. Sir, wherein
 My Service may prove beneficial,
 Or yield you any Comfort, pray command it.
 Captives of every sort, as Time permit,
 I'll bring before you : if your Eye can read
 A Line, that is your Prince in any Face,
 Examine it to the full. Mean while, be pleas'd
 To take a strict Survey of all the Court,
 'The greatest, and most flourishing on Earth.

Syl. So every Tongue reports it ; a full Orb
 Of matchless Glory, where your Emperor
 Rules like the Sun, and gives each noble Warmth.

Oth. Nothing appears, alas, as heretofore ;
 The Darkness of his horrid Vices have
 Eclips'd the glimmering Rays of his frail Virtue.
 His Cruelties, like Birds of Prey, have pick'd
 All Seeds of Nobleness from his false Heart ;
 And now it lies a sad dull lump of Earth,
 Impatient of wise Counsel and Reproof.
 To day he dooms his Mother to be slain ;
 Swears, that she plots against his Crown, and Life :

Sen-

The Tragedy of Nero.

83

Sentence is past, and the poor Queen's betray'd.
See where she comes.

[*Emperor, Octavia, Britannicus, Seneca, Drusillus, Piso, Plautus: Agrippina, led by two Virgins, all in white, a Dagger, and a Bowl of Poison carry'd before her: Courtiers and Guards following. Britannicus kneels.*

Cya. O *Sylvius*, I am lost! there, there he kneels;
My Flames increase, my Soul new Passions feels.
My Flight from *Parthia* I'll no more regard;
All was too little for so great Reward.

Ner. To me?

Plau. Dread Sir, the Prince *Britannicus*.

Ner. Say you?

Plau. He kneels.

Ner. Sir, would you ought with me?

Brit. Not for my self, but for the Queen, thus low
I fall, and beg you would some Pity shew.

Cast from your Breast this rank and pois'nous Hate:

Alas, how many do repent too late?

In Acts of Love, Kings are best understood:

Hell makes some great; 'tis God-like to be good.

It is your Mother——

Oh that that Sacred Name should not avert

Your Wrath! nor, with its Softness melt your Heart!

Your Mother 'tis, whom you command to bleed;

What will the cens'ring World think of this Deed?

Ner. Why, let it think: If Asses bray, must I
Regard? I say again, that she shall die.

Why is she not to Execution led?

She's plotting now. *Drusillus*, see her dead.

Sen. If for the Guilty we to Heaven may pray,
Can you the Innocent——

Ner. Old Fool, away.

Brit. Justice is robb'd, his Sword and Scales you move;
Sweet Mercy starts, and striking flies above,
Where, to the Gods, such horrid Tales of you
She does relate, as they can scarce think true:

Fate

Son-

Fate trembles, as she writes 'em in her Book;
 Ev'n *Jove*, with Horror of this Fact, is shook.
 New points his Thunder, brandishes i'th' Air
 Dread Lightning, and with *Rome* intends a War.

Ner. Let him begin; my Purpose I'll maintain,
 Tho' he should scorching Showers of Sulphur rain.

Tho' he stood near,
 And from some neighbouring Cloud, did hurl down Fire,
 With fresh Recruits of Men his Arm I'd tire,
 And she at last should spite of him expire.
 Would he were here, to end the grand Debate:
 But why with you do I capitulate?
 My Word's an Oracle, and stands her Fate.

Oth. Ah *Cæsar*, if you can thus cruel prove
 To her, and lay aside all filial Love,
 What must I then expect, who am your Wife,
 But that you shortly too should take my Life?
 By all the Pleasures of our Marriage-bed——

Ner. I swear, speak one Word more, and thou art dead.

Brit. Tyrant, this must not be, while I draw Breath.

Ner. Then thou dy'st too.

Brit. Lo, thus I brave my Death.

Ner. Ha! does he smile!

By all the Gods, I'll quickly change your Mirth;
 With my own Hand I'll cut thee from the Earth.

Oth. Dread Sir——

Ner. Was ever such an Insolence?

Brit. Sir, what I did was in my own Defence.

When e'er I rise against your sacred Head
 In Thought, may Loads of Thunder strike me dead.
 You are my Master, and *Rome's* Emperor;
 May you live long, and make right Use of Pow'r.

Cya. Guard him, you Gods, and save his Innocence.

Ner. So Sir: yet she shall die. Go, take her hence.

Oth. Oh, how my tender Heart does sympathize!

Grief strikes me dumb, and Pity fills my Eyes.

Ag. Thou savage Monster, Seed of Rocks, more wild,
 More wild than the fierce Tygres of her young beguil'd,
 Barbarian! who in some dark Cave wert bred,
 Made drunk with Poison, with Corruption fed,

Offspring

The Tragedy of Nero.

85

Offspring of Hell! But, oh, my lab'ring Mind
Cannot get vent, nor fit Expressions find,
Why was I made so strong? Oh my accurst!
Grief swells me up, and yet I cannot burst.

Ner. Why should she thus in Torments here remain?
I pity her; go put her out of Pain.

Agr. Tyrant, wherein have I deserv'd this base
And barbarous Usage? — Oh my foul Disgrace!
Ha! shall I tell it to the World or die,
And in my Urn let all in Silence lie?
My Soul doth struggle with its Load of Woes;
Woes much more horrid than those painful Throes,
My Body felt, when first I brought to light
This cursed Son, now Basilisk, to fight.

Ner. Am I to be obey'd? How dare you stay?
Furies and Hell! be gone, take her away.

Agr. Oh, stay awhile, e'er yet I lose my Breath,
Hear my last Words, more dreadful than my Death.
Bear me some winged God, and fix me high
On some tall Pyramid, that hits the Sky;
Place all the World on the vast Rounds below,
And make my Voice so loud, that all may know:
This Monster, under *Tyrian* Purple hid,
Did force a Passage to his Mother's Bed.
Where are thy dreadful Bolts? (to *Jove* I call)
Strike him, or me, amiss they cannot fall.
Oh horrid Fact to tell! it wounds my Ear:
The Day and Night together mingled were.
Monster of Men, who alter'd Nature's Course,
The Stream ran backwards and found out the Source.

Ner. The Beldame raves; *Drusillus* take her hence.
All this is forg'd; Heaven knows my Innocence.
A Moment's Respite I will not afford,
But when she's dead, let *Otho* bring me word.

[*Exeunt severally Nero and Agrip.*]

Manent Piso, Plautus, Mirmilon.

Piso. Very well. Hark ye, Gentlemen, may we talk?
Plau. Treason? No.

Pis.

Pis. Then I'll hold my peace.

Mir. Faith, I know not, but there was a Stranger here yesterday hang'd for looking suspiciously.

Pis. Very good; 'twas an excellent Memorandum, therefore I'll shut my Eyes, and not look at all, or hereafter always in Company wear a Masque.

Plau. Not so, Sir, if you tender your Safety; such Reservation argues Thoughtfulness. Now the Emperor can't endure a Man that's given to Meditation; hates a Philosopher as much as he loves a Fidler: *Seneca*, to my Knowledge, is a Burden to him; in my hearing he call'd him crazy Caterpillar, and venerable Book-worm.

Mir. Right, *Plautus*: Therefore, *Piso*, be not thoughtful; 'tis dangerous. A Friend of mine (hark ye) this Morning, by the Emperor's Order, had his Throat cut for being thoughtful.

Pis. The good Empress——

Plaut. How, Sir?

Pis. Well, the Empress then. Alas, how sudden, from the Top of Glory——

Mir. Alas! do you pity her then?

Pis. I, Sir? Greatness and Goodness are——

Plau. What, Sir?

Pis. I know not, nor where, unless in the other World.

Mir. You weep, *Piso*, have a Care, a Sort of Liquid Treason.

Piso. 'Twas your Hair hit my Eye, and caused this Rheum. I'll to the Country again. Farewel, Gentlemen. Long live the Emperor! that's no Treason.

Mir. No, Sir, no. Adieu, good *Piso*. He wears an honest Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Court.*

Nero, Otho, Seneca, Drusillus, &c. Agrippina dead.

Oth. She is, as you would have her, Sir, no more: See where she lies, all stain'd with her own Gore.

She

The Tragedy of Nero.

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She said, an antient Man bid her beware
Of ever seeing you made Emperor:
For you, at last, would cause her to be slain:
Then let me die, she said, so he may reign.

Ner. How wisely then did I her Death decree!
For 'twould have been a great Impiety
To let her live, and mar the Prophecy.

Oth. Choice of two Deaths, by your command we gave,
But she cry'd, both; a double Death I'll have:
One poy's'nous drop for Heaven I would not sell;
Each drop will sink his Soul more deep in Hell.
In her right Hand the Dagger she did hold;
And with her left she heav'd the fatal Gold,
And drunk the Venom off: That being done,
Deep in her Breast the keen Stiletto run:
With many Wounds she made her Bosom gay;
Her Wounds like Flood-gates did themselves display,
Thro' which Life ran in Scarlet Streams away.

Ner. Remove her hence. My Soul now free does walk,
And shall no more be clogg'd with moral Talk.
My Statue shall be made of lasting Steel;
Before it Lords of Rome shall humbly kneel.
Great *Julius* and *Augustus* you adore;
And why not me who have their very Pow'r?
To them you daily offer Sacrifice:
I am a God; my self I canonize.

Sen. 'Mongst Gods their Glory shines now they are gone,
Because with us, like Stars their Virtues shone.

Ner. Virtue's a Name; Religion is a Thing
Fitter to scare poor Priests, than daunt a King.
Swift, as quick Thought, thro' every Art I range:
Who but a God like me, could Sexes change?

Sporus, be Witness of my mighty Art;
Sporus, now Lady, once Lord of my Heart.
At my command the fragrant Winds do blow,
The willing Floods in Waves of Balsam flow:
This Hand does all the Sweets of Nature sow;
I ransack Nature; all its Treasures view;
Beings annihilate, and make anew,
All this can I, your God-like Nero, do.

Sen.

Sen. What Fiend is this, which in his Breast, unspy'd,
Bears up his Soul on such large Wings of Pride?
Let me not die for speaking what is true:
All this you would, but, alas! cannot do.

Ner. Ha!

Sen. If you do well, and noble Acts atchieve,
Whene'er you die all honest Hearts will grieve;
Each *Roman* will to after Ages tell,
How good, how great, how excellent you fell;
What pity 'twas that you should die so young!
Thus shall your Honour sound from every Tongue:
But tho' your Fame survive, your Body must
Rot, and be crumbled into common Dust.
Each Grain of which, because you once did reign,
Will not turn Gold, nor any Lustre gain:
Yours, and the Beggar's Dust alike must pass,
Instead of Sand, to fill Time's Hour-glass.

Ner. Gown-man, thou ly'st ———

The World's eternal, and its Monarch I:
Then how is't possible for me to die,
Yet give me Creature Immortality?
If when I leave this World, Men shou'd debate
The Manner; say, I did my self translate.
The Glory of my Godhead I will shrowd
Not in a Mantle, but in a perfum'd Cloud.
In smoak of Incense I will mount above,
And in his Throne, take the right Hand of *Jove*.

Sen. O murd'ring Pride, thou dost all Reason kill!
You will have Altars too?

Ner. Yes, Slave, I will;

Altars of Gold, in Crystal Temples built:
No Blood of Bulls, nor Goats, shall there be spilt;
Such coarse rank Smoak may sooty *Vulcan* please,
Pluto, or horned *Pan*; dull Deities!
The best of humane Gore shall wash my Shrine;
Neroes shall bleed, and they are half divine.
In Cases made of Diamond entire,
Stars shall instead of Lamps lend their bright Fire.
Each common God shall, in his turn, be Priest,
And for your lower World make his request:

Then

The Tragedy of Nero.

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Then offer up a grateful Sacrifice,
Kings Heads, Queen's Hearts, and charming Virgins Eyes.

Enter Petronius.

Sen. O Heaven! his Blasphemies no Limit have;
His brutish Impudence our Gods does brave:
Without controul he does their Pow'r defy,
And I, like midnight hush'd, stand trembling by.
I'll speak, altho' he blast me with his Breath;
Repentance too may win him for my Death.
Dread Sir, if you would please——

Ner. Fond Preacher, hence:
Gods! can I still endure his Insolence?
Guards, seize him; go, let him in Prison houl,
And solace there his melancholy Soul.

[Exit Otho, Seneca, and Guards.]

But, dear *Petronius*, how shall I requite
Thee, who sole Author art of my Delight?
When my Heart sickens, thou still bring'st me ease,
And dost my Fancy with new Objects please.

Pet. To sooth your Soul, ruffled with this late Storm,
My care found out so sweet, so rare a Form,
So full of blooming Graces in each part,
As well deserves the Conquest of your Heart.
Not purple Violets ith' early Spring,
Such grateful Sweet, such tender Beauties bring.
The orient Blush which does her Cheeks adorn,
Makes Coral pale, vies with the rosy Morn.
Not *Venus*, sprung from the Sea's snowy Foam,
Neptune's bright Seed, her Whiteness can o'ercome.
Cupid has took a Surfeit from her Eyes;
Whene'er she smiles, in lambent Fire he fries;
And when she weeps, in Pearls dissolv'd he dies.

Ner. Hold, hold; I'm o'ercharg'd with this Excess;
Thy Deeds are great, but make thy Boasting less:
What is her Name, and where does she lie hid?

Pet. She is the Partner of Lord *Otho's* Bed,
Poppea named. With Gold I brib'd her Maid,
For which the easy Slave her Trust betray'd.

Not

Not far from *Rome* this Beauty does reside ;
 Chaste she is thought, because yet never try'd.
 Her quick black Eye does wander with Desire,
 And, if I judge aright, bears wanton Fire.
 Oft, as *Syllana* told me when to Court
 Her Lord was gone, eager of unknown Sport ;
 She sigh'd, and in her Bosom hid her Face,
 And with fierce Action would the Wench embrace.
 Dress'd like *Diana*, she in Woods is fear'd,
 And gives swift chace to all the savage Herd :
 With vigour masculine she rides along,
 Her Quiver full of Shafis behind her hung ;
 Her right hand holds a Dart, her left a Bow ;
 Her long black Locks on her fair Shoulders flow,
 As thickning Clouds o'er the Sun's Brightness grow.

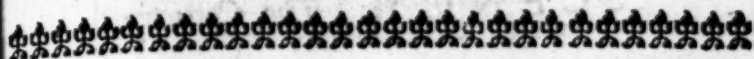
Ner. Thou dear Procurer of my most-lov'd Joys,
 Fly, fly, the least delay my Life destroys.
 Now try thy Skill ; this is indeed a Task :
 Win her, and thou hast more than thou canst ask.

[*Exit Petronius.*]

Let phlegmatick dull Kings call Crowns their Care ;
 Mine is my wanton, and does Beauties share
 Above my Mistress' Eyes. On, *Nero*, on,
 Spend thy vast stock, and riot in thy Throne.
 If there be Pleasure yet I have not found,
 Name it, some God ; 'tis mine, tho' under ground :
 No Nook of Hell shall hide it from thy sight,
 But I will conjure't into open light.

My Scepter, like a charming Rod, shall raise
 Such Sports as would old *Epicures* amaze ;
 Pleasures so rich, so various, and so new
 As never yet the Gods, my great Forefathers, knew. [*Exit.*]





ACT II. SCENE I.

Drusillus, and a Roman.

Druf.



Arbarous and horrid! O the raging Fiend,
When will his black Impieties have end?
The great, the wise, the worthy *Seneca*,
Is by this bloody Monster made away.
Poor City! whither are thy Founders

To what low distant Regions of the dead, [fled,
That at their Country's Call they will not rise,
And this ungovern'd Tyrant's Rage chastise?

Ro. I saw the best and wisest of Mankind,
The Pilot of the Will, the Guide o'th' Mind,
Dying and pale; from every gen'rous Vein
Base Executioners his Life did drain:
By *Nero* kill'd, by *Nero* whom he lov'd,
Whose Youth by painful Studies he improv'd,
And warm'd so long the Viper in his Breast,
That the kind Host was poison'd by the Guest.

Druf. In vain we mourn: Some noble *Roman* shou'd
Care to be glorious, dangerously good,
And kill this Tyrant; kill him gorg'd with Wine,
Forcing a Day, and making black Night shine:
Debauch'd, and sordidly ambitious grown,
Midst all his Revels, would the Deed were done.

Ro. Guilt, the Mind's Wild-fire, lick his Spirits up;
Press him good Gods, press him until he droop.
Sink, and be damn'd: beneath the lowest Hell;
After his Death we may in Safety dwell.

Druf. But, while he lives, no honest *Roman* may
Pass Night in rest, or view one peaceful Day. [Exeunt.

SCENE

ACT

SCENE II. *The Country.*

Otho, Poppea, Petronius, Piso.

Pet. Why should such godlike Forms inhabit here,
And bless th'ignoble sort?

Otho. Prithee, no more;

She sha' not go to Court, there's Discord in't.

Pet. Now by your Lady's lovely Eyes I swear,
That Country sounds not half so well to me.
Is it more Harmony to hear a Clown
Whistle his dull Tunes, which you construe solemn,
Than see a Lady softly touch her Lute,
And breathe an Air to the melodious Strings?
Her Beauty, and her Voice so ravishing,
That each Spectator's Soul is left in doubt
Where first to mount, into the Eye or Ear.
The Court's,

Now, by my Honour, dearer than my Life;
And, as I Action love, I think the Court
May well be term'd the Noble Rendezvous
Of gallant Spirits: 'Tis a Circle, Sir,

Oth. More I'll allow, it is a golden Circle;
But, like the *Carthaginian* Hero's King,
It carries Poison: 'Tis a fatal Circle,
Upon whose Magick Skirts a thousand Devils,
In crystal forms, sit tempting Innocence,
And beckon early Virtue from its Center.

Piso. Now, by my Life, I think you counsel ill.
I view thee, and o'th sudden, something calls
Thee Traitor.

Brother, I never lov'd this Man; that's all.

[Exit.

Pet. Why should you lose me on a bare Suspicion?
The Gods rain Curses on me thick as Hail,
If e'er I harbour'd in this Breast a Thought
But what was noble, of your spotly Loves:
I must be bold to say you've done me wrong;
And, but I have by Oath inviolable
Sworn you a Friendship firm as Destiny,

Pro-

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Protecting you and yours, I should not thus
Tamely put up your angry Brother's Terms.

Oth. Your Pardon, generous Friend, he was to blame;
Let my Repentance set all right again:
Indeed I am ashamed for what was past.

Pet. See, our Contention has disturb'd your Lady,
And call'd the precious Dew into her Eyes.

Oth. No more, my dear: nay, if thou love me, cease.

Pet. I wonder that the Emperor's so long!
I wrote to have him call *Otho* to Court,
Employ him there and come in Person hither. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Court.

Octavia, Britannicus.

Oct. Ah! dearest Brother! be not too secure;
Sirens most dreadful are, when they allure:
I dread him most, since your last noble Strife,
And fear he is plotting 'gainst your precious Life,
Of which you ought to have a tender care,
Because your Sister claims so deep a share:
For, hear me Gods, the Doom which you decree
This gallant Prince, shall prove my Destiny.

Brit. Fear not my Life; he cannot be so base:
I have some Friends that all his Mischiefs trace;
If ought against me move, their Care will find
Some means to let me know what is design'd.

Oct. Heav'n ever shield you from his Violence;
His Kindness to you is but mere Pretence,
And if he smiles, 'tis at your Innocence.
The Crystal of his Eye is clouded o'er,
That his dark Thoughts my Genius can't explore.
E'er while I met him,

The Fates sit working on his gather'd Brows;
Now Steps he takes, and murmurs as he goes,
Starts, and fixt Looks upon the Terras throws.

Brit. Mild as calm Martyrs, I could Death receive;
Two Reasons only make we wish to live:

Two

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Two Debts remain to pay, most nobly due ;
Love claims the first, t'other I owe to you.

Oct. Within your Breast does Love chief Regent stand?
I thought that Reason there had sole Command.

Brit. Never was Heart so pitifully kind,
So capable of Love's Impression made.
With me all Beauties gentle Usage find ;
The humble charm, the mighty to invade.
Last Year, unknown to *Parthia* I did go,
And view'd the Court ; beheld the gallant Foe
Of *Rome*, Prince *Alamander*, whose great Name
Sounds loud, and almost cracks the Cheeks of Fame.
Bellona then, as Goddess of our Arms,
I did adore ; but soon felt softer Charms :
The curious Prince within my Looks did find
Something that wrought upon his noble Mind,
Discours'd me, call me Friend, and did confess
He never lov'd a Man to such excess.
One Day, (Oh Day most fatal to my rest !)
After a thousand Kindnesses express'd,
He took me by the Hand, and gently said,
Dear Friend, there is a young and noble Maid
That fain would see you. Bowing, I replied,
Sir, I am your's, and to your Service tied.

Octa. Your Story yet has no great cause to fright.

Brit. At length we came ; but such a glorious Sight,
Such a bright Flux of Rays on tender Sense,
Such charming Softness, such sweet Excellence,
Words may describe, but never can define ;
The Sun ne'er saw an Object so divine ;
Fancy can't teach it ; above Fiction fair ;
All the sweet Lines of Beauty center'd there.
Unlike to *Cæsar's* was my am'rous Doom,
I came, I saw, but was my self o'ercome.
It was his Sister,
Cyara nam'd, that royal charming Maid ;
My Soul was wrapt with Joy, tho' shook with Dread.
So Angels when they stoop to mortal fight,
Strike us with Awe, yet ravish with Delight.

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Oſa. Why did you not your noble Love declare?

Brit. I did; but firſt committed to her Ear

The Secret of my Birth, which he receiv'd

With modeſt Joy, and generously believ'd:

Our Loves too happy were to flouriſh long;

Froſt-nipt i'th' Bud, they wither'd as they hung.

Some *Roman* Slave, I know not whom nor where,

Gave the old King private Intelligence;

But the young Prince moſt watchful ſent me word,

Haſten'd my Flight, and would not Time afford

To hear my Thanks, ungrateful ſo I came

To *Rome*, but nourish'd ſtill my former Flame.

*Enter Cyara and Silvius at one Door, the Emperor and
Plautus at another.*

Cya. Yonder he ſtands, the Gods great Maſter-piece!

Oh, I could ever on that Object gaze,

And loſe my Senſes in that goodly Maze!

With gay and vig'rous Youth his Eyes are crown'd,

Preſence and manly Graces all around

His noble Form, do make their bright abode,

Like Beams of Luſtre circling in a God.

Ner. He dies, that bold Comptroller of my Will;

He has oblig'd me ſo, that I muſt kill.

Why with dull Thoughts do I my Fancy pall?

When I look ſad, whole Hecatombs ſhould fall.

Ha! who are they? My fretting Blood does riſe:

Hands reſt, I'll try to blaſt him with my Eyes:

Make me a Baſiliſk but one ſhort Hour,

Some God that would be *Nero's* Emperor.

Plaut. Oh you juſt Pow'rs! where is *Aſtrea* fled?

Soul Vice triumphs, trampling on Virtue's Head.

Here ſam'd *Democritus* his Teeth might ſhow,

And *Heraclitus* might his Tears beſtow.

Nero. I hate him deadly.

As Poverty, Diſeaſes, or old Age;

For his wiſh'd Death, my Empire I'll engage.

Not Hell nor Heaven my fierce Resolves shall daunt:
First I will act; and then I'll think upon't.

Octavia, follow me.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Brit. What does he mean?

He frowns on me, and smiles upon the Queen,
These ruddy Drops some say ill Omens are;
Gods be my Guard, but 'tis not worth my Care.
I bleed within; there, there's the mortal Wound,
For which no Cure, no Balsam can be found.
In Dreams, *Cyara*, I behold thy Charms,
With fix'd Imagination of high Pleasure;
Thy beauteous Form shall flow into my Arms,
And I embrace it as a real Treasure.

[*Exit.*]

Cyar. How dull this Place appears now he is gone!
Night's Emblem, it bemoans the absent Sun.

Sylv. Madam, 'tis fit you should discover now;
Put off the Cloud, and fair *Cyara* show.

Cya. E'er I reveal my self, his Love I'll try.

Syl. You doubt him.

Cya. No, it is Curiosity.

[*Exeunt.*]

Nero, Octavia.

Ner. Your Sentence dooms me to be curst or blest;
Can you deny me? 'tis my first Request:
All Things are easy to a willing Mind;
'Tis quickly done, if you will prove but kind.

Oct. My Soul doth with convulsive Horror shake;
Name it again, for sure I did mistake.

Ner. That you the Prince your Brother's Blood would
No matter how, so you but swear to kill. (*spill*)
Here with my Dagger let the Deed be done:
You often find him sleeping and alone.

Oct. Sleeping! Oh Gods! Can you your Vengeance keep?
Where is your Thunder? No, 'tis you that sleep:
Sure else your Justice would his Vice confound,
And drive this Monster quick into the Ground.
Hell to his Soul such Impudence has giv'n,
That he in Time will storm your Fort of Heaven:

The Tragedy of Nero.

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In Blasphemies his Spirits do exhale;
Your high bright Walls his Giant Crimes will scale.
Oh, my Heart's full.

Ner. Here's that will give it vent:

[*Stabs her.*

So now go tell the Gods my black Intent.

Britannicus his Death I will defer;

'Tis pretty well I've made an end of her.

Now I will haste to meet *Poppea's* Arms:

Oh, Love, assist me with thy mighty Charms,

And I will raise thy wanton Altars higher;

Old Men and Eunuchs shall in Heaps expire,

Because uncapable of thy soft Fire.

This Day my fatal Brow no Clouds shall wear;

Till I return, *Rome*, lay aside thy Fear;

I and the Gods of Wit smile once a Year.

[*Exit.*

Os. Oh, my *Britannicus*, my Brother! — Oh,

Might I but see thee once, yet e'er I go,

And wander in the wide dark Dens of Death:

But, oh! my Soul is almost out of Breath.

Enter Britannicus.

Brit. He sent me here; for what I can't devise.

Os. Ah me! look here, with Pity glut thy Eyes.

Now I am well: For thy sake I would live.

My dear, my gentle Brother, do not grieve.

Brit. Gods! Gods! But they are deaf, or will not hear.

No Hopes of Life? Oh my prophetick Fear!

Sigh Heart, weep Eyes, I draw each crystal Spring;

But 'tis my Blood must be thy Offering.

Os. Hold, hold; *Cyara*, 'tis *Cyara's* Call:

My Share I give to her, she claims you all.

Give me your Sword; so now I've lost my Fears:

You weep too much, and yet I love those Tears;

It was a gen'rous Proffer, 'twas indeed

Upon thy Bosom let me rest my Head;

'Tis a soft Pillow, sweetly now I rest,

And sigh my Soul into thy gentle Breast.

[*Dies.*

Brit. O stay, my Dear, my most lov'd Sister, stay;
 But one Word more. Her Soul is on its way:
 She's gone, she's gone; thou flow'ry Sweet farewell.
 Oh where, to whom shall I my Sorrows tell!
 In every Grove and melancholy Bower
 Thy sad untimely Loss I will deplore;
 Thy Name's dear Character each Tree shall bear,
 On every Letter I will drop a Tear.
 How quickly Fate our fairest Hopes beguiles!
 Oh, thou short Solace of my many Ills,
 Adieu! Adieu, my Star, my dearest Light!
 Now thou art gone, I am all dark, all Night:
 One Lump I grow, and know not how I move,
 All sad and gloomy, as the Eyes of Love.
 Trust me, thy Sweetness I shall ne'er forget;
 Stiff with my Sorrows, on thy Tomb I'll sit,
 Till I at last into cold Marble turn,
 And with my pious Figure grace thy Urn.

[Exit.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Britannicus with a Boy.**Brit.*HAT is the Earth to me? Why do I
 stay,Since thou, my Joy, my dear *Octavia*,
 Art ravish'd hence? To *Parthia* I will
 fly,

And in thy Presence fair *Cyara*, die:
 My only Comforts on thy Truth depend;
 If thou art chang'd, my Grief shall have an end.
 Go sing the Song without.

SONG.

S O N G.

WEEP, weep, you Muses, drain the Springs,
 Such Notes go warble to the Strings,
 Such Dirges as the Ravens sound
 When Ghosts run trembling thro' the Ground:
 The fairest of her Sex is dead,
 Her tender Limbs are wrapp'd in Lead;
 Her Eyes, Stars Envy, the Earth's Pride,
 The broad black Hand of Death does hide:
 In Death's dark Chamber now she lies,
 Pale as the Snow, and cold as Ice.

C H O R U S.

The Grave, the lovely Grave will bring us ease,
 There shall we sleep in downy Peace;
 There no Distractions nor Jealousies be,
 But all from inord'nate Passions are free:
 The cold Tomb is free from hot Love and Desire;
 It has Ashes good store, but admits of no Fire:
 There Men do never groan, nor Women cry,
 But all Things hush'd, in solemn Silence lie.

Brit. Enough, enough. Oh, my sick Heart, not yet!
 Break, break, for shame, let Nature have her Debt.

Cyara, Sylvius.

Cya. Withdraw good *Sylvius*. How sad he looks!
 Was ever Man so goodly? Oh my Heart
 Bear up! And yet I dare not speak to him.
 If there be any Charms in Womens Tongues,
 If there be any Words that can infuse
 Soft Love into a Bosom, and create
 A gentle Passion, good Heaven grant it me,
 Sir, may I interrupt without Offence

Your serious Thoughts? I've something to relate
Which is your near Concern.

Brit. Mine, pretty Sir?

Say on, I hear you. What would his Business be?

Cya. 'Tis from a Lady who made me her Agent,
A forry one I fear, and much unable
To tell what she commanded me; a Story
So lamentable that I cannot think on't,
But streight my Eyes o'erflow with Tears. Pardon me,
Only a little Respite, I'll go on.

Brit. Thou raisest something in me, which as yet
I cannot give a Name to. What can this mean?

Cya. Cyara, Sir, the *Partbian* Princess——

Brit. Ha!

Com'it thou from her? A thousand Blessings on thee.

Cya. A thousand Curses rather, for my News.
My Name's *Coralbo*, her unhappy Kinsman:
To my poor Faith she did the mighty Honour
Of telling the sad Stories of your Loves.
It was her Chance, a dismal Chance indeed,
That Day you fled; as she was sitting at
The Palace Window, striking of her Lute,
Thoughtful, and Virgin-like, alone, to cast
Her Eye upon your Person; streight she blush'd,
Wondring to see you in that Equipage:
But soon her Brother did unriddle all:
Amazement seiz'd her first; but when the Prince
Was gone, she loos'd the Reins Grief had full stopp'd:
She trembled, fetch'd heart-breaking Sighs,
As if her Eyes were Springs; she made Complaints
So languishing, and with so sad an Accent,
I wonder that it kill'd her not till now.

Brit. I hope you come not to abuse me.
By Heaven, if you do——

Cya. Indeed I do not:

Let that convince you, if you know her Hand.
I find he's noble, his Looks are chang'd o'th' sudden:
I fear I've gone too far. How do you, Sir?

Brit. Well, Boy. O Gods? Devils! Hell, Heaven,
and Earth!

The Tragedy of Nero.

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Reads. *If in the other World I can behold ought there, it will be you; pray love my Memory: 'Twill be a Satisfaction above the Thoughts of Paradise to your dying*
Cyara.

I feel a mortal Trembling shoot along
My Arteries: I'm cold. *Octavia! Cyara! Oh! [Falls.*

Cya. Help, help: My Lord, *Cyara* lives; return.

What have I done? Upon thy dying Lips
I'll print my Soul, but I'll bring back thy Life.

Fool that I was, for a Fancy, thus

To play away that Pearl, for which I would
Have sold my Breath, my vital Spirits, my All

O, he returns. *Cyara* is not dead:

Look up, my Lord; do you not know this Face?

Brit. *Cyara!* Heavens, 'tis she! Thou charming Fair,
How am I ravish'd with thy glorious Presence?

O, who would live on Earth, sultry and hot,

Under a Load of Care, did he once taste

The Pleasures of these cool immortal Shades?

O the refreshing Sweets which the Winds blow

From ever-budding Flowers eternal Spring!

Cya. Where, Sir?

Brit. Why, here in blest *Elysium*.

Cya. O he is lost, distracted!

Brit. Look, look, my dear, prithee let's walk along,
The Grass does shine with pure Emerald Green,

Each purling Brook like liquid Plate appears,

And every Pebble seems a Diamond;

Tall burnish'd Trees with Fruit of massy Gold,

Upon whose Boughs all fair and heav'nly Forms

Sit sweetly warbling to their Loves below.

See yonder's *Octavia*, my Sister, look,

Pale and forlorn, in a close gloomy Shade,

Her airy Substance thus I will condense,

And squeeze to Water, 'cause I cannot weep.

Cya. Ah Prince! *Cyara* lives, and I am she.

Brit. Thou art a lying Boy: O Gods, my Head!

Cya. Do you not know me, Sir? Look wistly on me.

Brit. *Cyara's* Picture; just such charming Eyes;
 Such snowy Hands, such Lips, such winning Smiles;
 Such Tendernefs; such was her every Grace:
 But Oh! You told a false, a fatal Tale,
 The Accent of thy Voice is different,
 She could not lie, for she was all Perfection:
 All Beauty sickn'd when she left the World.
Cyara, Oh thou Fair-one! Glorious Saint,
 Thou could'st not die for me, desertless me.

Cya. She is not dead, but lives and loves you, Sir.

Brit. Thou dost associate with Lawyers sure,
 And Travellers.

Cya. Who, I Sir? Why?

Brit. Because

Thou ly'st extremely, Boy: No, she is dead;
 The Canopy of Heav'n is hung with Sable;
 The Sun, like a great Mourner, drives her Hearse,
 Wrapp'd round with Clouds; each Star withdraws
 His golden Head, and burns within his Socket:
 The whole Cope is dark, black, dismal,
 And mourns the sudden Loss of fair *Cyara*.
 Ha! though; yonder flies a Night-Raven,
 In each black Eye there rolls a Pound of Jet.
 See how he fans with his huge wicker Wings
 The dusky Air. Come, Boy, be gone,
 I'll save thee, tho' I die my self; go in,
 Run, run, I say, I'll fetch my Bow, and shoot him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Country.*

Petronius, Poppea. Piso over-bearing.

Pop. I must not hear you, Sir.

Pet. Can you despise

A Flame whose matchless Splendour drowns the Stars,
 And Lustre vies with the great Eye of Day?
 O scrupulous Virtue, art thou grown so cold,
 That the reflected Beams of doubled Honours,

Beating

Beating upon thee with incessant Glories,
Cannot approach thee thro' thy Walls of Ice?
With all their fiery Points, cannot once pierce thee?

Pop. High Minds should not be tempted with Appearance,

Nor drawn to dangerous Courses from homely Cells,
Where honest Pleasures with safe Plenty dwells.

Pet. But what Converse, what Nobleness is here
To deck your Thoughts, that claim a vaster Sphere?
Thro' all the Heav'n they should, like Eagles, roam,
Not stay in such a solitary Home. (Breast?)

Pop. What unknown Guests are these that tear my
Like Slaves in golden Mines, they dig their way:
A Crown they shew, which my frail Heart adores;
Before my Thoughts a royal Scepter flies,
At which my Fancy grasps; but when it comes,
And its bright Glories offers to my Hand,
I fain would reach, and yet refuse to hold.

Pet. Madam, consider 'tis a mighty Proffer;
Tis not this Province, or that Colony;
He gives you all: All is a Gift so great,
As none but *Jove* to *Cæsar* can bestow.
What is it deters you from your Happiness?

Pop. Oh, I am lost in Honour's Labyrinth.
No Clew to guide me, but my own Desire,
And that would lead me out, but knows not how.

Piso. Oh Heaven, what will this Earth come to! Was
it for this my noble Brother was sent for in so much
haste? And is it for this he harbours that Viper in our
House, to tear his Darling hence, and eat his Heart out?
O Laws of Hospitality, why are you sacred? Why is
my Hand so backward to punish that Ravisher of our
Honour?

Methinks I see that Genius of our House
Start from his Monument, and stalk along
Shaking with panick Fears, and with an Eye
That darts its poison'd Beams of Indignation
At me: Methinks I see him chide my slow
Revenge.

Pop. My Brother has lost his Senses.

Piso.

Piso. I would I had, and with them lost my Life,
 So thou couldst find thy Honour: Oh thy Honour!
 More worth than all that golden Pageantry,
 High Tops of Fortune, glorious Pinnacles,
 And Heav'n knows what, that swim in thy fond Fancy;
 Those wanton Sepulchres have swallow'd it:
 Thy Eyes, those Graves of Nobleness and Glory.
 I've known the Time, when, had I look'd but thus,
 Thus curiously upon thee, streight a Blush
 Would mount into thy Cheek; there's nothing now
 But pale Dishonour. Prithee do not speak,
 Thy Words are pestilent, the blasting Issue
 Of a corrupted Heart, diseas'd, and deadly.

Pop. How should he know this? Sure he overheard
Petronius talking with me; it must be so.
 But pray, why is't a Sin to go to Court?
 I am not guilty of one wicked Thought,
 And yet you make me a most wretched Creature,

Piso. Indeed thou art a sinful wretched Creature:
 Thou art the wretched'st Thing I ever saw;
 Thy Blood is all o'fire, the Emperor,
 That Dog-star, has inflam'd it; I pity thee.
 O that my Tears could make thy Heart relent,
 Or quench those Fires that will devour thee:
 Then I would drain those crystal Sources dry;
 Rivers I'd weep, and long luxuriant Streams,
 My Eyes should play the Wantons, not thy way.
 If thou hast any Sense of Shame, look back;
 Thy Feet upon the Brink of Ruin stand,
 But one Step more, and thou art lost for ever.
 Glorious Destruction, glitt'ring Miseries
 Will keep thee waking till Death close thy Eyes. [*Weeps.*]

Pet. Fy, fy, my Lord; were your Surmises true,
 This is too much, it shews unmanly.

Piso. Ha!
 It will not be; rather than suffer this,
 Let me be ever branded, base, and barbarous.
 My Rage is kindled, and I'll bear no more;
 Be gone, thou Monster, fly, thou Harpy, fly,
 Put on thy Wings of Horrour, and be gone.

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Or, by my Honour, were this House a Temple,
Thy base black Blood should stain the sacred Floor.

[Exeunt Petro. and Poppea smiling on him.]

Piso I am troubled; yet there is one way left:
Revenge, Revenge! O thou art sweet and lovely!
I'll go to *Rome*, and with wrong'd *Otho* join.

[Trumpets sound.]

What means this Noise?

Servants running over the Stage.

[Within. The Emperor, the Emperor!]

Plau. The Emperor, my Lord, is come in Person hither.

Piso. Ha! Is it so? Then all fond Hopes farewell;
Diseases be his welcome. O, I am mad.
This Night he whores my Sister. Hell, hear my Pray'r!
Despair, Revenge, and Murder, come along;
Bring all your curst Crew and come along:
In fatal Business I'll employ you all,
With this sole Arm Heav'n's Vengeance I'll forestall:
An Act so great, pale *Brutus* shall desire
To see, *Cato* and *Cassius* shall admire.
Start not my Soul, but do't; *Poppea* dies,
My Anger's Victim, Honour's Sacrifice.
Her Beauties, so ador'd, so much admir'd,
With Pride and sensual Pleasure so inspir'd,
Shall in a Moment sicken, fade, and fall;
Like the North-wind, I'll rush and blast you all.
Nero, prepare; for whensoever I come,
Immortal as thou art, I bring thy Doom.
I'll make that Cedar tremble like a Reed;
Nero shall die; that vaunting God shall bleed.

[Exit.]

*The Scene changes. After a Song, the Emperor comes
in royally attended, bowing to Poppea, &c. Petronius.*

Ner. Model of Heav'n, thou Ornament of Earth,
Propitious Star that smiles on human Birth!
Or art thou Goddess of the silver Floods?
Or the fair heav'nly Huntress of these Woods?
Or art thou *Venus*? *Venus* wants such Fire,
When by the Graces, drest in bright Attire,

She hastes to meet her noble Warrior's Arms:
Venus, in height of dalliance, wants such Charms.
 Such Beauty never was by *Paris* seen,
 Such conqu'ring Air, and such majestick Mein.
 O most divine! with Pity bless my Flame.

Pop. Be not deluded, Sir; I mortal am.

Ner. If thou of mortal Seed art born, be mine,
 And I will make thee

More happy, than those Pow'rs we call divine.
 To please thy Sense, and ravish thy soft Pow'rs,
 I'll make such Grotto's Springs, and royal Bow'rs,
 As shall transcend the blest *Elysian* Shade,
Tempe's fair Grove, and *Ida's* flowry Head,
 Where the Gods meet and dance in Masquerade.
 For Baths, we will *Hydaspes'* Current lave,
 Lie close incircled in a Golden Wave:
 Thou Queen triumphant; I thy humble Slave.
 Lo, at thy Feet, *Nero* himself does lie;
 He that commands the Earth, the Sea, the Sky,
 For Love of thee does languish, sigh, and die.

Pop. Is all this true? Can you do all these Things?
 Good Heav'n, what happy Creatures are you Kings!

Ner. If thy Heart bears such Softness as thy Breast,
 Then I am happy, then I'm truly blest.
 All my dear Joys are treasur'd in those Eyes,
 Those kinder Stars, those Suns of Paradise,
 Without thy Smiles, alas, I nothing am,
 But the poor Shadow of a mighty Name.

Pop. How my Soul's rack'd with Joy and anxious Fear!
 Fain I would go, and yet would tarry here.
 Whence do these new Desires and Wishes come?
 Fain I would see I know not what, nor whom.
 How rarely this King talks! how far above
 My Lord's grave Rules of Duty and of Love!

Ner. About thy Knees, O let me ever grow.

Pop. Why do you weep?

Ner. My Eyes shall ever flow:

Or, if these tender Sources should decay,
 My thawing Soul shall melt it self away.

O stay : I'll follow thus, if you remove,
And hold thee fast with all the force of Love.

Pop. Why is my Heart in its Resolves so slow?
Like a fond Child, when two gay things you show,
With wandering Eyes it looks, does leap, and quake
For both ; yet, doubtful neither can partake.

Heav'ns ! how he pants ! how his Lips warm my Hand !

Ner. They draw their heat from this warm Firebrand.

Petr. She yields, she yields ! her Looks her Thoughts
Greatness is enter'd and her Soul gives way. [betray,
Follow her still, and let her take no Rest :
She thinks it Pleasure to be so oppress'd.

Pop. What must the Price of all these Pleasures be?
Nature's choice Off'ring, Art's Variety
Of noisy Shows, and mighty Gallantry !

Ner. The Price of all is but thy gentle Love.
Secure in Heav'n as *Juno* keeps her *Jove*,
Thou shalt keep me, fetter'd in Golden Chains ;
The soft sad Story of my pleasing Pains,
In sighs upon thy Bosom I'll relate ;
Thy Beauty's Creature, thou my Glory's Fate.
Drawn in a Chair of Gold, emboss'd all o'er
With their great Images whom we adore,
On Velvet Floors triumphant thou shalt ride,
Princes shall run like Pages by thy side :
The Sun shall, from his flaming Seat, look down,
And of the Thund'rer ask a brighter Throne,
While all the Gods do blush

To see their Art by mortal Wit out-done.

Pop. And will you do all this for Love of me?
Are there such Charms in my Society ?

Ner. But one short Night let me your Love enjoy,
And I next Morning will my Life destroy.

Pop. Indeed you shall not ; that were two severe.
Nay, if you love me, pray live all the Year.
For Fancy, I substantial Pleasures reap,

Is that all ? 'Tis very cheap.

Tell me not what my Duty does require ;
Love mans me now, and shows his sacred Fire :
To Crowns, those mighty Objects, I aspire.

If you dare do as you have said, lead on :
 Pale Piety, adieu ; live here alone,
 While I go taste the Pleasures of a Throne.

Nero. Our Chariots haste : yet stay, I will not go.
 Thou Abstract of all Sweets, thou Melter, Oh
 Gods ! too much Joy has my poor Soul distressed,
 Weary'd with Raptures, take it to thy Breast,
 On those soft Globes of Beauty let it rest.
 Kind God of Love, O bring thy Mother's Doves,
 And waft us thro' the calm Celestial Groves,
 Surfeiting on each others Breast we'll stray ;
 When we want Words, and know not what to say,
 With Eyes thus languishing we'll look all Day :
 Now sigh, now smile, or thus infolded lie,
 And all along the Milky Way we'll die.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Nero, Poppea, sitting in State.

Ner.



ET not my Crown and self thy wish
 confine ;

Ask what thou wilt ; by all the Gods,
 'tis thine.

Be studied in't, and I'll applaud thee
 for't :

Mean while, behold the Pleasures of our Court.

[*Dance, &c.*

Enter Britannicus, mad ; and Cyara.

Pop. O my'dread Lord, for these let me implore.
 Live, Wretches, and his Excellence adore.

Brit. Stay me not ; by the Gods, I'll break your Hold.
 So sad a Story *Orpheus* never told,

When

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When his harmonious Sighs pierc'd *Pluto's Gate* ;
But I ban Heav'n, curse the great Gods and Fate,
And yet I will not speak, the Theme's too stern ;
Here Hell it self might witty Horror learn.

Some Whirlwind snatch me headlong thro' the Air,
Wrapt round with Clouds envelop'd in Despair,
That I from Earth may hide this dismal deed :
Honour is stabb'd, and all the Virtues bleed.

Cyara's fall'n, *Octavia* too is gone ;

In Death's damp Vaults she wanders all alone :

I saw her Soul dive strangely thro' the Ground,

In her own Blood that Spark of Heav'n was drown'd ;
Treason against the Gods he did conspire ;

O Traitor, worse than he that stole their Fire !

Mer. Who was that Traitor, Prince ?

Brit. I know not, Sir,

Unless that Dog that was her Murderer.

Ner. Who was that Dog ?

Brit. Why, *Cerberus* I guess ;

No Savage else could hurt such Gentleness.

Such Meekness would wild Panthers Fury charm,

And hungry Lions of their Rage disarm ;

Ev'n o'er their Prey it would the Conquest get,

Quell their swoln Hearts and cool their bloody Heat.

Ner. Madman, be gone.

Brit. This Madman is a Prince.

Ner. I say again, forbear this Insolence,

Or thou shalt wish thou wert a Beggar born :

At once thou mov'st my Pity and my Scorn.

Brit. 'Twas you that kill'd my Sister.

Ner. Ha ! thou ly'st :

Stand not my Rage : for, if thou dost, thou dy'st.

Brit. Then I will sit, and hear your Thunder roar ;
Such humble Shrubs it hurts not, but flies o'er.

Ner. But you shall find for once, 'twill condescend :
I pity thee and will thy Sorrows end.

Cya. Hold ; by the Gods, I do conjure you, stay ;
First thro' my Bosom force your bloody way.

In Policy you ought his Life to spare ;

For, if you let him live, Heav'n will forbear.

To

To punish you, nor will due Vengeance take ;
The just good Gods will spare you for his sake.

Brit. How the Boy prattles ! 'tis a pretty Boy !
Cyara's Image ! how that damps my Joy !
What mean these two, by such an antick Form ?
Here's a soft Calm, and there a blust'ring Storm.
My Painter so shall draw me Day and Night :
Here horrid Darkness stands ; there gaudy Light :
There, Cruelty, like the Red-Sea appears ;
Here melting Mercy flows in pitying Tears.
Exquisite Emblems ! perfect Good and Evil :
A Heav'n, a Hell, an Angel, and a Devil.

Ner. If I gaze long, I shall my Nature lose :
Midst of my full Career I stop and muse.
Now whence does this unworthy Pause proceed ?
Can I repent my Rage ? no, he shall bleed.

Cya. Hold, Sir, you cannot strike.

Ner. How ? cannot, Boy ?

Cya. Alas, I ly'd ; I know you can destroy :
You can do all things, Sir, both drown and burn ;
Nay, the whole World to its first Chaos turn.
You are a God to damn, a King to kill :
You can do all things, if you had the Will.
But you are kind, and soft, I know you are ?
Your Eyes are noble, and delight to spare.
O Heav'n ! how Men will lye ! nay, now I find
You have a gentle, great, and godlike Mind.
The Prince is mad, and you are pleas'd to see't,
Nay, pardon all——O let me kiss your Feet.
You'll win all Hearts by such kind Acts as these ;
With my warm Tears I'll bath your sacred Knees.

Ner. Shall I be branded with the name of Good ?
Be gone, thou soft invader of my Blood ;
Mercy and I no Correspondence have ;
Pity's a whining tender-hearted Slave :
Fury I love, because she's bold and brave.
As I scan things, Virtue's the greatest Crime :
Stand off ; or I will pass thro' thee, to him. [kills her.]

Pop. Hold, *Cæsar*, now I take you at your word ;
If you will keep your Promise, sheath your Sword.

Ner.

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Ner. 'Twere less to give the World, than let him live;
Yet your Commands with Joy I do receive.

Brit. What barbarous Hand has done this horrid Deed?
Oh, my dear Boy, look up; thou dost not bleed.
Stop, stop, thou bloody Spring; my Hair perforce
Shall bind thee, and dam up the Scarlet Source:
I will my self thy kind Physician be;
When I was sick thou still wert so to me:
At my Bed-side, strict Watch all Night he'll keep,
And, with his Songs, rock my dull Cares asleep.
His Cheeks are pale! Roses, look forth again,
And smile for Joy your pretty Rival's slain.
Fate wove thy Thred of Life too fine to last;
All's lost at once! O sad! O desp'rate cast!
Thus, in my Arms, I'll bear thy Beauties hence;
No guilty Hand shall touch thy Innocence:
Thus, Arm in Arm, we in one Grave will lie?
Wretched we liv'd, but happy we will die.

[Exit with Cyara.

Pop. What means my trembling Heart by this surprize?
Why do I sigh? why do these Blushes rise?
Before my Soul, a mournful Troop appears;
Hopes stifled in their Birth, Starts, sudden Fears
Languishing Joys, and solitary Tears!
I love him, 'tis too plain just Heav'n has sent
On my Inconstancy this Punishment.
I've gone too far to think of a return;
I must enjoy him: O my Heart does burn!
My Blood boils high, and beats with strange desires:
Tis just that Madness mingled with such Fires. [Exit.

Ner. Thou hast a Wit; some sudden means contrive.

Pet. Believe me, Sir, this Night he shan't survive.

[Exit Nero, &c.

Solus. Contrivance gives a Mischief gloss — 'tis fine:
I ha't — my Kinsman *Burrhus* fills his Wine;
By nature bloody — then the pow'rful Charm
Of Gold, a present Gain, no future Harm,
Safe in the Emp'ror's Favour he shall live:
All this well weigh'd, my black Design must thrive.

Nature

Ner.

Nature has not been overkind to me :
 Her limber Sons and I cannot agree :
 She is my Stepdame ; but my Comfort is,
 To pay her home, this Night her Darling dies. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Otho, Piso.

Piso. Yet be advis'd, and let us end this Strife.

Otho. Deny thy Words, and I will spare thy Life.

Piso. Deny my Words ? what didst thou ever see
 In all my Life, to raise this Thought in thee ?
 My Nature's hot, provoke me, Sir, no more :
 I do pronounce again she is a Whore.

Otho. Blasphemer, Peace ; rage does my Heart-strings
 Wert thou my Father, I could not forbear. (tear:

Piso. Sir, I dare fight.

Otho. Guard well thy Life.

Piso. I do.

This Sport was ne'er unwelcome until now. [Fight.
 You bleed.

Otho. No matter, Sir, the Wound's but slight.

Piso. O Brother, hear me for I will not fight.

Otho. You must.

Piso. I cannot. Heav'ns ! what have I done ?

Otho. Thou art a Coward : prithee, Boy, be gone.

Piso. Curse on my Hand that drew your precious Blood !

Poppea is an Angel chaste and good :

I'll flatter you ; I care not what I say,

Rather than still pursue this fatal Fray.

Otho. Now I believe what thou hast said is true :

Pity has done what Anger could not do :

O she is false, forsworn, and I am lost,

My Soul is shipwreck'd on its most lov'd Coast ;

By the victorious Mercy I'm undone.

Go, noble Brother, leave this Wretch alone ;

O, my Heart's sick ! your Pardon, pray no more ;

Here I will lie, and my hard Hap deplore.

Piso.

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Piso. Then I will fit for ever by your side,
Take it not ill if I this Tamenefs chide,
Rouse up your Wrath, let Anger chase away
These sullen Clouds ; Revenge will bring the Day
Again, and make your Honour shine more bright,
While it damns her to shades of Death and Night.

Oth. Ha ! thou hast wak'd my Soul from it's dull Rest ;
Revenge, thou gen'rous Fire, enrich my Breast.

Poppea passes over the Stage.

O glorious Whore ! I'll sink her with a Blow,
She's rotten ripe for Ruin ; let me go.

Piso. You see her Guards will your Revenge oppose,
And thus, for nothing, we our Lives shall lose.

Oth. Down, down, my swelling Heart ; O I am sad :
Hold, my weak Eyes ; this Sight has made me mad.

Piso. Blinded with Rage, our Reason's apt to stray :
Be rul'd by me ; I'll shew the safest way.

SCENE III.

Britannicus reading, Poppea enters.

Pop. Musing, and all alone ? *Sylvana*, go,
The bottom of my Fate I'll quickly know :)
My Virtues are dethron'd, and Passions rule ;
O Heav'ns ! my Crimes you have reveng'd at full.

Brit. Is it a Truth ? or does Fame tell us lies,
When it reports that the Soul never dies,
But mantled sits, and acts in gloomy Shrouds,
Like *Cynthia*, when she's hem'd with circling Clouds ?
When the soft Partner of our Griefs and Joys,
With trembling Hands shall close our dying Eyes,
When in sad sort our Friends shall stand and mourn,
To see the fatal Torch these Relicts burn,
Is there an end of Thought ? no further Care ?
No Throne of Bliss, nor Caverns of Despair ?

No

Piso.

No Dens of Darkneſs, nor no Seats of Glory ?
 Then all our grave Diſcourſe is but a Story.
 Some full-gorg'd Prieſt, nodding beneath a ſhade,
 Tales of *Elyſum*, and the dull Pool, made.
 Whither, O whither, go we when we die ?
 Why, there where Babes not yet conceiv'd do lie,
 Death's nothing: nothing after Death will fall ;
 Time, and dark *Chaos*, will devour us all.

Pop. I come to kill thee, Prince.

Brit. My Boy is dead ;

To Heav'n's bright Throne his brighter Soul is fled :
 Yonder he mounts on Silver burniſh'd Wings ;
 Each God immortal Sweets around him flings.
 Now, like a Ship, he cuts the liquid Sky ;
 His Rigging's glorious, and his Maſt is high,
 Fann'd with cool Winds his golden Colours fly.
 Ha ! wilt thou follow him ? begin : ſtrike home.

Pop. I ſay, to kill thee (Prince) I hither come.
 Thy Eyes ſharp Beams have run quite thro' my Heart,
 And I on thine will thus revenge the Smart.

Brit. Strike, and by Heav'n I'll kiſs thee for the Blow :
 Be quick, my Blood is black and full of Woe :
 Do me this welcome dangerous Cruelty,
 Fair Murdrefs, if thou art my Enemy.

Pop. Nay, ſure you flatter'd when you term'd me Fair.

Brit. If Lillies, Snow, and Light, be ſuch, you are.

Pop. If I am ſo, this Deed would make me foul,
 And caſt eternal Spots upon my Soul ;
 Therefore, thou horrid Inſtrument be gone ;
 Without thy help, alas, I am undone.
 I faint.

Brit. Within my Arms I'll hold thee till
 Thy Soul return, and greedy Death beguile :
 In roſy Gales Life thro' her Lips does ſtream.

Pop. Why did you wake me from this golden Dream ?
 Oh, I am ſick !

Brit. I am contagious ſure ;
 And all that touch me die.

Pop. You are my Cure.

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'Tis only in your Power to make me live.
From those lov'd Eyes let me this Balm receive,
Within this Circle let me ever grow. (me do?

Brit. Thou Charmer, speak ; what wouldst thou have

Pop. Something ——— why, thus to press your Hand,
(that's all.

Heav'n how he shakes ! why do you tremble, Prince ?

Cyara's Ghost.

Brit. Ha ! what art thou ? thou airy Phantasm, hence.
O Gods ! it is my Boy ; what would'st thou have ?
How cold he looks, just ris'n from the Grave !

Cya. Go not to bed, but fly that Sorceress' Arms ;
She tempts, like *Circe*, and has deadly Charms.

Think on *Cyara*, for she lov'd thee well ;

Take heed, beware ; thou'rt in the Road to Hell.

[*Exit.*

Brit. Stay, I conjure thee stay, leave me not thus,
If thou didst ever love *Britannicus*.

I'll follow thee along the airy Track,

And mount above the Clouds to fetch thee back.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sylvana with a Taper.

(cefs ?

Sylva. O Heav'ns ! How do you, Madam ; what suc-

Pop. I'll tell thee, killing Woe, and deep Distress,

Thy Arm my Girl ; I'll shew thee e'er we part

Sad things : a troubled Mind, and wounded Heart.

Ah ! for my former Peace what would I give ?

My Comfort is, this Shame I shan't survive.

O dismal Change ! nothing is constant found ;

The Gods, with Whirl-winds, drive our Fortunes round.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Nero sleeping in a Couch, Caligula's Ghost appears.

Ghost. From the infernal Cave, the wide, the low
 Abyss, the direful Pit of endless Woe,
 On which each God that looks scarce keeps his State,
 But, giddy grown, turns and takes hold of Fate,
Caligula, in Vapours wrapt, does come,
Nero, thy Friend, and the sworn Foe of *Rome*.
 Not Hell's more dreadful than these hated Walls;
 The *Stygian* Waves, and *Tyrrhene* Water falls,
 Alike with Fear confound my troubled Soul,
 And sprinkle equal Horrors as they roll.
 By Traitors hands I fell: O that I could,
 For every drop they shed, spill Seas of Blood:
 Oh Heav'n, I'd do what cannot be exprest!
 With raging Plagues I'd fill each *Roman* Breast;
 Burn Palaces; like Thunder I would rove,
 Tear the tall Woods, and rend each sacred Grove.
 But Oh! by pow'rful Fate I am confin'd,
 And must not reak the Madness of my Mind.
Nero, aet thou what can't be done by me,
 Thy Genius, I, will aid thy Cruelty:
 With my pale Hand I stroak the troubled Sense;
 All Poison Hell contains I do dispense;
 The Scum of *Lethe*, with *Alecto's* Gall,
Meagara's Sweat, shall on thy Vitals fall;
Erynnis shall about thy Heart-strings twine,
 Yet all's too little for our great Design.
 Lo, I am warm'd; see where fierce Envy stands,
 And summons me, by *Pluto's* dread Commands.
 Go on, be mad; no more, I must be gone,
 And vanish, like the Light when Day is done. [Exit

Nero Solus.

Where have I been? thou Dæmon of the Night,
 Return: I'm rack'd with this appalling Sight.

The forked Tongues of Furies can't express
 The Rage that burns within me : Sulphur's less ;
 Not Hell it self so full of Dread appears ;
 Not Night, nor darker Death, such Horror wears ;
 Not the destructive Force of Wind, and Fire,
 When some great City's Ruin they conspire ;
 Not the devouring Sea, when *Neptune* makes
 The Sea-Gods drunk, and Draughts of Ruin takes.
 Wrong'd Womens Hate, Sword, Famine, Plagues com-
 Your Madness trebled cannot equal mine : (bine ;
 All your faint Emblems of my Fury are :
 No tender Sex, nor Age, my Wrath shall spare.

Enter Drusillus bloody.

What News ? thy Looks declare it to be good ;
 A hasty Joy appears, tho' drest in Blood.

Drus. The Rabble, Sir, with Wine and Rage inspir'd,
 With trait'rous Hands your Palace would have fir'd ;
 Your Guards they did assault ; but we withstood
 Their Heat, and soon allay'd it with their Blood.
 Few Strokes were giv'n e'er the base Cowards fled,
 Some Pris'ners are, some scap'd, and some are dead.

Ner. Ha ! do they bid me Battel ? they shall die ;
 At their own Weapon I the Slaves defy.
 Nothing but Flames can quench my kindled Ire.
 Blood's not enough ; Fire I'll revenge with Fire.
 Pierce as young *Phaeton* I will return :
 Great *Rome*, the World's Metropolis, shall burn.
 On *Tyber's* Flood new Beams I will display,
 And turn black Night into a golden Day.
 The molten Gods shan't save their Capitol,
 Temples shall tumble down, gilt Roofs shall fall,
 Bright Ruin with a Noise shall swallow all.

[Exit

}
 [Exit.

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Britannicus, Flavius, *Attendants*.

Brit.  I RE, Fire, I'm all on Flame; fly, my
Friends, fly,
Or I shall blast you; O my Breath is
Brimstone,
My Lungs are Sulphur, my hot Brains
boil o're;

Or you that needs will stay, let your Eyes run;
If you did ever love this wretched Prince,
Now mourn, now weep. O, I will catch your Tears,
And drink the precious Drops: I burn, I burn;
Fall, fall, you gentle Rills, you melting Show'rs;
Call all the Winds to fan my furious Fires;
Bring the cold North, I'll kiss his out-blown Cheeks,
Upon my flaming Breast I'll lay his Head,
And hug him in my Heart, for he is cold;
With my hot Arms I'll clasp his frosty Limbs,
And twine about him like a wanton Girl.
Oh! oh!

Fla. Can there be Gods, and not Revenge?
Can they behold this noble Copy of
Their own bright Excellence polluted thus,
Thus rent and torn by sacrilegious Hands,
Yet idle sit, and sleep upon their Thrones?
'The Voice of Murder's loud as their own Thunder.
Awake, awake, you drousy Deities!
Here is a Sight so pitifully strange,
'Twould melt the *Scythian's* Soul, who stands unmov'd
And sullen at his Mother's Funeral.
When Fame reports this Deed, the rugged *Moor*
Will find abash'd, and groan to hear it told.

Break,

The Tragedy of Nero.

119

Break, break, my Heart. Oh you great Gods of *Rome*,
Where are you all? Is this my Welcome home?

Brit. Ha! he does weep; nay, prithee do not hide it;
By Heaven, thou art my Friend, lend me thy Store,
My Eyes shall pay the Use, trust me, they shall;
Here in my Bosom lay thy pearly Stock:
Heav'ns, how he weeps! thou art a Virgin sure,
Fall, you dear Drops; Oh let me hug thee close;
My Spirits are quite parch'd up, my Palate's dry;
Th' *Elysian* Shades are cool; oh, let me die.

Flav. Sir, I am *Flavius*, have you quite forgot me?

Brit. I do remember thee; I lov'd thee well;
Thou art a noble Youth, the Child of Honour.

Flav. From *France* I come, and bring important News,

Brit. Ha! hold, I'll tell thee News; *Octavia's* dead,
She's cold, alas, but I am hot as Fire.

You amiable Floods, where do you stray?

Oh, come and quench me, quench my raging Flames.

Flav. O hear me Heavens; hear me, you just great
If still your Ears are open to our Prayers, (Gods,

If yet you hold Commerce with mortal Sighs,

If yet the Vows of humble Souls are heard,

Oh now look down, and hear my short Address:

No sort of Sustenance will I receive,

Nor shall the sparkling Bowl salute my Lips,

Nor downy Sleep visit my weary Eyes,

E'er I the Author of this Murder know.

Brit. 'Tis like thee, thou wer't always a true Friend,
In a bright flaming Chariot I'll ascend.

Cyara, Oh *Octavia*, my dear Loves,

You Queens of Innocence, you spotless Doves,

Meet me, I come. *Flavius*, nay, prithee nigher;

Thus, in thy Arms, let me, kind Youth, expire. [*Dies.*

Flav. Farewel, bright Soul, thou royal Excellence;

Rare Union; Grandeur join'd with Innocence:

The Fates of wicked Men are gross and slow;

Thine mov'd apace—but I forgot my Vow.

VOL. III.

F

Enter

Break,

Enter Petronius, Burrhus, with Guards.

Bur. 'Tis done, my Lord, ne'er doubt it.

Pet. What is he?

Bur. 'Tis *Flavius* new return'd from *France*, he came
Just as the Prince had drunk the poison'd Wine.

Pet. That was not quite so well, for he is honest;
But take no notice. Where's the Prince——give way,
How came he dead? Charge you speak, answer me.
Lay hold of all, in the Name of the Emperor.

Flav. Hands off, I will declare the Author of
This horrid Murder. Speak, who fill'd his Wine?

Bur. That, Sir, did I.

Flav. Then thou art his Murderer.
Start not, base Villain, black as thou art, the Prince
With his last noble Breath did pardon thee.

Bur. Sir, I was order'd——

Flav. Ha! is it then a Truth?

Bur. I know not; but——

Flav. Thou ly'st; it is too true.

Guilt and Distraction sit upon thy Brow:

And 'tis as true that thou shalt dye for't, Villain. (*Draws.*)

Pet. Hold, Sir; by what Authority dare you do this?

Flav. Why, by the Gods, by Friendship, Justice, all:
I'll answer thee no farther.

Pet. Ha! forbear.

Take him or kill him, Guards, I do command you.

[*Flavius beats down Petronius, and kills Burrhus;
the Guards disarm Flavius.*]

Flav. Pardon, ye Gods, my former Blasphemy;
O you are just, and I adore your Powers.
Now lead me where you please, to Life or Death,
Let me but pay my last Observance here,
My Vow I have perform'd; and thou, dear Prince,
Art in some part reveng'd. What my poor Power
Could possibly effect, is done; the rest
Belongs unto the Gods.

Pet. Remove the Bodies, and bring him away.

[*Exeunt*
S C E N E

SCENE II.

Plautus, Mirmillon.

Plaut. Hear you the News?

Mir. Not I; you seem amaz'd.

Plaut. A Courier from beyond the Alps arriv'd,
Reports the French are all in Arms, resolv'd
To bring the War ev'n to the Gates of Rome;
Fierce Vindex heads the Rebels, and all France
Contributes largely. This the Emperor hears,
And laughs; slights them, and swears he'll hang 'em all.
The People mutiny in every Street,
Their Tongues are lawless, nay they murmur loud;
Some modestly retire to Corners, where
They curse and dam him, call him Parricide,
A Burner of their Houses, Friends and Gods.
Lo where he comes; the Lion's rous'd, his Eyes
Look red with Anger, Lightning flashes in them;
What Thunder follows, let's stand by and hear.

Nero, Flavius, Guards.

Flav. Was't not well done? I did his Murd'rer kill.

Ner. Know, hardy Fool, he suffer'd by my will;
I hated him, and did his Death contrive:
Now, Villain, think how long thou hast to live.

Flav. To live? Oh, who would live thy Humour's
A Torment worse than blackest Devils have. (Slave?
Let Parasites, the Moths of Grandeur, fawn,
These gilded Canker-Worms, Ambition's Spawn;
I do despise thee, Tyrant as thou art,
There's nothing great nor manly in thy Heart.

Ner. Are you so hot, I'll alter your fierce Tone:
Plautus, go burn the Villain; see it done.

Flav. Midst of devouring Flames I will despise
All that the Master Devil thou,
Or the black Crew of lesser Fiends devise.

F 2

Thou

[Exeunt
CENE

Thou shalt not hear a Groan till I expire;
 But then I'll shout Defiance from the Fire,
 Smile at the Shock of Death, and to the Gods retire.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Petronius.

Pet. Dread Sir, two Messengers who come from *Spain*,
 Report that *Galba* does new Wars maintain,
 Heads the revolted Troops, and joins with *France*;
 The *Germans* too come in, and all advance
 Against your Majesty.

Ner. I'll hear no more: Is *Galba* false?

Pet. They call him Emperor.

Ner. They do! but what's the Name without the Power?
 Let him come on, this Arm shall strike him dead,
 And snatch his borrow'd Laurels from his Head.

Pet. Your Treasures are consum'd with late Expence.

Ner. His gather'd Sums shall help that Indigence.

Pet. Time flies; 'tis fit your Wisdom had design'd—

Ner. Do you consult while I my Pleasures mind.

Oh my *Poppea*, where art thou retir'd?

Never was Blessing

So oft enjoy'd, yet still so much desir'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Poppea, Piso, and Otho listening.

Pop. Are they both dead? *Piso* and *Otho* too?

Piso. I saw them first oppose the Tyrant's Rage,
 With numbers, scorning Death, they did engage;
 The God of Battles blush'd as he look'd on,
 Envyng the just Applause these Heroes won.

Pop. Virtue is still by Violence oppress'd.
 How his Eyes sparkle; Pray relate the rest.

Piso. I have my self the doubtful Hazard stood
 Of fifteen Battels, plung'd in Waves of Blood,

The

The dreadful Cast on Fortune's Bank I threw,
Life was my Lot; yet still in all my view
Of Wounds, of War, and Death, I never saw
Such pleasing Horror, such delightful Awe,
Such mighty Force and Art together laid,
Never was Game of Death so bravely play'd:
At last, Oh that I live such News to tell!
With conqu'ring tir'd, these Sons of Valour fell.

Pop. Oh Power of Love! his Words my Soul invade;
Sure 'tis some God delighting in a Shade:
The Glories of his Eyes, like Stars in Night,
Or mourning Beauties, charm my wounded Sight.
Since Honours are by *Cæsar* round me hurl'd,
Since I am made the Empress of the World.
Since all's my Choice, why do I doubtful stand,
And wish a Pleasure which I may command?
If when I die I must to Torments go,
'Tis fit no Time be lost; let Pleasures flow.
Fancy its eager Appetite shall cloy;
Let Resolution holy Qualms destroy:
Henceforth, whate'er I like, I will enjoy.

[*Exit, beckoning Piso.*

Otho solus.

O Hell! her Crimes thy Horror cannot match;
Be swift, my Sword, her Lust and Life dispatch,
This Key unlocks all Doors throughout the Court.
Are you so wanton? Yes, you shall have Sport.
How am I robb'd of all I ever lov'd?
My Soul is heavy, and would be remov'd.
Once she was fair, the softest, sweetest Wife
My Heart's lov'd Joy, the Jewel of my Life:
Had she stood so, how happy had I been?
But she is fall'n, and glories in her Sin.
Ah! the whole Sex is naught, false and unkind;
Falsar than flatt'ring Seas, or fleeting Wind:
With panting Hopes and Fears they rack our Breast,
Snatch our soft Sleeps, and ravish downy Rest:

Oh, they are skill'd, practis'd in Paint and Art,
 Smile in our Face, and stab us to the Heart.
 Yet we see all, think nothing is unspy'd,
 While they, like Serpents, on their Bellies glide,
 And leave no Print behind our Search to guide.

}
 [Exit.

Poppea, Piso.

Piso. War is my Mistress; here I am unfit:
 Love's Chaplet misbecomes a Warriour's Head;
 I cannot cringe, my Nerves too firm are knit;
 These Limbs ne'er lay upon a filken Bed.
 Can you, that are the World's great Empress, take
 Delight in the Embraces of a Slave?

Pop. The Sun, for thy lov'd Cheek, did Heav'n forsake;
 Why should not I the like Advantage have?
 From a bright Orb of Glory I'll descend,
 And in thy gloomy Cell make my abode;
 No more a Slave; henceforth thou art my Friend:
 A Cottage has, e'er now, receiv'd a God.

Piso. Who ever knew Night mingle with the Day?

Pop. Nothing agrees with Love so well as Night;
 Hush'd, and in Darkness hid, the Bashful play,
 And, happy as the Bold, ravish Delight;
 The most obdurate are by Kindness won.
 Your Touches charm; nay why do you withdraw?
 Grow thus, like a soft Cloud upon the Sun;
 My powerful Flame thy icy Fears will thaw.

Piso. Your Grandeur awes me; yet, why should I fear?
 Something there is which my Blood strangely moves;
 I am your Slave: But are we private here?

Pop. As Hermits in their Cells, or Gods in Groves.

Piso. Why did you name the Gods? that sacred Sound
 The Force of Thunder bears, and turns my Blood:
 My Spirits fly low, yet with your Touch rebound,
 Like wanton Swallows when they kiss the Flood.

Pop. Such Fears unworthy are my Blood or Throne;
 Give me a Fancy fix'd to its Delight:

Trem-

The Tragedy of Nero.

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Trembling and Starts the Fearful well may own;
The Valiant still refuse a distant Fight.

Enter Otho.

Oth. Here's one that fain would try your mighty Art:
What mean you? e'er the Fight's begun, you start.

Pop. Night, Horror, Death! Ah, whither shall I fly,

Oth. Can you be valiant, and yet fear to die?

Pop. Thus at your feet let me one Moment grow;
A little Respite for my Soul allow.

Repentance seizes on each vital Part,

And serious Grief now clings about my Heart;

Yet, e're I die, let me my Thoughts declare,

Oh you are wrong, my still lov'd Lord, you are:

Your Bed's defil'd, and I am all one Stain;

But yet my Blood may wash me white again.

By killing me, you only can forgive;

I am so wicked, that I would not live.

In pity say this of me, when I'm dead,

She was not easily to Ruin led;

'Twas not a common Crown her Virtue bought,

But mighty Glory with great Courtship wrought;

Then she was young:

This, Sir, perhaps, may mitigate my Fault.

Oth. Her cunning Tongue retains its wonted Charms.

Peace, Syren, and hold off thy guilty Arms.

I feel a gentle Load drop on my Feet;

Look, *Piso*, I suspect, but dare not see't.

Piso. Oh do not, Sir: My Eyes by chance did stray,

And half my Resolution's ta'en away.

She weeps, she weeps: Gods! who would not admire

To see such Floods rise from a Spring of Fire?

Oth. Yes, I will see her. O thou False one, speak,

For thou shalt die,

Tho' with the fatal Stroke my own Heart break.

Look up, seek not to hide thy own Disgrace;

But shew thy fair, thy false, thy once-lov'd Face:

Oh answer me, what have I ever done,

That thou shouldst use me thus? cease thy vain Moan,

And

And speak, or practise o'er thy mournful Art,
And sob an Answer. Oh my troubled Heart?

Pop. Yes, I will speak, my noble Lord, I will;
'Tis but a short Request, Be kind and kill.

Your Words like Daggers thro' my Breast make way;
A thousand Deaths you give me by delay.

This one last Look——Oh put me out of pain:

I'll speak no more;

Nor shall my Eyes ever look forth again.

Oth. A mortal Agony invades my Blood;
Something now whispers me, she may be good:

And shall we blast young Virtue in the Bud?

An Earthquake's here, in all Confusion tost;

In the Disorder too, Revenge is lost.

Pis. Here you shall find it, let me give the Blow.

Oth. Thou art so hasty still.

Pis. And you as slow.

Oth. She ne'er offended thee; I charge you hold.

Pis. His old Love burns again.

Oth. Alas! I'm cold.

Compassion this last Ardency did move;

'Twas the Effect of Pity, not of Love.

Enter Nero.

Ner. The Empress dying! hold thy bloody Hand.

Pis. If thou wouldst save her Life, I charge thee stand;
The Bound of thy Progression there shall be,
When'er thou stir'st,

She takes a step to Immortality.

Ner. Shall I be brav'd by a black Dog, a Slave?
Hold, hold:

My Pardon on my knees humbly thus I crave.

Stiff as an Elephant, I cannot bend:

My little Fault let this Submission mend.

Pis. You stirr'd an Inch: 'tis vain to weep or pray.

Ner. Thou Son of Night, pernicious Creature, stay:
I th' name of all the Gods, Oh let her live;

Let me this Bounty on my Knees receive,

And

And thou, in all my Glories, shalt have share ;
Thy sooty Hand shall the World's Scepter bear,
And Diamond Wreaths shall round thy Temples mourn,
And pearly Threds thy jetty Neck adorn.

Pis. Just as you move, my Justice shall proceed :
She shall not die this time, tho' she must bleed.

[Stabs her in the Arm.]

Ner. What hast thou done ?

Pis. Not much : Your Posture keep,
And stir not, lest I make a Wound more deep.

Ner. Behold I'm fix'd ; thou art not humane sure.
Oh mighty Love !

'Tis for thy sake I this Disgrace endure.
Hadst thou a generous Soul, thou couldst not see
The Lord o'th' World thus long upon his knee.

Pis. Like a tall Tree to dull Earth thou shalt grow :
You were a mighty God awhile ago,
And 'tis my Pride to make your Godhead bow.

Ner. I cannot suffer this. Awake, my Soul,
Let haughty Rage all Thoughts of Love controul.

Piso. Nay, then 'tis time : Brother, strike home.

Otho. I have :

May all her Faults be buried in her Grave. (bear ;

Ner. Hence from my sight ; the Slaves to Torment
Mark me, let them be dying all the Year.

Tortures in this small Book you may explore,
The Rack, the Wheel, *Phalaris'* Bull ; nay more,
With care turn all the bloody Pages o'er :

On fiery brazen Pavements let 'em run,
Their Eye-lids stretch, and let them face the Sun.

'Sdeath, dare you stay ? begone, I will not hear
A word——what need I thus my Spirits tear ?

My Looks hereafter shall my Mind declare.

Where is the Empress ? bring her to my Bed.

Plaut. The Empress, said you Sir ? Alas ! she is dead.

Ner. Villain, thou ly'st, go pull his Tongue out, haste :
I'll see the Roots on't ; fly, h' has spoke his last,
Who answers now ? Statues, by Heaven ! All dull ?

Mir. If she were dead——

Ner. What then sententious Fool ?

If she were dead, I would restore her Breath,
 And she should live
 Spite of her self, spite of the Gods, and Death.
 My Power's unlimited, as is their own :
 My Smile brings Life, and Death attends my Frown.
 My Empire's Bounds Nature alone does make ;
 The Sun his Lodging in my Sea does take,
 The grateful God too owns the mighty Debt,
 Thaws me down Clouds, and pays me gen'rous Heat.
 If she were dead !
 Curse of your cringing and base Flattery :
 Ye're Lyars all ; hence from my Presence fly.

Enter Drusillus.

Drus. Lost and undone ! Fly, sacred Sir, you're lost ;
Galba is just arriv'd upon our Coast,
 With fourscore thousand strong he beats the way,
 The treach'rous Senate too, their Trust betray ;
 Thro' all the Streets proclaim him Emperor ;
 But call you Tyrant, curse your Name and Pow'r. [*Exit.*

Mir. Fly, fly, dread Sir ! fly from this fatal Ground :
 The base *Plebeians* have beset you round.
Petronius, who a while sustain'd their Heat,
 I saw all bloody from the Walls retreat.
Otho and *Piso* from your Guards are freed,
 All *Rome* applauds them for this last great Deed. [*Exit.*

Enter Petronius staggering.

Ner. Speak, my true Friend ; I'll be advis'd by you,
 What more remains in these Extremes to do.

Pet. With faithful Truth, Sir, I have serv'd you long ;
 Yours was the right, I did my self the wrong :
 But now it matters not, 'twas Loyalty,
 And, as I liv'd, I in your Service die.
 My Counsel is, You by your own Hand bleed.
 The Senate has by some poor base Death decreed.
 Death's but a Name, by my Example fall ;
 I fear no Lakes, nor *Stygian* Frogs : that's all.

[*Dis.*
Nir.

Ner.
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The Tragedy of Nero.

129

Ner. O Gods ! but wherefore nam'd I these feign'd
The Elements, the Seasons, Days and Hours, (Pow'rs ?
Were always as they are, and will be so,
And Nature her eternal Round will go.
The Gods when we're awake, their Demons keep
At home, and only fright us when we sleep.
I would the utmost know of Destiny,
And therefore, dying, do their Powers defy.
If they have any Thunder, let it come ;
I'll stand the heavy Shock, and brave my Doom.
Down all at once——Ha ! whence proceeds this Noise ?

[*Thunder.*

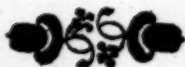
If there be Gods, sure this must be their Voice :
Speak on, talk louder yet ; what Shapes are these ;
O dismal Scene of Death ! My Arteries
Tremble, and Nature sinks beneath her Weight.
I know you all : Smile on, thou art my Fate ;
What God was't hung thee there ? He is my Friend ;
By thee he Points me out a noble End. [*Dies.*

Otho, Piso, Attendants.

Oth. 'Tis he, and as it seems by himself slain :
Rome's sacred Genius, now look forth again ;
Come from thy Shroud, show thy majestick Head,
Direct our Joys, the dreadful Tyrant's dead.

Pis. Let's to the *Forum*, haste, and there proclaim
A mighty Donative in *Galba's* Name.
With all the Pomp o'th' Court his Camp we'll meet,
And his Approach with joyful Shoutings greet ;
Proclaim him Emperor with Trumpets Sound
(While he, now made a God, shall scorn the Ground)
And on our Shoulders ride with Laurels crown'd.

}



1851







G. Vander Gucht Inv. & Sculp.

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LINGTO
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GLORIANA

OR, THE

Court of *Augustus Cæsar.*

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the

THEATRE - ROYAL

BY

Their Majesty's Servants.

By NATHANAEL LEE, *Gent.*

——— *Quibus hæc, sint qualiacunque,
Arridere velim, doliturus, si placeant spe
Deterius nostra.* Hor. Sat. 10.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES at Rowe's Head against
St. Clement's Church in the Strand; A. WEL-
LINGTON at the Dolphin and Crown without
Temple-Bar; J. WELLINGTON, A. BETTES-
WORTH and F. CLAY, in Trust for B. WEL-
LINGTON. M DCC XXXIV.

CLORIAN

Count of Angoulême

A

TRAGEDY

Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

Paris



THEATRE ROYAL

DON DON



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MA



quero
liv'd,



To Her GRACE
 THE
 DUCHESS
 OF
 PORTSMOUTH.

MADAM,



HERE is nothing more difficult, even to the Valiant or the Witty, than making Approaches to the Fair: Nay, I am confident the most renowned Conquerour, even *Alexander* himself if he now liv'd, would rather stand expos'd alone to

DEDICATION.

the Javelins of an enrag'd Multitude, than make his Address to a Beauty so powerfully arm'd as your Grace. The most lofty Wit, that ever constant Success and popular Applause made confident, would tremble to speak before you: Judge then how unfit I am, blasted in my hopes, and press'd in my growth by a most severe, if not unjust Fortune. 'Tis greatly done to raise the depress'd, which makes me apply my self to your Grace, who, as you are the brightest, are likewise the noblest Object in the World: You enliven, like the Sun, with universal Influence; which induces me to hope that a Beam from your Grace may reach

The humblest of

Your Servants,

Nat. Lee.



P R O-



PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. ROCHE.

HE whose Attempt is shown this Night to please,
 Beheld me entring, and my Arm did seize,
 Cry'd, Madam, stay, stay but one Minute more;
 But I your Servant lest him at the Door.
 How dear, and yet how dreadful is the Night,
 That makes a Poet, or undoes him quite?
 Such is the Night, when a kind-hearted Maid
 Becomes a Sacrifice to Bridal-bed:
 She fears to give what yet she wishes past,
 Cries sy ne, and drives it to the last.
 If to be brought o'th' Stage so much can fright,
 What Devil makes you all so mad to write?
 But hold, let me consider——
 Wit which was formerly but Rrecreation,
 Is now become the Business of the Nation;
 Prentices write Lampoons, your Justices
 Have Quirks for Courtiers late Debaucheries,
 And Constables with Quibbles break the Peace.
 Your formal Citizen turns Man of Sense,
 And has to Ingenuity Pretence:
 Treats Miss in Box, which was but Punk with you,
 Gripes her craz'd Knee, and treads upon her Toe,
 And cries, P fack, my dear, this Play will do;
 With Beard precise his Verdict dares pronounce,
 Who by Predestination is a Dunce:
 All will be censuring a Man that writes,
 And praise or damn him like a Man that fights.

With

*With Boldness therefore both should be inspir'd,
 The Stout and Witty should alike be fir'd:
 Poets, like Men of Courage, that begin,
 Should still push forward when they're enter'd in;
 Till certain of Applause they write with Ease,
 And with just Forces are resolv'd to please:
 The little Wits of course will then obey,
 And briskly swear the fashionable way,
 To all that those insipidly can say:
 So a young sharp-set Bully——
 With Famine pinched, and much given to think,
 Who thirsts for Fame, but thirsts much more for Drink,
 Resolves to perish, or inance his Name,
 And gives not o'er till he proves Cock o'th' Game;
 Then he who lately seem'd like Winter bare,
 Comes forth like Summer loosely clad and clear;
 He drives the Squires with Breath of Pantaloons,
 And the least Word he speaks is Blood and Wounds.*



E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. HAYNES.

YOUR Servants, Gentlemen: 'Tis a long Time
 Since I had th' Honour to converse with you in Rhime;
 They told me at i' other House y' had left us quite,
 And I was going to hang my self out-right,
 But for the Hopes of pleasing you to Night:
 For what's insipid Life to them or me,
 Without the favour of your Company?
 Good faith I'm very glad to see you here,
 'Tis well you can at a new Play appear:
 This Winter you forsaking all the Old,
 Kept up one while of a damn'd pocky Cold;

*Some few came here, but who the Lord can tell,
 All were shrunk up like Snails within their Shell;
 Huge Brandenburg had so disguis'd each one,
 That from your Coachman you could scarce be known;
 And then you droop'd as if half-drown'd you came
 Scap'd from North-Holland, or from Amsterdam;
 And cough'd, Heav'n save you, with as grave a Motion,
 As you 'd been at Church, where 'tis Devotion.
 The Ladies too neglecting every Grace,
 Mobb'd up in Nightclothes, came with Lace to Face,
 The Tow'r upon the Forehead all turn'd back,
 And stuck with Pins like th' Man i' th' Almanack.
 The Misses, those Delights of human kind,
 No longer in their dear Side-boxes shin'd,
 But each to Chamber-practice did retire,
 With Ale and Apples, and a Sea-coal Fire:
 Now this Misfortune we by yours have found,
 Your Cold still sticks by us, tho' you are sound.
 But, Sirs, what makes it now so hard, I pray,
 To get you here but just at a new Play?
 We've play'd i' oblige you all that's in our pow'rs,
 We've play'd and play'd our selves e'en out of doors;
 And yet we cannot find one way to pin ye,
 You're grown so nice, I think the Devil's in ye.
 But hold, there's one way yet to get your Praise,
 Ill-treating you your Appetites may raise;
 Lampoons and Libels we for Plays must write,
 Criticks, like Lovers pall'd with their Delight,
 Always esteem those Kisses best that bite.
 We'll deal with you, Gallants, in your own way,
 And treat you like those Punks that love for pay;
 Cartwright and I, dress'd like two thundring Whores,
 With Rods will stand behind the Play-house Doors,
 And firke ye up each Day to Pleasures dully,
 As Jenny Cromwell does, or Betty Buly.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Augustus Cæsar.
Cæfario.
Marcellus.
Tiberius.
Agrippa.
Mecænas.
Ovid.
Leander.
Araspes.

Mr. Mobun.
Mr. Hart.
Mr. Kenaston.
Mr. Lydall.
Mr. Cartwright.
Mr. Griffin.
Mr. Clark.
Mr. Powel.
Mr. Harris.

Gloriana.
Julia.
Narciffa.

Mrs. Marshall.
Mrs. James.
Mrs. Corbet.

SCENE, *The Palace of Augustus Cæsar.*

G L O.



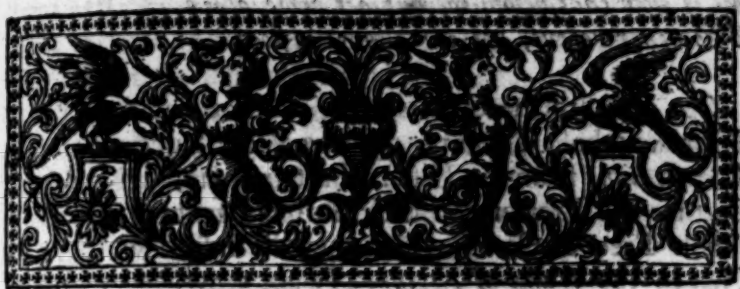
G

A Bar
fellow
fits



Let's fro
To Cæsa

From Bu
And surj



GLORIANA.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Banquet. Enter Augustus, Agrippa, Mecænas; Ovid following with Musick, and sings while the Emperor sits melancholy.

SONG.



LET Business no longer usurp your high Mind,
But to Dalliance give way, and to Pleasures
be kind;

Let Business to morrow, to morrow imploy,
But to day the short Blessing let's closely
enjoy:

Let's frolick below, till they bear us above;
To Cæsar we'll sing, to Cæsar and Jove.

From Business we'll ramble, like Bridegrooms unbrac'd,
And surfeit on Pleasures which others but taste:

Well

*We'll laugh till we weep on the Breast of the Fair,
 And the Tears that we shed shall the Trespas repair.
 We'll vow that below we but act those above,
 Who never repent, yet are always in love.*

Or. Vast are the Glories, *Cæsar*, thou hast won,
 To make whose Triumphs up, the World's undone :
 The *Indians* from the Eastern Parts remote,
 To thee the Treasure of their Shrines devote :
 Whole Trees of Coral, which they div'd for low,
 That in the Walks of *Neptune's* Palace grow,
 With Tritons trumpeting on ev'ry Bough ;
 Pearls which the morning eyes of *Thetis* pay,
 When her cool'd Lover bolts thro' Waves away ;
 And Diamonds that the Sun each Morning sheds,
 Driving his Chariot o'er their sooty Heads.

Mec. The *Scythians* from their Northern Climate come,
 And in their Waggon-houses pensive roam ;
 For thee they seek : 'Tis at thy Name they shake,
 And far off prostrate Adorations make.
 They who the great *Pellæan* Victor's Arms
 Repell'd, seem Thunder-struck at thy Alarms.

Agr. The *Parthians* dreading *Cæsar*, Peace proclaim,
 Whose haughty Minds no Force could ever tame,
 Who the renown'd *Mark Anthony* o'ercame.
 And *Crassus*, who like some large Oak had stood
 The brush of warring Winds and Show'rs of Blood,
 His Army round him like an under-wood ;
 These martial Rangers Root and Branches tore,
 And on their Crests his trickling Heart-strings wore.

Otb. The World shou'd stretch to hold an Emperour,
 So tall in Vertue, and so wide in Pow'r.
 Where e'er on Nature's peaceful face he treads,
 Her foremost rank of Sons submit their heads ;
 With smiles they all his God-like walkings greet,
 While Crowns and Scepters play about his Feet.

Aug. Cease this unwelcome Noise ; I say, give o'er,
 Ye must not speak, since I can hear no more :
 Take Wing like Angels, fly to Heav'n's Abodes,
 Tho' ye have Tongues might charm the Ears of Gods :

They

They please not me, for I am Discord all,
Broke by my own that triumph in my fall.
Barns and Out-houses, or some rotten Hold,
Please the dark Birds better than Rooms of Gold.
Why tell ye me of circumvested Pride,
Of purpl'd Fame, and thousand Cares beside?
Give me but one or two soft happy Hours,
And all the Greatnesses of State be yours.

Mec. What lifted Troubles your high Thoughts molest,
And shake the Frame of your Majestick Breast?

Oct. If some portentous Darkne's at Noon-day,
Should o'er the Heav'n deep dreadful Blacks display,
Without offence to Altars we might come,
To know the Cause of such a horrid Gloom.

'Tis loyal Kindness urges our Desire;
Speak, *Caesar*, lest we sin whilst we enquire.

Mec. So huge and dark your Sorrow's Chaos grows,
No glimm'ring Streak of Joy can interpose.

Oct. Your mighty Care no Interval allows,
All Musings, Starts, and sad contracted Brows:
Your Spirit, like old Night, e'er Day was made,
Is one substantial Darkne's, solid Shade.

Ag. Last Night, as at your Feet I waking lay,
Viewing the golden Taper's watchful Ray,
I heard your Deeds, with Horrour wrapp'd unfold.
Sad sacred Things, and never to be told.
I saw you arm'd from your toss'd Bed arise,
Aweful as *Jove* call'd by a Virgin's Cries,
Starts with his Thunder to the curtain'd Skies:
Honour you cry'd, then stalk'd about the Room,
Thrice call'd, *Scribonia*, curse upon thy Womb;
Cutting the Air, you made three empty Blows,
And then lay down, seeking with Groans Repose.

Mec. E'en now strong Sighs your royal Fabrick tear,
And with their violent Curse torment the Air;
Slow from your Eyes conflicting Sorrows pass,
And you in vain the struggling Tears suppress.

Aug. Oh my lov'd Friends! 'tis a harsh Truth; but stay
It will not out till Tears have smooth'd its way:

Take,

Take it in one curs'd Word; my Action's Stain,
 The Canker of my Laurels, Valour's Bane,
 Of all great Evil, *Julia* be the Name,
 Who from the Womb of curst *Scribonia* came:
 Blushing in War I got the wanton Brood,
 The Scum of boiling Youth, Froth of my Blood.

Agr. Some busy Person with officious Tongue,
 [Ovid goes out.]

Has offer'd to the Imperial Princess wrong.
 Your Choice, *Marcellus*, dearly she approves,
 And whom you have adopted, highly loves:
 But being boundless born, and mark'd for Sway,
 Cannot by Passion check'd nice Rules obey.

Mec. Vainly her Thoughts they guess by outward Form;
 She may be calm within, without a Storm:
 Her Heart from common view remov'd, lies deep,
 As Mines of Gold in Nature's Bosom sleep.

Aug. Rightly her Vertue by a Mine you lay,
 Where ev'ry lusty Slave may hew his way,
 I know from those that would not forge, she is
 Loose, vain, a Mockers of our Deities.
 Now by yon Heav'n she has my Fury rais'd,
 And he's my Foe by whom she dares be prais'd.
 A Mine! of what? She is all counterfeit,
 I've weigh'd her in the Ballance, found her light;
 But from my Heart the glitt'ring Drofs I'll tear,
 Like Glas to Dust I'll pound the brittle Fair,
 Then blow her to her Element the Air.

Enter Julia attended.

Jul. That Roof's too low, and all the Figures old,
 I'll have it new wrought up in fretted Gold;
 Nor shall those *Dorick* Pillars long remain,
 But the vast Ceiling shall it self sustain.

Aug. Not *Venus* in the proudest Robes she wears,
 With thousand Crowns, and Trains of dragging Stars,
 Thoughts so high flown e'er knew, or e'er could stretch
 Expanded Pride like this ambitious Wretch.

Jul.

Jul. Cæsar to *Jove* may claim the second Place,
 But I with *Juno* will have equal Grace,
 And, when she dares, match for the better Face.
 Henceforth I'll have all first unmix'd, entire,
 My Meats prepar'd with elemental Fire.
 Thy Palace-walks with common Feet are worn,
 Raise flying Gardens on vast Columns born,
 So near to Heav'n, that scorning *Tyber's* Wave,
 In crystal Buckets we the Clouds may lave,
 To wash the pendant Soil; so strange to view,
 It shall *Semiramis's* fam'd Groves outdo.

Aug. Be Judges both, and then my Wrath forgive;
 Just *Livia*! but 'tis past, she shall not live.

Jul. Methinks already I am walking there,
 Tread the fring'd Banks, and breathe the vernal Air,
 And purple Clusters round my Temple shine,
 And flowry mantling Amarant divine,
 And Sense grows wanton as the lusty Vine.
 Now cloy'd methinks with the mellifluous Grove,
 From sunny Meads to cool Recess I move,
 With tall young Men that make immortal Love.

Aug. Since 'tis well known how kind you are to Sense,
 Why should you talk of a Removal hence?
 Heav'n's Feasts too thin for our quaint Palates are,
 We talk of Nectar, but how comes it there? [*Scornfully.*]
 Provoking Banquets, rich Ambrosial Meat,
 When Clouds they drink indeed, and Air they eat?
 Let not your Fancy from its Sphere be driv'n,
 You'll never like the slender Fare of Heav'n.

Jul. Mistake me not, 'tis for Variety
 That I *Elysium's* Argent Fields would see:
 Think you that from your Throne I would remove,
 To be the gaudiest starry Queen above?
 'Twas not my purpose, Sir, to tarry there.
 I'd only go to Heaven to take the Air.

Aug. Come, thou'rt not fit to live.

Jul. Dread Father, why?

Aug. Thou art all Ill.

Jul. Then I'm not fit to die.

Death

Death will the Hopes of Vertue's Growth prevent,
But if you grant me Life, I may repent.

Aug. I here pronounce her Stranger to my Blood,
Stay not Revenge, that must not be withstood.

[*Agrippa and Mecænas bold him.*]

Did not *Virginius* his own Daughter call
To Death, and did she not the Voice extol?
She kiss'd his Feet, and bless'd him in her Fall.

Brutus his Sons gave up to angry Power,
And with stern Visage said, *They are no more.*
These were just Victims to the Shrines of Fame,
And got their Authors an eternal Name.

Agr. Great Princess kneel, and his swoln Rage atone.

Jul. To ask him pardon were a Crime to own.

Aug. No, in her Obstinacy let her sink,
My Curse pursue to the infernal Brink;
To Hell, to Hell I'll drive thy spotted Soul,
Where in eternal Tortures she shall roll,
Turn round, and shriek with Pain in livid Fires;
And when for Ease the weary Wretch aspires
To those bright Thrones which she did once blaspheme,
To a new Hell Heav'n shall the Fiend condemn.
From Beds of Flames where thou didst lie and roar,
Whirlwinds shall bear thee hot all reeking o'er,
And sweating Drops of Blood, and round thee blow,
Then plunge thee in th' Abyss of Ice and Snow.

Jul. All that is Earth of me is in your Hand,
But, Sir, my Spirit's not at your command.
I have a Soul, that, when my Body dyes,
Shall mix with the immortal Deities.

Nor can the awful Puff of *Cæsar's* Name
Blow out this Spark of the etherial Flame:
Spite of the Clouds your Fury's Tempest wears,
I'll up and scorn your Anger from the Stars.

Aug. She's all o'er Woman——Abstract of her kind
And all the Sex is crouded in one Mind:
Her very Thoughts——

Are Woman in the Bud, tho' yet unblown,
But all her Words are pregnant Woman grown.

Jul.

Jul. Why was I destin'd to be born above,
 By Midwife Honour to the Light convey'd,
 Fame's Darling, the bright Infant of high Love,
 Crown'd, and in Empire's golden Cradle laid;
 Rock'd by the Hand of Empreſſes, that yield
 Their Scepters form'd to Rattles for my Hand,
 Born to the Wealth of the green floating Field,
 And the rich Dust of all the yellow Land?
 And why did Fate so vast a Dowry give,
 As renders me a Consort fit for *Jove*;
 Unless she meant that I should loosely live,
 And free from Cares below, as Gods above?

Aug. Quench, quench, y' immortal Powers, these
 homebred Jars,

Tho' all the Earth revolt, and wage fresh Wars:
 Raise from the Dead *Mark Anthony* again,
 Once more let's try our Fortunes on the Main,
 To *Ægypt* back let all the Spoils be brought,
 And let 'em with fresh Blood, more Wounds, be bought:
 Lean *Cassius*, god-like *Brutus* rise, combine,
 Nay with the *Memphian* black Armado join;
 Dip (ev'n your Heels) all o'er in *Stygian Lake*,
 And more than *Achillean* Hardness take:
 Hire all the Winds, immortal as you are,
 Again to *Actium* I your Ghosts will dare,
 And into Atoms drive the gather'd Air.

Ag. Stop not the Torrent of his rising Rage,
 Give it full course, and it will soon assuage.

Aug. Thus *Pyrrhus*, whom no manly Force could
 At last inglorious by a Woman fell. (quell,

O *Jupiter*! dread King of Heav'n and *Rome*, [Kneels.

Let Death, but no Dishonour, be my doom:

That *Julia's* Name no more may cleave my Head,

Strike me for ever deaf, deaf as the Dead.

Oh *Julia*! but for thee my Fame had past;

Shew'd like a crystal Rock to Ages last;

Each Lust of thine like an envenom'd Dart,

Has drank the Life-blood of thy Father's Heart.

Jul. That I am innocent——

Aug.

Aug. I know thou art;
But make no Words on't: Go, with Life depart.

[Exit Julia.]

Agr. Your Wars in Spain a glorious Period have,
And all applaud *Marcellus* as most brave,
Who in his first Essay your Foes o'erthrew,
And could such Wonders in his Non-age do.

Mec. Equal to him the valiant, brave, unknown
Plangus, so fam'd, rush thro' all Hazards on;
Of Birth unknown, but of high Blood in War,
Who with *Marcellus* did the Triumph share;
Marcellus, who adopted *Cæsar* stands,
And under you the conquer'd Earth commands.

Agr. Fame loudly speaks the Deeds which he has done,
First shews the Father, and then draws the Son.

Aug. Ev'n he has guilty been, and as 'tis said,
Cæsario, whom we thought in *Egypt* dead,
This brave *Marcellus* harbour'd in his Tent;
Such News was to my Empress *Livia* sent.
But once more by my Father's Soul I swear,
If that young King of Kings in *Rome* appear,
The *Parthian* Empire shall not save his Head,
I'll give ten thousand Talents for him dead.

Mec. Dispel those Clouds that thicken on your Brow,
And I will speak.

Aug. Full Freedom we allow.

Mec. Against *Cæsario* be not thus severe,
At least not openly your Wrath declare;
By private Instruments his Hopes abate,
Which more agrees with your own Rules of State.

Agr. 'Tis nois'd (for sure such Secrets cannot sleep)
That you in private *Gloriana* keep,
Th' illustrious *Pompey's* Daughter; I advise,
That your white Age would Beauty's Gloss despise:
Let not the Nations blame your being old,
Nor think of loving now your Blood is cold.

Aug. Furies! and Hell! I am become their Sport:
They flout me——How! ye elder Slaves o'th' Court,
Come feel my Arms, and learn to be more bold,
Am I not fit to love? Ha! am I old?

Ye Apes of Fame, ye Sparks to my full day,
Ye Gnats that in my Ev'ning Glory play;
But with my Sword I'll punish your Offence,

[Lays his Hand on his Sword.]

And make ye know what 'tis t'affront a Prince.

Agr. Our Deaths are in your Hands, aft as you please.

Mec. Your Frowns, not Death, our Souls with terror seize.

Aug. No, ye regard me not, not love, nor fear;
I know your Hearts—you with *Cæsario* here,
Here—in my Throne, ungrateful as ye are,
By me prefer'd in Peace, advanc'd in War.

Agr. You are the best of Kings.

Aug. No, I'm the worst,
Stupid, morose, tyrannical, accurs'd.
I, like old *Saturn*, must forego my Sphere,
You're for a mad young fiery *Jupiter*.
Yet this remember in your Thund'rer's Reign,
The golden days shall never come again. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace-Hall.

Cæsario, Araspes, Leander.



Proscrib'd!

Aras. So Rumour spreads it.

Cæs. Ha!

Aras. 'Tis true;

His Fears the old Proscription now renew.

Great is the Man, he said, that brings him dead,
Will give ten thousand Talents for his Head.

Each dreadful Noise from *Cæsar's* Fury broke,
And Guilt, like Wildfire, thrill'd him as he spoke.

Leander.

Lean. He thought you long ago in *Aegypt* slain,
But with late Tremblings heard you liv'd again;
Then tore his Hair, and mad with Choler, said,
Augustus lives not till *Cæsar*'s dead.

Cæs. Then *Cæsar*'s lost, and shall in Chaos lie,
Since 'tis not to be thought that I should die,
Immediate from the Loins of *Julius* sprung,
Like *Hercules* from *Jove*, for ever young,
In Battles big as *Mars*, and full as strong.

Araf. Yet you're a Man.

Cæs. Said you of me? 'Twas poor:
A Man! *Araspes*, I was always more.
When me in Swadling-bands the Nurses rock'd,
My Soul was full with godlike Courage stock'd;
The Sounds which first my wond'rous Voice did move,
Were Father *Julius*, and my Grandfire *Jove*:
Ev'n in my Childhood I was more than Man,
Bears in my Nonage slew, and Stags out-ran.

Leander, thou remembrest, who art old,
When yet nine Winters I had scarcely told,
A half-starv'd Lion in our Chase I brav'd,
And from his Jaws my panting Mother sav'd.

Lean. I saw him by your early Valour fall.

Cæs. Fall!—by my Valour!—saw him! Is that all?
Thou speak'st, *Leander*, as thou didst repine;
Thou shouldst have said, it was an Act divine,
A godlike Act, to see a ruddy Boy
With Milk on's Lips, the royal Beast destroy.
With my gay Sword, brandish'd above my Crest,
O'erspread with Plumes, and with Queens Favours dress'd,
I cross'd the Savage, eager for his Prey,
Who, daunted with my Aspect, shun'd the Fray;
But I out-run him, tho' he got the start,
And flesh'd my little Rapier in his Heart.
By the dread Thunderer, from whom I came,
Whose Hand cast forked Bolts, and leaping Flame,
I'll tumble Headlong this Usurper down,
And from his Head tear the Imperial Crown.

Araf. Stay, Son of *Cæsar*: whither would you run?
Sorrow shall end what your blind Wrath begun.

Forgive me, if your Death I dare prevent,
And force your Courage take another bent.

Lean. Both you shall send to everlasting Rest
And ride to Ruin o'er this loyal Breast :
For think not we can stay to see you die ;
We'll usher you to Immortality.

Let Wit contrive, and Leisure give to Time,
While we instruct you this steep Throne to climb.

Cæs. Plots are the dark and back way to a Throne ;
Miss but one Step, we roll with ruin down :
Then let's away to quell with open Strife
This base Usurper that proscribes my Life.

Lean. Perhaps the Rumour's false, your Rage subdue,
O reak it here on us for being true.

Cæs. Was I for this in *Alexandria* fam'd
The King of Kings, and Heir o'th' World proclaim'd ;
While Vassal Princes did about me croud,
And *Asia's* Chiefs of my Commands grew proud ?
Did not our Mother perish by his Arms,
That Source of Love, and ever-flowing Charms ;
Great *Cleopatra*, who now drowns the Stars,
And shews to Goddeses her glorious Scars ?
Yet have I question'd him for what was done ?

Lean. We know you ne'er molested what he won.

Cæs. Nay, have I not of late his Foes o'erthrown ;
His Standards fix'd i'th' Heart of stubborn *Spain*,
And bow'd her Neck to the old Yoke again ?
And dares he thus my Services reward !
Stand back, I'll kill him 'midst of all his Guard ;
Tho' at the Altar, in the Capitol,
The purple Brute a Sacrifice shall fall.

[*Draws.*

Marcellus meets him.

Mar. What prodigal of Life your Wrath has rais'd,
And fann'd the Flame with which your Cheeks are blaz'd ?
Ne'er did I see that Scabbard empty made,
But drunken Slaughter hung upon the Blade.

Cæs.

Cæs. Blood ! my *Marcellus*, Blood ! the Great must }
 Yet, Eagle like, I'll strike my Quarry high, (die !
 And from the Earth rebound him to the Sky.

Mar. Name me the Man too lavish of his Tongue,
 For Blows could ne'er the brave *Cæsario* wrong :
 Name him aloud, but name me one that's great,
 Back'd with such Troops as never knew Defeat,
 And if he 'scape, let me no more be thought— [Draws.

Cæs. Hold, hold, *Marcellus* ; Heav'n ! I had forgot
 That my great Foe is Father to my Friend :
 Down, my Revenge : Thus all my Swellings end.

[Sheaths his Sword.

Mar. What means this Change ?

Cæs. Nothing, *Marcellus*, now.

Large are the Sums I to your Friendship owe :
 My Thoughts no more about Revenge debate,
 Tho' Slaves *Augustus* hires to work my Fate ;
 Takes all my Titles, Scepters, fills my Thrones,
 And plunders me of all my Father's Crowns :
 Yet being kind to you, long may he live,
 While I learn Patience and my Wrongs forgive.

Mar. How ! my Powers of Rage disband ;
 My Sword at *Cæsar's* Name falls from my Hand.
 Oh my *Cæsario*, can you for my sake
 Forget the Sweet's of just Revenge to take ?
 Can you for me call back your fallying Soul,
 Whose Wrath not *Cæsar's* Guards could else controul ?
 This is a Point too subtle for Mankind,
 And which no future Virtue e'er shall find.

Cæs. Believe me, Friend, believe me ; for I swear
 By my high Father's Soul, 'twere easier far
 Back the revolted Universe to win,
 Than but our Passions Conquest to begin.
 Revenge and Friendship in my Bosom clash'd,
 Like mountain Billows, each the other dash'd ;
 Still my uncertain Soul each Tempest blinds,
 Like a dark Vessel driv'n by polar Winds :
 But you, like a propitious God, arise,
 On the blue Ocean shine the azure Skies,
 And now the beaten Mind at Anchor lies.

Mar.

Mar. Methinks I wish that I had never known
Virtue like yours, so high that mine is none:
You, as some vast Hill touching Heav'n, appear;
I at your Feet, like a poor Valley, near:
Down from your cloudy Top Refreshings flow,
Fast bounteous Rills that water me below:
Valleys; but Vapours can to Heav'n return,
And I with Sighs your falling Favours mourn.

Cæs. Darling of *Romans*, Virtue's fairest Child,
At whose blest Birth the kinder Planet smil'd;
Trust me, thy Mother, when with Infant Charms
The Matrons gave thee crying to her Arms,
Not lov'd thee more; my Soul thou hast subdu'd,
And damm'd the Torrent of my rising Blood.

Mar. Bow, ye bright Dwellers, bow all your Heav'ns
Impale his Brows with an immortal Crown; (down,
Tho' *Julius*, whose high Name in living Gold
Is in Fate's Book above the Sun enroll'd,
With starry Robes the World's great Heir enfold:
For all Earth's Glories he transcends as far,
As Gods above their humblest Victims are.

Cæs. Ev'n while thou flatt'rest me, thou lovely art,
By Heav'n, young Man, thou hast thy Soldiers Heart;
And while I hold thee to my faithful Breast,
Caesar with Empire is not half so blest.
On thy Heart's Throbs so I triumphant ride,
Farewel Oventions, and the Victor's Pride;
No more shall big Ambition bend my Brow,
Love me but ever as thou lov'st me now.

Enter Narcissa.

Nar. Swift as chas'd Harts before the Hunters fly
Swift as their panting Weariness they throw
Into some Stream, my dearest Brother, I
Run to thy Breast, and melt in Tears that flow.
Dost thou not view Joys peeping from my Eyes?
The Casement's open'd wide to gaze on thee;
As *Rome's* glad Citizens to Windows rise,
When they some young Triumpher fain would see.

Mar.

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Mar. Dearest *Narcissa*, softest of thy Kind,
A thousand thousand Welcomes; but, alas,
In dang'rous Courts I much lament to find
Thy Innocence which cannot safely pass.

Cæs. She is the brightest that my Eyes e'er saw;
And if soft Passion could my Fierceness move,
That Spring Complexion wou'd my Wonder draw,
Such unmix'd Sweets of Nature I should love.

Mar. With Looks untaught thou wilt too rude appear,
Expos'd to ev'ry haughty Princess' Scorn;
Back to thy Country Palaces repair,
And tempt not Courts for which thou wert not born:
The great ones here will quickly make thee fine,
And to thy Virtue for Refreshings run;
Like Summers-days too hot our Beauties shine,
But thee they'll follow like a Winter-Sun.

Cæs. Why, beauteous Virgin, dost thou plant thy Eyes,
As thou wouldest drive me hence who ne'er cou'd run?
I am not us'd to Beauty's Batteries;
Yet rather than offend, I will be gone.

Mar. No longer in my Arms, lov'd Sister, stay,
Your kindest Thanks to my Preserver pay;
A thousand Deaths he in my Cause has brav'd,
And twice my Life in our last Battle sav'd.

Enter Tiberius to Marcellus, they embrace.

Mar. Welcome, my gallant Friend——Thy Looks are
If there be ought wherewith thou art dismay'd, (saw:
Speak it, tho' at the News both shou'd expire;
Is *Julia*——

Tib. 'Twere convenient you'd retire;
I'll tell you, dear *Marcellus*, as we go,
Such Secrets as no Heart but yours shou'd know.

[*Exeunt.*]
Nar. My Brother charg'd me——but what can I say,
When you all Pow'r of Speech have ta'en away?
My Heart beat thus, just thus, against my Side,
That cruel Day when my lov'd Turtle died.

Cæs.

Court of Augustus Cæsar. 153

Cæs. A Heart like mine Love in his Walk ne'er found,
Nor Prettiness, nor Majesty can wound:
'Tis sure the coldest Beauty ever felt,
Not Ice, but Crystal, which no Sun can melt.

Nar. O fatal Sight! have I with frequent Scorn
Seen at my Garden-Gates great Princes mourn,
And can I now submit to one unknown?
Can this be true? Poor Heart! art thou o'erthrown?
Vanquish'd at last? I th' Name of Goodness speak,
What art that dost my gentle Quiet break?

Cæs. A Soldier, Fair-one, bred to Blood, in Arms,
In Winter Camps, which mighty Action warms;
I know not Courts, unskill'd in the soft Trade
By which Address is to high Beauty made:
Yet I to yours can bow as lowly down,
As Eastern Princes to the rising Sun.

Nar. Bow to my Beauty, to this rural Face!
I know no Charms, nor any practis'd Grace:
Planted far off by *Cæsar's* jealous Care,
Not bred in Court Perfumes, but Country Air;
Me from his Daughter he divided young,
And told me, Courts my Innocence would wrong;
But sure my Eyes can nothing see in you,
To make me think what *Cæsar* said was true.

Enter Mecænas.

Mec. Madam, the Empress does your coming wait,
With half the Court attended at her Gate;
And gazing Eyes expect your Presence there,
As if some Constellation would appear.

Cæs. I'll wait you to the Empress—Tyrant Love,
Whom all the Charms of Nature cannot move. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Marcellus and Tiberius.

Mar. Since Love proves false, in vain does Valour }
To Ashes turn my Arms, my e'ery Spoil, (toil, }
Burn all my Laurels in one Fun'ral Pile.
Alas, Tiberius, had another said

Julia is false, her Honour has betray'd,

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H

Alas,

I could not have believ'd; but thou art true,
 'Wou'd thou wert not; wou'd all that Hell e'er knew
 Of darkeſt Miſchiefs harbour'd in thy Mind,
 So by thy Fraud I might her Virtue find.

Tib. While you abroad fought in *Rome's* Cauſe ſo well,
 She to the loweſt, leudeſt Courſes fell;
 Her Palaces with late Debauches rung,
 Strip'd Eunuchs wanton Odes before her ſung:
 On tall young Monarchs Shoulders liſted high
 She acted Triumphs, *Io* was her cry,
 Her crown'd Supporters *Io* did reply.

Mar. Loofe *Julia*! What ſtrong Philters did unman
Auguſtus, from whoſe Loins thy Spirit ran!

Tib. At Midnight dreſ'd like *Venus* all divine,
 I ſaw her by the blaze of Diamonds ſhine,
 High on a Throne of Gold, with Godlike Port,
 Follow'd with Clamour of the reeling Court.
 Thrice ſhe the Doors of *Janus* Temple burſt,
 And once *Jove's* Houſe, the Capitol ſhe forc'd,
 From his Gold Statue poliſh'd Thunder took,
 And at his Face the brandiſh'd Weapon ſhook:
 In her left Hand the Silver Lightning claiſh'd,
 Which blindly hurl'd the ſacred Windows daſh'd.

Mar. Love, I conjure thee, tho' with mortal Smart,
 Draw back thy Arrows that infect my Heart.

Tib. Of all the ſcepter'd Throng that did adore
 She none refus'd, but wiſh'd they had been more.
 What was in private acted we but think,
 Where all her Maids are Mutes, and Eunuchs wink:
 Her Monarch Dalliance was not prov'd, but gueſs'd,
 But Love to Wit did open all her Breſt,
 And ſhe ſo foul a Knot with *Ovid* drew,
 As Blood can never looſe, nor Death undo.

Mar. With *Ovid*! Dares his haughty Muſe aſpire
 To praſtiſe on his Prince? I'll mount it higher,
 Teach his rude Wit a Flight ſhe never had,
 And ſend her Poſt to the *Elyſian* Shade.

Tib. One ſolemn Night, when the pale conſcious Moon
 Rode high and clear, at melancholy Noon

I rose with Dreams abash'd of true Event,
 And to the Princess' Bower my musings bent.
 To the crown'd Arbours as I nearer drew,
 Methought I heard two Voices that I knew;
 Parting the Leaves, I saw by lunar Light
 Love's guilty Joys, a sinful pleasing Sight;
 On Flow'rs and all the Sweets of Nature spread,
 In *Ovid's* Arms the smiling Princess laid.

Mar. What mortal Patience can the News abide!

Tib. Pow'r circling Wit, and Pleasures pressing Pride,
 Her glowing Breast joyn'd to his kindling side.
 She catch'd his Sighs that panted in their flight,
 With Eyes, Hands, Lips, all trembling with delight;
 Long did her naked Beauty stay my sight.
 Fair as the blushing Bed her Body prest,
 As a May-morning rising from the East,
 Or Day dismounting in the golden West.

Mar. Wheels, Stones, and all the subtlest Pains of Hell,
 With burning reddest Plagues about 'em dwell.

About 'em! in 'em, thro' 'em let 'em run,
 And Flames with Flames involv'd be swallow'd down.

Tib. With tendrest Words her busy Love she grac'd,
 And having kindly touch'd his yielding Waist,
 She said, ah wou'd *Marcellus* were in Heav'n,
 And wou'd *Corinna* were to *Ovid* giv'n;
 For Wit to me is more than Empire's Charms,
 Or all the Surfeits of a Monarch's Arms.

Mar. No more! thou'st put my Soul upon the Rack;

Both Lives revenging Glory bids me take;

But the Remains of Passion bid me spare

This beautiful ingrate perfidious Fair:

Since he was ne'er with gallant Ardour mov'd,

That cou'd be urg'd to harm what once he lov'd:

And how I lov'd, how wonderfully well,

None but the Author of her Flame can tell.

Thy Beauty, *Julia*, did my Reason blind;

For e'er our Hands unlucky *Hymen* join'd,

I guess'd thee false, yet swore I wou'd be kind.

Enter Ovid with Julia reading.

Jul. Such a Companion ne'er did *Julia* bless;
To have a menial Monarch wait were less:

Ovid, whose Fame above high *Virgil* grows,
Whose Labour sure must Nature discompose,
But *Ovid* with familiar Greatness flows;

And when he pleases to command our Eyes,
What charming Tales does his soft Muse devise?

Ov. Thus to be grac'd by her whom all admire,
To gain whose Love Gods wou'd, Kings do expire—

Mar. Amongst the rest fall thou a Sacrifice,
Thus to be offer'd to your Goddess' Eyes.

Jul. *Marcellus*, hold! fly, *Ovid*, haste away.

Ov. Madam, I know what Duty I shou'd pay;
The Prince resolves to take my Life, which none
Shall do without the hazard of their own.

Mar. *Tiberius*, give me way, by Heav'n he dies,
I'll tread upon the Worm which I despise.

Jul. Help: Treason! Murder! help.

Enter Cæsario.

Ov. Come all, for were you more I cou'd not fear.

Cæs. What about one is all this Trouble here?
Put up, for shame, I'll blow him from your sight;
Valour disdains the Quarry in her flight,
Commands in Fields we should our Standards raise,
And make this Writer but our Drudge to praise.

Enter Augustus, Agrippa, Mecænas, and Guards.

Aug. Where are the Authors of this Treason gone?
Traitors to Pow'r! disarm 'em ev'ry one.

*(The Captain of the Guards takes Marcellus, Ovid
and Tiberius's Swords: goes last to Cæsario.)*

Cæs. Captain stand off, I did no cause afford
Of Quarrel here, and will not yield my Sword.

Aug. What, a new Traytor? in my Presence too?
Know, obstinate, thy Death thou dost pursue.
Resign, or die—

Mar. Have you so soon forgot
The Wonders which his Sword so lately wrought?

The noble *Plangus* who preserv'd your Son,
And three pitch'd Battels by his Valour won.

Aug. What shall he stand and brave me to my Face?
Refuse my Orders? bid him take my place.

By the *Cæsarian* Majesty ador'd,
He is a Traytor, that denies his Sword.

Cæs. I say, my Sword's my own, and shall——

Aug. So fond of Fate!

Then that thou mayst not want for Arms, take that.

(*Hurls his Dagger at him, the Guards rush on Cæsario, and bold him.*)

Mar. Thus! is it thus his Services you pay? [*Kneels.*]

Aug. If thou wouldst have him live, take him away.

Mar. Guards, force him hence.

Cæs. Yes, *Cæsar*, I will go;

Conq'ring my self, I quell thy mighty Foe. [*Exit.*]

Aug. And you, Sir, you who durst your Weapon draw
Against that Prince whom I ordain'd to awe
The greatest Kings, to Banishment be gone,
I'll teach your saucy Muse to dare a Throne.

Ov. If I in Thought to you less Rev'rence gave
Than what the Deities from Altars have;
If that the Royal *Julia* I adore
In other manner than we worship Pow'r,
Add to the Punishment that you have laid
Unjustly on me, and pronounce me dead.

Jul. O *Cæsar*! Father!

Aug. Dare not intercede;

Speak but another word and he shall bleed.

Ov. For ever then, thou glorious *Rome*, farewell:
To the Earth's Limits, *Cæsar*, I will go,
Where if thou hast a yet unconquer'd Foe,
My Sword, for I have fought, shall take his head,
And with my Pen I'll damn him when he's dead. [*Exit.*]

Aug. Still home-bred Jars! But I these Feuds will end;
By Heav'n I'll break your Hearts if you'll not bend;
My *Hydra* Rebels vanquish'd, rise up more,
Was ever Monarch thus perplex'd before?
O that *Pythagoras's* Dream were true!
I wou'd not govern such a cursed Crew
One Moment longer: Now, ev'n now I'd die,
And into some more kingly Lion fly,

Where

Where with full Empire I the Woods might sway,
And all the nobler Beasts my Laws obey.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace Garden.

Cæsario, Araspes, Leander.

Cæs.  Y all the Trophies of the conquer'd
Field,
By ev'ry vanquish'd Sword, and bat-
ter'd Shield,
He dies, tho' the auxiliar Fates shou'd
stand

To fence the list'd Forces of my Hand?
Tho' bulwark'd with *Rome's* Hills in Tow'rs of Brass,
Yet like *Laocoon's* Lance my Sword shall pass
Thro' all——By Heav'n to Hell he shall be thrown,
His universal Mightiness shall down.

Aras. Your Ruin must inevitable be.

Cæs. It matters not what shall become of me.
Tho' all the Winds from their black Corners rush,
Tho' Seas dash Clouds, old Rocks young Thunder crush,
Exempt from Fear, th' Event we will attend,
And with big Rays in Ports of Glory end.
If I must fall, I'll tumble with a Crown,
And grasp this Giant with me when I drown.

Lean. But royal Sir, can you your Friend forget?
Can an Abuse so vast, a Wrong so great
Be offer'd, that your Vows you shou'd recal?

Cæs. Smoak, vanish Air——be they forgotten all.
No, dear *Marcellus*, you must not pardon me;
A Stroak! a Stab! 'tis such an Injury,
Were *Jove* in Flesh and thunder'd with a blow,
I wou'd retort it like a God below.

Aras. E'er ruin swallows you take one look more,
While yet you stand upon the beaten Shore.

Lean.

Lean. Yet e'er you launch behold the rolling Deep,
Where Danger groans, and Death itself does weep.

Cæs. Hence with thy Coward Counsels! fly to Caves;
I'll climb these tow'ring Dangers, bark the Waves:
And as I ride, to the kick'd Floods I'll cry,
Bear *Cæsar* with his Father's Fortune high.
Why do ye ask me then, and vainly mourn?
Can Words move Death, or Time carereing turn?
Can human Eloquence the Stars controul,
Or when their Doom has damn'd it, save a Soul?
Pray to descending Storms, of mounting Fire;
Them ye may weary, me ye shall not tire.

Araf. Since then no Pray'rs can your wild Fury tame,
The way least dang'rous to Revenge we'll name;
Tho' *Cæsar* from Heav'n's partial hand receive
Immediate Pow'r, small Virtue she did give.

Leon. When fierce Embassadors from *Parthia's* King
Shew'd their huge Bows, and did long Arrows bring,
He to their Threats in scornful answer laugh'd;
Yet this great Scoffer shrinks at *Cupid's* shaft:
Still may his glutt'd Hands more Empire have,
So he continues Love's inglorious Slave.

Cæs. What, is his Mightiness by Beauty aw'd?
Is this th' *Augustus* so renown'd abroad,
The World's first Man, and new created God?
The bright *Narcissa* with her spring of Charms,
'Tis true, has warm'd my Heart half froze in Arms;
Her melting Language strook my Winter back,
Loosen'd my Nerves, and made my Heart-string slack:
Yet were it possible that she cou'd weep,
As long as I have practis'd toilsom War,
She shou'd not in her Lap my Honour keep,
Nor from its Trade my burning Spirit bar.
When Conquests call my Sword to fetch the Prize,
And I stand listning to a Lady's cries,
Sighing to see the Roses pale——O Heav'n!
O glorious War! let me ne'er be forgiven.

Araf. There is a Bower, the mystick seat of Love,
Where Death stands Centinel before the Grove;
Guards ever waking at the Threshold lie,
And suffer none but *Cæsar* to pass by:

There his loose Heart does in full Pastures graze,
And various She's with Awe upon him gaze.

Leon. Like Heav'n's proud King follow'd by Deities,
The Tyrant walks with shinings thro' the Trees;
His Brow dilates, and his purs'd Lips awhile
Forget their angry use, and gravely smile,
To see officious Beauties charm his Cares,
Like Night's black Locks all powder'd o'er with Stars.

Araf. There your Revenge, if Vengeance urge you still,
May glut your Appetite, and drink her fill.
I have observ'd, and can your Fury guide,
To a slight-guarded Gate oth' *Tiber* side;
Watch'd by some drowsy Slaves, not more than we,
Whom having kill'd, you have a Passage free.

Cæs. Methinks already thou hast talk'd him dead,
And I am o'er the fatal Barriers fled,
Like *Perseus* mounted on a steed of Air,
Beating the Lifts to find the Monster there.

Leon. There you may take him swoln with drunken Joy,
And the crown'd Brute with a full Stroke destroy,
Behold him sporting on spread *Memphian* Spoils,
In Mantle wrap'd that breathe rich od'rous Oils,
Like a gay Snake basking in sunny Fields,
Embrac'd by her who ripest Pleasure yields.

Cæs. Be gone, now instantly let's post away,
The black revenging Minutes will not stay;
As the Half-god *Augæan* Stables clear'd,
I'll purge these Gardens with his Blood besmear'd.
Slow, till the Deed be done, move the wing'd Hours,
I'll do't, tho' Dragons guard the golden Bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Bower of Gloriana.*

S O N G.

I.

A *H the Charms of a Beauty disdainful and fair,
How she blasts all my Joys when she bids me despair;
Forgetting my State, when I sigh and lie down,*

And

*And cast at her Feet both Scepter and Crown,
She passes regardless, and says a young Swain,
Before her old Monarch, her Love should obtain.*

2.

*Remember, fair Nymph, my Grandfather Jove,
That rev'rend old God always made the best Love:
So fiercely be mov'd with a Manner divine,
That he melted his way, or blew up the Mine.
Your scorn of my Age therefore cease to pursue,
And think what a loving old Cæsar can do.*

Enter Augustus, Gloriana.

Aug. From golden Weights, high Cares, Imperial Strife,
From Storms of State, and Hurricanes of Life,
To the green Palace of the peaceful Grove,
Of *Gloriana's* Bower, the Throne of Love,
I come with all the Violence of Mind,
The Philters of Court-witchcraft to unbind:
Thy heav'nly Voice is sure the noblest Spell,
And thy Eyes Charms all Magick else excel.

Glor. Ye Authors of all Sway, for what dark End
To one so frail did you such Pow'r commend?
He reels on such excessive height, he stands
And drops his Scepter from his shaking Hands.

Aug. No matter, *Gloriana*, let it be:

Who wou'd not leave a Diadem for thee?

Are not thy Touches than all Scepters more?

Thy Lips approach'd, where is the Taste of Pow'r?

Love is all taste, relish, and vital good,

Spirits it gives that o'er Life's Channel brood,

And like Wine sparks dance thro' the brimming Blood.

Each Smile of thine drives from my Age a Day,

One balmy Kiss wou'd take a Year away;

But oh the rest wou'd give me Youth again,

Like an old Snake wou'd cause me cast my Skin,

Slacken my Sinews, make me swiftly move,

As *Mercury* descending from above,

Boldly as *Mars*, and lustily as *Jove*.

H 5

Glor.

Glor. Is this the Man of such Renown in Wars,
First upon Earth, and numbred with the Stars?
Wake from thy Sleep of Death, dread Father, wake,
Pompey arise, the Reins of Empire take;
Down let this Driver from his Throne be hurl'd,
Or place me on the Brow of the steep World;
That Nations driv'n by me may thunder on,
And at my Nod Millions of Swords be drawn,
Brandish'd with flashing Death by mighty Men,
And when I give the Word be sheath'd again.

Aug. They shall, they shall, ambitious lovely Maid!
I'll teach thy gentle Arms the Warrior's Trade,
Bind thy soft Body fast with Bands of Steel,
And double-darted Death thy Foes shall kill:
New Arts, that shall the old in Arms surprize,
To see thy Lance as fatal as thy Eyes.

Cæsar shall guard thee all the Day in Fight,
And compass thee about with lifted Shields,
So thou vouchsafe to dress those Wounds at Night
Which he receiv'd for thee in fighting Fields.

Glo. Much you depend upon tyrannick Pride,
Or think this Breast incapable of Scorn,
Or that I never heard you had a Bride,
Or you forget I am of *Pompey* born.
If this your guilty Mind consider'd, how
Dare you approach me in my Brother's Gore;
Off'ring worse Horrour with a brazen Brow,
When your hot Lust thy Sister would devour?

Aug. Talk not of that high Blood from which you came,
Nor how your Brother's Wrongs your Scorn enflame;
Heav'n the young *Pompey's* Honours did disperse,
And now alone I sway the Universe:
Consider this, and with the Time comply.

Glo. I have consider'd, and resolve to die.
Compleat your Crimes; for what can I expect
From Rage which thro' the Heart of *Tully* past?
Tully, who did with god-like Wit protect
Thy cursed Youth, to be betray'd at last.
Go on, thou black Usurper: stop more Breath,
Encrease thy Purples, fill thy Throne with Death;

Still may new Falshood add to former Guilt,
And the dear Blood of *Rome's* best Sons be spilt;
And may thy Cruelties alone do more,
Than all the curst Triumvirate before.

Aug. Hold, Princess, hold! provoke me not too far,
None ever said thus much and liv'd; beware,
Thou'rt in my reach, no more my Fetters shake,
My Rage yet sleeps, which Lion-like may wake.
My Heart, which as some stubborn fiery Steed,
Grew up unback'd, and did at random feed,
When Love approach'd like you, did not disdain
So fair a Rider, yielding to the Rein,
Now gently moves, except his Freedom's barr'd;
But if you spur him much, and curb him hard,
Angry to be so indiscreetly rode,
He springs and bounds beneath the mounted God.

Glo. If thy low fawning Love I scorn'd before,
Inow disdain thy menac'd Fury more;
Death is the utmost that thy Rage can do,
And that I'll ev'ry Day provoke thee to.

Aug. Wilt thou? Ha! dar'st thou! sharp provoking Fair!
Once more let me intreat thee do not dare;
Dare, like a foolish Fly whose vexing Wings
Urge the slow Flame to burn her as she sings.
Not as thy Slave before thee now I stand,
But as thy Lord, and one that will command;
As I am Master of the World, I'll be,
Spite of thy Scorn, the Master too of thee.

Glo. Master o'th' World! Indeed your Title's clear,
When you amongst the *Syrian* Boys appear,
Contending as for Triumphs all the Day,
To win their Nuts and bounding Stones at play.
Such Conquest with such honourable Pain,
Who but the Master of the World could gain?
Was it for this you did all Nations quell,
And by thy Arms the noble *Brutus* fell?
You the Earth's God! This your *Cæsarian* Pride!
Fly, fly, your Shame from human Knowledge hide;
To some By-path from all Observance stray,
And far from Roads of Glory take your way.

Aug. Now, Rider Love; my Life on't, down he goes:
 Look to't, I say, thy trembling Knees keep close;
 Close to my Side like Destiny now sit,
 Fix'd in my Heart-strings firmly plant thy Feet,
 For in my Teeth I've got th' ungrateful Bit,
 There, there, with that last Heave I threw him down,
 And now, I thank my Stars, my Heart's my own.
 Beauty, thou once m' Enlightner bright and kind,
 For ever set, I'll scourge thee from my Mind
 Like Day, nor shalt thou leave one Streak behind:
 Thy Lips, thy Tongue, thy Eyes have now no Charms;
 My Soul, b' Ambition wak'd to old Alarms,
 Starts up, and listens to the Clank of Arms.

Glo. Without this Circumstance my Death ordain.

Aug. No, that wou'd be to put thee out of pain:
 As haughty Virtue's sharpest Punishment,
 Thou shalt live still, but not live innocent.

Glo. Not innocent! I scorn thy impious Breath,
 I'll ope ten thousand Doors to let in Death.

Aug. Not one, I'll shut up all, and set strict Guard,
 There's not a Wicket shall be left unbarr'd;
 No Chink thro' which kind Fate may draw thy Thred,
 Or Death with his least Finger touch thee dead.

Glo. Still rack thy cruel Heart and cursed Brain,
 Yet after all, thy Wish thou shalt not gain;
 Burst with thy Malice, for I will not live,
 My Life shall starve, that Honour may survive.

Aug. Nor that, for e'er to-morrow's Sun appear,
 Thy Virgin-pride shall vanish into Air.
 Starve, *Gloriana*, in a Monarch's Bed!
 By Heav'n thou shalt to surfeiting be fed.

Glo. Still perjur'd, since it shall not, cannot be
 So rich a Purchase should be reap'd by thee;
 For tho' I should consent to have it sold,
 Thou couldst not buy, thou art so wretched old.

Aug. If Bliss anon would not less fiercely flow,
 By all my Hopes I would enjoy thee now:
 But more delib'rate Pleasure is decreed,
 I'll come by Moon-light, which my Flame shall feed,
 Like *Tarquin* pale resolv'd upon the Deed.

O *Gloriana*!

O *Gloriana*! e'er the Lark has sung
Her Morning Anthem, thou shalt say I'm young;
Love thro' my Life an equal Pace has run,
Swift near the Goal as where it first begun:
I keep my Course like the old Lord of Day,
On my red Cheeks the silver Tresses play,
I shout and drive, and never feel decay.

} Exit.

Glo. I thank thee, Heav'n, that thou dost me ordain,
For Woes no other Woman could sustain.
Woman! What Man such Tempests could outwear?
Yet, like a Rock, both Sea and Winds I'll dare.

Enter Cæsario, driving in the Captain.

Cæs. So sturdy, Sir, you that would take my Sword;
'Tis for you there: now bear it to your Lord.

[The Captain falls.]

Cæsar come forth, thou female God, appear,
Not *Plangus*, but *Cæsario* waits thee here,
The Son of *Julius*, and the wide World's Heir;
Thou hear'st, but to approach me dost not dare.
In what dark Covert are thy Glories laid,
Or do they sleep beneath some Laurel Shade?
Rock'd on thy Mistress' Lap, whose knitting Hands
Lock up thy captive Cares in downy Bands.
Wake, wake, by Heav'n my Wrath thou shalt not shun,
Tho' thou beneath her Robes for shelter run.

Glo. What art thou that wander'st in this fatal Wood,
Whose thirsty Sword seeks for majestick Blood?
Was it a borrow'd Title or true Name
Thou didst assume, whose Eyes quick rolling Flame
Glows with Ambition, Pride, Revenge and Fame?

Cæs. Ha! --- What I was you heard me speak but now;
I was I know not what, and am I know not how.
But speak, and I'll consider what to say;
I've hunted hard, and now my Heart's at Bay.

Glo. If you the Son of divine *Julius* are,
How durst you in *Augustus*' Court appear?
No Breast but yours such Rashness ever knew;
But to approach him here, and singly too,
Nought but Distraction or Despair would do.

}
} 'Tis

'Tis certain Death.

Cæs. That certain Death is past,
And I upon the blessed Shore am cast:
I track'd a Fiend I thought by Furies driv'n;
I sought for Hell, but stumbled upon Heav'n.
You are——

Glo. A Woman.

Cæs. Angels shou'd speak true,
But sure so bright a Flow'r on Earth ne'er grew:
Her Lips, her Cheeks must more than Roses be;
What Stars her Eyes, what moving Majesty?
So sweet and so imperious too they move,
Sparkling with Beauty, glitt'ring all with Love.

Enter Leander.

Lean. Haste, or the Emperor will evade the Toil;
He's almost out of sight, haste to the Spoil.

Cæs. Not *Julia's* such when all her Gems she wears,
Nor sad *Narcissa* more adorn'd with Tears;
Yield, Beauties yield, or shun this dazzling Eye,
Since those that stay will soon her Victims lie.
Like Autumn Leaves, turn yellow all and die.

Glo. Just Heav'n does sure this godlike Man provide,
To bear me from the Tyrant's Lust and Pride.
Beauty, if thou didst ever, aid me now,
That I may make this haughty Gazer bow,
This heav'nly Youth; Oh force him to adore,
To love me only: I'll never ask thee more.

Cæs. Why beats my Heart as I had Poison ta'en:
What means my burning Breast and giddy Brain?
Swift thrilling Cold with panick Terror flies,
And an unusual Thaw dissolves my Eyes.
If Love thou art, I will not take the Wound,
My Armour shall thy pointed Darts confound;
I'll draw 'em, if they cannot be withstood,
Tho' to the Feathers drinking in my Blood,
Then shake 'em at her Eyes with fix'd Disdain,
And hurl 'em to thy Godhead back again.

Enter

Enter Araspes.

Araf. Your Vengeance must another Season take.

Cæs. Love is low Play, which Warriors should forsake;
Yet what a stir does this blind Gamester make?
He makes my Heart rebound about my Breast,
And laughs to see me tire, and cries no Rest;
From side to side strikes the tormented Ball,
And with each Stroke he dints the very Wall.

Glo. If you in Fields have purchas'd high Renown,
Have with persisting Virtue wonders done,
And wreath Rewards of toiling Valour won;
Now in a Princess' Quarrel lift your Sword,
Fate never did a nobler Cause afford.

By all the mighty Battels you have fought,
By all the Trophies you with Blood have bought,
A royal suff'ring Virgin's Wrongs redress,
And kill the Giant Vice that would oppress.

Cæs. I met the Summons swift, and snatch'd the Joy,
Kindling at Death, and pânting to destroy;
Another Sword like mine you'll ne'er employ.
War was my Mistress, and I lov'd her long;
She lov'd my Musick, Shoutings were my Song,
And clashing Arms that eccho'd thro' the Plain,
Neighings of Horses, Groans of dying Men;
Notes which the Trump and hoarser Drum affords,
And dying Sounds rising from Fall of Swords.
Command, dispatch, and bid your Lightning fly,
I'll slash, I'll kill, I'll conquer in your Eye,
And after all here yield my Breath and die.

—Oh could you love!

Glo. Let Love be mention'd last,
But first to free me hence you should forecast.

Cæs. By all my Love you are already past;
You are, O Heaven! wherever you would be,
And I am with you all o'er Extasy.
High Walls and Tow'rs are level'd where you go;
You tread on Pants, and Sighs about you blow,
And Hearts in their own Bleedings round you flow.

Araf. If you would bear her safe, haste, Sir, away:

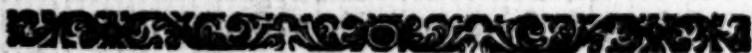
Lean. The Minute's critical, and will not stay.

Cæs.

Cæs. Move on, and bravely let us meet our Dooms;
But give me warning e'er the Tyrant comes;
I'll follow slowly, and while Love is by,
The swiftest Deaths and rushing Fates defy.

Glo. In all your Acts such godlike Manners shine,
I doubt not but your Parents are divine;
Therefore to match you with a Stock of Fame,
Know from a Race as high as yours I came;
Pompey the Great, and fair *Cornelia* gave
The Life which you so gen'rously would save.

Cæs. Ha! now I find the Cause I ne'er could love;
Long, long ago our Hearts were pair'd above;
And my Ambition join'd with Destiny,
Oft-times suggesting it could never be,
That *Cæsar's* Son who all the World had aw'd,
Shou'd wed beneath the Daughter of a God. [Exeunt.



A C T IV.

SCENE, *The Palace of Marcellus.*

Marcellus with his Sword drawn against Julia.

Mar.  Y Heav'n I'll hear no more, 'tis publick now,
Disgrace so bold is grav'd upon thy Brow,
That e'en old Age, whose Eyes are seldom clear,

Dim with Death's Mist, can read thy Falshood there:
All *Rome* with thy proclaim'd Dishonour rings,
And ev'ry Infant *Julia's* Leudnels sings.

What can thy Crimes expect from my just Rage?

Jul. Death, let my Blood your violent Wrath assuage;
'Tis better we should both for ever sleep
In Calms, than wake in Storms, and always weep.

Mar. Weep! If th' Ocean from thy Eyes were spilt,
The Ocean could not wash away thy Guilt.
Nor think that when thy Beauties shall be laid
In Earth, thy Peace is then for ever made;

No,

No, faithless Fair! still shalt thou haunted be,
And a long row of pale Adult'ers see,
And me at last pursuing them and thee.

Jul. Not haunting Furies there can rack me more
Than Jealousies on Earth that louder roar;
Tho' I should make account for ev'ry Thought,
While false Relations are by Traitors wrought,
And you believe those most that most abuse,
'Twere vain for me my Honour to excuse.

Mar. How well your Pride an Innocence can feign?
Excuse your Honour! That indeed's most vain;
Thy Purpose vain, as thy past Actions foul,
Vain all thy Thoughts with which wild Fancies roll,
And one immortal Vanity's thy Soul.

Jul. I cannot stay to hear your vain Debate.

Mar. Pass not this, 'tis guarded with thy Fate.

Jul. Strike then and free me from a world of Cares,
Better die once than always live in Fears:
Loud Clamours all the Day my Peace molest,
With perjur'd, false, I hate, renounce, detest;
Still am I wak'd by Day with these Alarms:
At Night you start, and throw me from your Arms:
Last Night your Head upon my Breast repos'd,
Just as sweet balmy Sleep my Eyes had clos'd,
Hearing me sigh, you cry'd aloud, By Heav'n
Those Sighs are to your dear lov'd *Ovid* giv'n;
But I will conjure him from *Pontus* back,
And his curs'd Life by thousand Torments take.

Mar. O *Julia*, is there not a Cause for this?
Thou say'st I rob thy Days and Nights of Peace,
Hast thou not robb'd my Life of all its Bliss?
Heav'n witness what I am, and what have been;
What thou hast done, how gloried in thy Sin,
How triumph'd in thy Ills——

Jul. What I have done
Shall to no Mortal, nor to you be known.

Mar. I'll know.

Jul. You shall not.

Mar. With this sure I shall;
I'll open ev'ry Vein, and know thee all.

Julia

Jul. Strike---To thy Vengeance summon all thy Lyes,
Which false *Tiberius*' Malice cou'd devise.

Mar. I've summon'd all he told with loyal Breath,
And all those Truths doom him to sudden Death.

Jul. Why then dost thou not strike, revenging Lord?
Behold my Breast prepar'd to meet thy Sword;
Thy cruel Kindness thus it shall approve,
Naked to anger as it was to Love.

Why shrinks thy Arm as if it fear'd to wound,
And drops thy Coward Weapon to the Ground?

Mar. I know thee false yet have not power to harm;
Fierce Passion my arm'd Vengeance does disarm:
Beauty, which thro' thy Vice I could not spy,
Did like a dang'rous Foe in Ambush lie,
Here, *Julia*, execute thy bloody Will,
I know thy purpose is at last to kill:
Be but thus kind, Life freely I resign;
Thou'rt born to break all Hearts, and must break mine.

Jul. No, my *Marcellus*, trust me from this Hour
You shall be ever my Lord Conqueror;
Thou ever wert the dearest of Mankind,
But now my Heart is to thy Looks confin'd.
By all our Loves you never were betray'd,
Henceforth be absolute, my Breast invade,
There like a gentle Monarch thou shalt sway,
And I with gentler Mind thy Laws obey.

Mar. Prove but thy Heart as heav'nly as thy Tongue,
Be but thus good, and I had never wrong.

*Enter Cæsario bloody, leading Gloriana veiled, followed by
Leander, Araspes.*

Mar. My noble Brother! what can Friendship say,
Which from my Arms absented half a Day?
Together still in Battel we did ride,
Nor cou'd united Troops the Link divide:
Shall Peace disjoin what was not broke by War,
And Crouds in Courts do more than Armies there?

Cæs. Now I shall try the Friendship which you boast;
If nownot found, let it be ever lost:

This

This Beauty with some Blood and Danger bought,
(Great Deeds for Beauty by young Blood are wrought)
I from the Den of an old Beast of Prey
Snatch'd, while abroad he did for Forage stray.

By this he is return'd, and finds her gone;
By this the Groves resound, and Forests groan.

Mar. Thus in your Cause advancing, thus I'll face
A Band of Blood-hound Furies in their chase.

Cæs. First let us lodge where they shall never find
The Hart whose Death those Hunters have design'd;
Then with Relays each to his Station go,
And bravely fall upon the Savage Foe:
Our Bugle Breath shall wind Recheats, and tell
'Tis not the Deer's but the rous'd Hunter's Knell.

Jul. While you, that Virtue might not be undone,
Look'd fierce, methought my Brows too catch'd a Frown;
I burn'd and grew ambitious to be one.
Whoe'er she be, as sure she is most fair,
For whom the Sounds of Fame so busy are,
I promise her a Covert, where she shall
Safe as in Clouds, look down upon 'em all.

Cæs. O Bounty, which my Blood can never pay!
I would do all, yet I must something say:
What Hell-born Envy, curs'd infernal Spight,
So us'd to Darkness that it hates the Light,
Shall dare, tho' Silence she with Pain endures,
Traduce a Virtue so renown'd as yours?
By Heav'n I swear, and by this faithful Steel,
So deep in Beauty's conqu'ring Quarrel dy'd,
I stand your Champion to your Cause ally'd,
To damn those Slaves that have your Fame bely'd.

Enter Narcissa running.

Nar. Fly, fly, you're lost, the Empire's overthrown!
Fly, *Plangus*, fly Sir, murder'd *Cæsar's* Son!
Not stir! By all my Fears, most cruel Prince,
Thou shalt not stay and die. I'll drag thee hence.
The Captain whom your Valour left for dead,
Heard your Discourse, and has relation made:

All's

All's out, thou art betray'd, O Heav'n ! undone ;
 What shall I say ? Thy Name, thy Birth is known ;
 Destruction gallops to thy Murder post,
 And *Cæsar* looks as if the World were lost.

Cæs. Tho' driv'n by Whirlwinds he should roll like Fire,
 I would not from this Earth one Inch retire :
 Let *Destiny* about my Death consult,
 All Thoughts of Safety from my Side revolt,
 I'll stand him tho' he were a Thunderbolt.

Nar. Perhaps my Pray'rs and low Submission may
 Divert his Wrath, or his Revenge delay.

Ful. With yours my mingled Tears and Sighs shall join,
 He may resist yours, but he shall not mine.

Nar. But if inflexibly he will deny,
 Together let us all resolve to die:

Glo. Since this secures my Honour, can I fear ?
 Not Martyrs with more Joy their Summons hear.
 Methinks I long in those dark Walks to tread,
 And wrap my self about with honour'd Lead,
 Where all the Worthies of the Earth lie dead.
 Nor shall my Spirit in that pond'rous Case
 Be kept, but shoot, as Rays thro' Crystal pass :
 Thro' Doors of Death, with Mountains pil'd on Rocks,
 With thousand Bars, and with ten thousand Locks,
 Like Lightning she shall cut her sacred way
 Thro' all, and rise to everlasting Day.

Nar. What Spirit's this more fierce than boldest Men,
 That with such Haughtiness does Life disdain ?

Cæs. O Death ! thou ever dry blood-thirsty Slave,
 All, Hell-hound, all art thou resolv'd to have ?
 But taste my Heart, 'tis royal, rich, and good,
 Each Drop's more worth than Tuns of vulgar Blood.
 Cannot th'exhausted Shore for one suffice,
 I'll make it up with Rivers from their Eyes :
 Tears will not make him drunk the Slave replies.

Glo. Can this be true ? *Cæsario*, dost thou droop ?
 Dost thou at last beneath Death's Burden stoop ?
 Is this the Hero, this the godlike Man,
 Whose Rage the stout *Iberians* over-ran ?

That

That me redeem'd this Day from rav'nous Pow'r,
And from the Pounces of the Vulture tore?

Cæs. O *Gloriana*! with Confusion I
Confess 'tis now a dreadful Thing to die;
Your fatal Purpose does to pieces tear
That Courage which all Dangers else can dare.
O live, retire, and those blest Beauties hide,
Far from the reach of *Cæsar*'s cruel Pride;
Then I shall easily Death's Yoke put on,
And calm as those that fall asleep, lie down.

Glo. Cæsario, no, unjust is thy Request,

[*Puts up her Veil, Narcissa observes her.*

Why shou'd I wake when thou art gone to rest?
And since I love thee, which I now may own,
The fastest Secrets are by Death undone,
What will Life signify when thou art gone?
Grant that I 'scape the Tyrant's Rage, and fly
To some strange Land, and leave you here to die.
Shall I survive to blot thee from my Mind?
Forget thee? or to one less brave be kind?
Is this thy Wish? or wouldst thou I should live,
And thy eternal Loss for ever grieve?

Cæs. Live, die, be free, or yield your self again,
I will no more of you, but Heav'n, complain;
Heav'n that can see such Virtue in Distress,
And with exceeding Power a Tyrant blest;
Heav'n that could smile when noblest *Romans* fell,
As if enormous Cruelties were well;
Heaven that allows this Parricide a Name
As great and good as the first Sons of Fame.

Nar. Love sparkles thro' her Shade:
His Eyes to her, and hers to him are mov'd,
She loves, she loves, and is again belov'd,
She sighs and weeps, and rolls her subtle Eyes,
And all the Charms of knowing Beauty tries;
She looks as if her very Eyes wou'd speak,
As if (ah would it might) her Heart would break.
But *Cæsar* comes, some other time I'll take
To tell my Wrongs, his Life is now at stake.

Enter

Enter Augustus, Captain, Agrippa, Mecænas, Guards.

Cap. Hither I follow'd 'em with a cautious view.

Aug. Mecænas, let him have the Talents due

Lo where the Ravished undaunted stands,
As if encompass'd with a thousand Bands;
Bold as *Briareus* warring in Heav'n's Field,
When fifty flaming Swords his Arms did wield,
And fifty Shields expos'd to Thunder held.
O my *Agrippa!* shou'd I view him long,
I shou'd forget, forgive the mighty wrong;
In that majestic Glance and fiery Air,
Methinks our awful Father does appear.

Agr. Something less fierce his Visage does renew,
Such Beams from beauteous *Cleopatra* flew,
When fighting Kings to *Egypt's* Court she drew.

Cæs. Yes, my renown'd Extraction I declare,
I am by Birth what you adopted are,
The King of Kings, and the World's lawful Heir.

Aug. Such you were nam'd by *Anthony* indeed,
But the great *Cæsar* otherwise decreed.

Cæs. What he intended who but Heav'n can tell?
Scarce seated from th' Imperial Throne he fell:
He stood on *Atlas'* Shoulders unafraid
Some Minutes, and the trampled Globe survey'd;
Fill'd with vast Business, and with Thoughts profound,
He had no leisure for a Prospect round,
For e'er to *Egypt's* Queen he could be just,
That Head which Stars encompass'd kiss'd the Dust.

Aug. Yet to make void whatever you can say,
And dash your boldest Hopes that fly at sway,
By his last Will, which was to *Romans* shewn,
I was ordain'd to mount and fill his Throne,
To scourge the World, and awe Mankind alone.

Cæs. I no Imperial Herald am to find
The source of Pow'r, and how its Riv'lets wind;
Yet this I know, your latter boast was vain,
Cæsar had ne'er adopted you to reign,
Had he known me, who from the Womb was past,
And first saw Light when he beheld it last.

Aug.

Aug. When conqu'ring *Cæsar Pompey* did pursue,
And in his Cause the *Memphian* Tyrant slew,
He bought your Mother's Love with *Egypt's* Crown,
And with her at a Kingdom's price lay down.
But having surfeited with *Beauty's* Joys,
For *Beauty* much possess'd extremely cloy,
Scar'd with his shame he wak'd to War's Alarms,
He left her pregnant, and he rush'd to Arms.
'Twas godlike, and he imitated *Jove*,
Who with excessive thundring tir'd above,
Comes down for ease, enjoys a Nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to thundring goes again.

Cæs. Talk'st thou of her basely that gave me Birth,
The most illustrious Empress of the Earth,
Whose Smiles Kings did with Adorations crave ?
By Heav'n she wou'd have scorn'd thee for her Slave.
Name not thy humbler Blood, nor let it be
Compar'd to mine, nor more than I to thee ;
Who am to thee, nor will I me commend,
A God all o'er, and thou all o'er a Fiend.

Aug. You speak, *Cæsario*, with as little dread,
As if you were at some vast Army's head ;
Were it not that I rev'rence *Cæsar's* Blood,
Thus long you had not disrespectful stood.

Cæs. O Counterfeit ! O Crocodile of Pow'r !
Not Woman e'er dissembled thus before.
Thou reverence *Cæsar's* Blood——
Thou who didst never ought that's generous do,
Who never didst forgive a noble Foe,
Me wouldst thou make believe thou canst be kind ?
I know th' Hypocrisy, thy dev'lish Mind,
Which holds thy Angel-colours high to shew,
But art all Ruin, Blood and Hell below.

Aug. Who e'er was thus provok'd and cou'd forbear ?
Be witness all, himself he will not spare.

Cæs. No, Tyrant, no, I will in publick die,
And once at last expose thy Cruelty ;
The Murders which thou hitherto hast done
Were acted close, their Authors rarely known ;

But

But I will perish in the view of all,
And to my last Gasp Tyrant, Tyrant call.

Mar. Pardon me, Father, and just Rage forgive,
I offer Life which he cannot receive,
He's so heroick that he will not live.
'Tis his desire, and for this one last Hour
I have decreed he shall be Emperor;
His Majesty's resolv'd, you heard him say,
Guards go and his imperial Will obey.

Cæs. Let 'em come on, 'tis sport that I have try'd
In hundred Battels, thousand Deaths defy'd,
And now in all their Horrors can deride. [Draws.]

(As the Guards prepare to fall on, Marcellus draws.)

Mar. Restrain your Fury, barb'rous Men! take heed.
By *Cæsar* he that goes not back shall bleed.

Aug. What now? *Marcellus*! Dar'st thou Traitor draw
Thy Sword against thy Father? where's the Awe,
The Majesty this Face was want to bear?

Mar. 'Twere Cowardice in such a Cause to fear:
No, *Cæsar*, either grant my Friend his Life.
Or see me perish in the noble Strife.

Aug. Do, perish, die; is't possible that thou
Shouldst call him Friend, who is thy Father's Foe?
He who thy only Rival is in Power,
Dost thou not know he would thy Life devour?

Who Serpent-like does to thy Bosom spring,
And with warm Foldings does about thee cling,
Watching his Time when he may shew his Sting.

Cæs. This such a Baseness is, so black a Guilt,
That all the Seas of Blood which thou hast spilt,
With all thy Clouds of Lusts, can't parallel,
Thou dost in Falshood now thy self excel:
But shou'd *Marcellus* harbour such a Thought,
I am to something worse than Ruin brought.

Mar. Tax not my Loyalty, you are too just
The Firmness of my Friendship to mistrust;
I am all yours, and you stand here as fair
And fast as e'er you stood in shining War;
As I have seen you in bright Steel sustain
The Shock of Troops that made Assaults in vain.

Aug.

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Aug. Ungrateful Wretch! unworthy of a Throne!
By Heav'n I will adopt another Son:
Canst thou thy right to Kingdoms give away,
Thy self and him who rais'd thee thus betray?
Forget what sweating Pains, what bloody Toils
We bore, t'adorn our Arms with Nations spoils;
Yet with our utmost reach scarce grasp'd a Crown,
Glory than Empire is much easier won:
Empire's like Heav'n, which who wou'd bravely win,
Must Giant-like with high assault begin;
Heap Hills on Mountains, Project add to Plot,
Till huge Foundation for the work be wrought:
And as he climbs, at Stars that cross him frown,
And tear 'em fast as petty Princes down.
Thus thro' all Opposition must he pass
O'er Walls of Crystal, Battlements of Brass;
Till Majesty cries out, this, this alone
Is he who Heav'n becomes, and sits a Throne.

Cæs. Thou talkst of Cruelty, of Blood and Toil,
Yet having hunted me into the Toil,
My Lion Rage with Words far off you brave,
But come not nigh for fear you find a Grave.

Aug. Disarm *Marcellus* and *Cæsario* slay;
Kill him, haste, kill him without more delay.

[*Julia* and *Narcissa* interpose and kneel.

Jul. Hold Father.

Nar. Hold.

Jul. Let me your Wrath atone.

Nar. O hear the Sister of your once lov'd Son.

Jul. Your Daughter hear. [They come forward

Nar. As you are great be good. on their Knees

Jul. And hear the Voice of your crying Blood.

Aug. Treason! Conspiracy! they have combin'd
With knit Disloyalty to break my Mind,
To waste my Spirits, and to bow my Will;
Yet like an old tough Oak I'll hold out still:
Spite of the Sighs that blow, and Show'rs that weep,
My Soul to Death shall her vow'd purpose keep.
Speak, break your Hearts, the Gusts of Grief I'll tire,

Like hammer'd Anvil I'll more blows require,
That at each stroak my Eyes may scatter Fire.

Nar. By all the godlike Honours you have won.

Jul. By all the Nations that you have undone.

Nar. Stop here, the Tempest of your Fury lay,
Do not the Earth with lasting Storms dismay.

Jul. Or to your rolling Thunder give a Check,
Or let the Cloud upon your Daughter break.

Aug. Yes, Vipers! yes, by *Jupiter* it shall!

I'll lighten, thunder and consume ye all.

Kill 'em, Guards, kill my Niece, my Daughter, Son;
'Tis glorious Death they see, haste, push 'em on.

Ha! Villains—Traitors, dare ye thus give back?
My self in my own Cause revenge will take.

[*Agrippa and Mecænas hold him.*

Tho' Blood's below an Emperor to spill,
I'll first disarm 'em, and then you shall kill.

[*Strives to get from Agrippa.*

Thus an old Lion struggles with his Prey,
Which when all torn his flaming Eyes survey,
The royal Savage scorns the easy Prize,
And calls his young ones forth with dreadful cries;
He gathers round him all the cruel Brood,
Thus calls 'em on, and fleshes 'em in Blood.

[*Breaks from their Arms, Gloriana unveils and meets him.*]

Glo. Augustus, hold, and *Cæsar's* Son retire,
'Tis just that I for all shou'd once expire;
Cæsario but for me you ne'er had known,
Who sav'd my Life by hazarding his own.
Because *Cæsario* has my Honour freed,
Your Doom has sentenc'd him and these to bleed;
Which to avoid, and set all right again,
Cæsar, I yield to wear my former Chain.

Cæs. Ah cruel Princess! What, what have you done?
And whither wou'd you from *Cæsario* run?
All's lost for which I thought Life worth regard;
You have your self transferr'd that dear Reward
Which I with thousand Dangers wou'd have bought,
You have your self my sharpest Torments wrought.

Death

Death I cou'd meet in its most hideous Forms,
In brazen Bulls, in Racks, Wheels, Fires, and Storms,
But cannot see you his——Here, Tyrant, take
[Renders his Sword.

A Life that does its own disquiets make.
To her Vexation, Terror 'tis to thee,
But of all Torments 'tis the worst to me.

Aug. I take thy Sword, and when I think it fit,
Thy Soul her melancholy House shall quit.

Glo. By all heroick Proofs of your high Fame,
When yours I cease to be I nothing am :
Conceal'd exalted Projects fill my Mind,
I had not else to *Cæsar* thus resign'd
What is all yours.

Cæs. By Heav'n you are all his;
Already he is hastning to his Bliss.
How to your self unkind, to me unjust,
That wou'd to one so known a Tyrant trust?
I see his Eyes red with triumphant Lust.
I see him from your sacred Body tear
The scatter'd Robes in your dishevled Hair;
I see his bloody Hand, I hear his Tongue
Cry yield, and now I see you thrown along;
Hands tir'd, Speech lost, no Rhet'rick now appears,
But speaking Sighs, and more persuading Tears:
Now grasping thee my Fancy shews him nigher,
Pale as thy Cheeks, and shaking with desire,
I see him on thy vanquish'd Honour tread,
I see the Rape, and with the fight am dead.

Aug. Death! ——I'll endure no more, haste, lead her
And, Guards, upon your Lives secure the Prince. (hence;
How dar'it thou gaze thus now thy Doom is past?

Cæs. I'll look my Soul out.

Aug. Do, this Look's thy last.
To rack thee more, thou shalt look once again,
And pass by Heav'n to Hell; 'tis witty pain,
And worthy of a King's revengeful Brain.
As obscene Birds snatch the Remains of Light,
Rise late in Summer-Eves, and set in Night;
So like a Bat thou shalt her Eyes survey,
Then in Death's deepest Darkness dive away.

(He goes out, follow'd by Marcellus, Julia, Narcissa,
who seem to intreat him; Guards stay.)

Cæs. O Gloriana!

Glo. O *Cæsario*!

Cæs. Cease;

Let's seal our Lips with everlasting Peace.

Griefs so unutterable who can speak?

Glo. Have we Hearts still?

Cæs. Grant Heav'n that mine may break.

Glo. *Cæsario*, we must part.

Cæs. Gods! she's in haste,

The time the Tyrant gave she wishes past.

Glo. *Cæsar's* Commands will instantly be sent,

'Tis better to divide than to be rent.

How much I love——

Cæs. That I wou'd dying hear,
And to the Shades the sweet Expression bear.

Glo. Why shou'd you wish what cannot be exprest,
But guess my Flame by that which warms your Breast?

Love's Magnitude is harder to declare,

Than 'tis to tell the Bigness of a Star.

This I can say, if that can Passion shew,

With you I'd rather to a Cottage go,

Than with *Augustus* live and wear a Crown;

'Tis Death to part——and yet I must be gone.

This tho' I know, I cannot but look back,

And sigh Adieus, and thousand Farewells take.

I linger after you, and wish your sight,

Like Birds that languish for the morning Light:

Like Babes unkindly wean'd, that take no rest,

But bath'd in Tears lie pining for the Breast;

I seek your Heart, and when I find it gone,

I weep and sigh as I wou'd break my own.

Cæs. 'Tis Love, 'tis Love, the great dear extasy,

And I with Raptures find you equal me:

O that such Loves shou'd have so quick a Doom!

Like lives of Lillies, blasted in their Bloom:

Yet we'll appear in this last Minute strong,

And talk as if our Joys shou'd flourish long:

We

Aug.

Affrig
Yet h

We like protesting Swains, will plight our Faith,
And wish that when we break't, our perjur'd Breath
May straight be stopt by the cold Hand of Death.

Glo. If not to Death my Passion I preserve,
And all the Love which you can give deserve,
Tho' from their Seats the rival Gods came down,
And each shou'd woe me with a starry Crown;
Tho' the fine Sun, or finer God of Love,
Shou'd swear they priz'd me more than Joys above;
Yet if to them in all the Beams they wear,
I did not thee in humble Weeds prefer,
May Lions bolting from the nearest Wood,
Quench their hot Thirst in *Gloriana's* Blood.

Cæs. If thou more fair than the red Morning's dawn,
Sweeter than pearly Dews that scent the Lawn;
Than blue-ey'd Violets, or the damask Rose
When in her hottest Fragrancy she glows,
And the cool West her wasted Odours blows;
If thou art not the Darling of my Soul,
May Mountains big with Curses on me roll.

Glor. On me may Lightnings fall, and Mildews rain,
And may I die at last of Mother's pain.

Cæs. May *Jove* show'r all his Thunders on my Head,
And may I be despis'd when I am dead;
Then as I lie all pale upon the Ground,
May ev'ry Virgin give my Breast a Wound;
May no Eye pity me, nor Heart deplore
That faithless Wretch who his first Love forswore. [Ex.]



ACT V.

SCENE, *The Imperial Chamber.*

Augustus, Narcissa.

Aug.



WHAT! shall I never rest till I am dead

Nar. I'll wake you in your everlasting
Bed;

I'll banish silence from your Ears, your
Eyes

Affright with Forms of ghastly Miseries:

Yet hear me——

I 3

Aug.

Aug. Thou shalt be a Monarch's Wife,
Ask me no more to spare *Cæsario's* Life;
A Vagabond thou shouldst disdain to own,
I swear I'll match thee to a Prince; be gone.

Nar. A Prince! what Prince, what King, what God }
Equal to him, to my Divinity? (can be }
He is a Prince, a King, a God to me;
Hy Heart's first, last, chief, only Joy;
Can you hear this, yet purpose to destroy?
O Iron Heart!

Aug. Yet you can make it run.
Soft Fool, be gone: By Heav'n she melts me down.

Nar. My milky Infancy why did you grace, }
And flatter so while you did me embrace? }
And swear this was the prettiest charming Face; }
Is there no sweetness left, nor grace to move? }
Am I grown old? Have I quite lost your Love?
No kind Remains? All Promises forgot?

Aug. They are, they are, and I will pay thee nought;
I'm call'd to high Affairs and must not stay,
Go to your Garden-huswifery, away.

Nar. 'Tis well indeed you can remember that;
Oft-times as I on Beds of Violets sat,
You on my Knees plac'd your Majestick Head,
While on your Crown my Infant-fingers plaid,
And all your Silver-hairs in order laid; }
And then you smil'd and promis'd, nay you swore }
Whatever I cou'd ask of bounteous Pow'r, }
It shou'd be granted: This you needs must know, }
And Heav'n that heard you sure will angry grow, }
And will revenge, if you deny me now.

Aug. *Augustus* cannot with *Cæsario* stand:
Asking his Life, thou dost my Death demand.
'Two *Cæsars* the rent World will ne'er obey,
As well two Rival Suns might drive the Day,
Or *Jove* a Partner brook in heav'nly sway.

Nar. Poor Prince, you wrong him, he an Emperor!
Alas he never meant to share your Pow'r;
Spare but his Life, and he with me shall dwell,
In Groves which all your Palaces excel;

Where

Where Heav'n and Earth their choicest Wealth bestow,
Where no such Weeds as Pride and Envy grow.
We'll mock the Arts of Courts, and harms of State,
Where those are highest that wade deep in Fate,
Like Giants very cruel, very great.

Aug. Well, leave me, I'll consider what to do;
Cæsar lives, and owes his Life to you.

Nar. Live! shall he live! O Heav'n's pronounce it plain;
Speak, let him live, distinctly once again;
That I may die upon the ravish'd sound,
And with my last Breath echo Live, around.
But you perhaps your mystick Mind unfold
In riddling Terms, like Oracles of old;
And I unknowing Innocence may take
Your purpose wrong, and some gross Error make.
Dear dreadful Sir, let me this Grace receive. [Kneels.
Shall he without Equivocation live?

Enter Gloriana.

Aug. Rise, dear *Narcissa*, rise, haste and retire,
I yield, I grant whatever you require.

Nar. This is my hated Rival; e'er I go,
I'll watch, and what she acts with *Cæsar* know. [Exit.

Aug. Ambition's Poison which the Spirits burn,
And all the Blood to liquid Sulphur turn;
The Toil of War when Action makes us sweat,
Scorch'd with our sultry Arms redoubled heat,
Plagues, Surfeits, Fevers, the great harms of Peace,
Contracted by excessive idleness,
Are Dew-drops to the Brands, the glowing Fire
You kindle here, and with your Breath inspire.

Glor. My Tears shall quench the Flame.

Aug. You may as well
Put out the Sun, or quench the Fires of Hell.
I thought you set for ever, but you rise
More glorious, more tormenting to my Eyes.

Glor. Of furious Passion why shou'd you complain
To me? Am I the Author of your pain?

Or can I help what you ordain shall be?
 You raise the Storms, and cast 'em upon me.
 The Works of Beauty, like it self, are fair;
 I beg for Peace, 'tis you that thunder War:
 Like *March* tyrannick Rage black Tempests pours,
 But I like *April* am all Sun and Show'rs.

Aug. 'Tis true, continu'd Storms my Peace molest,
 And like old Ocean I can never rest;
 About my Head many State-Tempests sing,
 And rapid Troubles the rais'd Billows wing:
 Yet Beauty's influence, like the Moon's below,
 Is cause of Passion's constant Ebb and Flow,
 But 'tis at length by me resolv'd, I will
 For the World's quiet and my own, be still;
 You like the Queen of Love, wasted in Calms,
 Distilling cordial Sweets and healing Balms,
 Shall lull my stormy Cares, and rock my Head
 On the soft Pillows of thy Bosom laid.

Glor. Shall then *Cæsario* live?

Aug. He shall, he must,
 'Tis indisputable, be thou but just:
 With Kindness my unwearied Love regard,
 And give my Services their due Reward.

Glor. Let him but live, and that Reward may come.

Aug. Live! he shall live beyond the Day of Doom;
 Consent, yield, bow thy Beauties to my Will——
 Wouldst thou have Blood? thou shalt whole Nations spill;
 Or if t' oblige the World you'd Breath bestow,
Cæsario's Life will be too little; no,
 His Immortality can ne'er suffice,
 Speak but the word, the dead, the dead shall rise;
 Heroes that dy'd a thousand Years ago,
 Shall burst Death's Adamantine Gates below,
 Tho' *Pluto* shou'd himself the Porter stand,
 And rush amaz'd to Light, at thy command.

Glor. 'Tis fit that none beneath an Emp'ror shou'd
 Mingle with *Pompey's* high extracted Blood;
 We know *Cæsario's* young, and charming fierce,
 But 'tis *Augustus* rules the Universe:

Yet

Yet since *Cæsar* durst attempt so well,
Why let him live, but in strange Countries dwell,
And not presume to shew his Follies here;
He dies if he again in *Rome* appear.

Aug. My Passion drinks your Eyes refreshing Streams;
Catches your Breath, and hovers o'er the Steams;
I reel, my Joy's so sprightly fierce refin'd,
Yes, Madam, Love's the Drunkenness o'th' Mind:
Men rais'd with Wine equal with Monarchs move,
But Kings are Gods when extasy'd by Love.

Glor. With equal Passion I your Raptures greet,
With as fierce Fires your hottest Burnings meet;
Fierce as *Thalestris*, *Alexander* fought,
But with such Arms as no Destruction wrought:
I'll rush upon you with a Heav'n of Charms,
And make you buckle when you're out of Arms.

Aug. O thou art all the sweetness of the Earth;
Thou mak'st me young, nay giv'st me a new Birth;
And dost such Virgin-thoughts to me restore,
As if I ne'er had known Delights before.

Narcissa meets 'em going out.

Nar. Stay, *Cæsar*, stay, thou Man of mighty Ill;
Hear me, and all the Stings of Horror feel;
If you persist, go on in this dark way,
May you arrive at Hell; may never Day,
Nor Glory which did once your Breast enflame,
Gild your Atchievements, nor adorn your Name:
May you be hurl'd from the high Helm of State,
And seem more vile than ever you were great.

Aug. This Seed of Fire, lest it shou'd spread about,
I will discreetly in its growth put out;
She shall a Pris'ner be, take her away.

Nar. Bind me in Dungeons, yet I will not stay;
To publish thy Disgrace I'll shoot thro' Pores,
I'll pierce, I'll fly, I'll burst the Prison Doors;
'This Seed of Fire shall get ten thousand Fears,
And set the World on blaze about your Ears.

Aug. No, to the Vestals you shall go, and there;
 Since you're so hot, the sacred Fires repair;
 While you have any Breath there reek your spight,
 This frantick Zeal will make 'em burn more bright.

Glor. Tho' highly born, yet educated low,
 Distance, Degrees, and Forms she cannot know;
 She like a Shepherdess by Princes lov'd,
 Is dazzl'd with the height to which she's mov'd.
 Tho' bold to madness, pardon her for me,
 Excuse her Ignorance and leave her free.

Nar. At thy Request! disdainful as you are,
 Offending, false, and most destructive Fair,
 Rather than with thy Pray's I'll freedom buy,
 Dark as thy Soul I will in Dungeons lie.
 By Philters, Witchcraft, and infernal Art,
 'Tis true that thou hast stoln *Cæsario's* Heart;
 Thou like a cruel Fairy didst convey
 That dear belov'd, that darling Heart away, } [*weeping.*
 And in its room a cold dead Figure lay.
 But I will be reveng'd, to pieces tear
 Those borrow'd Eyes, and that enchanted Hair;
 Pull off thy Pride, disrobe thy gorgeous Pow'r,
 And stripp'd of those, shew thee a Witch all o'er.

Aug. Away to some dark Room let her be had,
 For either you and I, or she is mad.

Nar. Yes, go devour your selves with eager Lust,
 Gnash with the Pangs of Passion, grind to Dust;
 Join'd with Dishonour infamously one,
 So may ye to the blushing World be shewn:
 As once the grim lascivious God of War,
 Caught by the jealous Husband's watchful Care,
 Kissing Love's melting Empress, was betray'd,
 Ridiculous to all high Rulers made,
 May thy Gold Scepter wither in her hand,
 Still be a Slave, and still may she command.

[*Exit.*

Glor. *Cæsar* is mov'd, in his confid'rate Eye
 I read Remorse, and warring Passions spy;
 With stronger Charms 'tis just I draw him on,
 Lest the revenging Deed be left undone.

Aug.

Aug. No, I'll not go to bed to taste the Joy,
The lovely Poison whose sad sweets destroy;
Neither in Bed nor Throne I'll be her Slave,
That Nest of Pleasures, but my Honour's Grave:
Here like *Pigmalion's* Image will I stand,
But never to be warm'd by any Hand.

Glor. What sudden Horror's this that clouds your Eyes,
Like Damps which from some Vault's foul bottom rise?
Smoth'ring the chearful Lights that shone ere while,
It turns to mortal Frowns your ev'ry Smile:
The Breath of any Man can warm, or chill,
But yours alone can make alive, or kill.

Aug. Of late so coy, and now so forward grown:
The Mysteries of Love I have not known,
Nor can I this dark Riddle's meaning guess;
If Fate be in't, let Fate it self exprefs:
I feel vast Appetite, yet dread to eat,
As if I saw that Death were in the Meat.
As half starv'd Fish that fear the mortal Hook,
Yet by the lovely Bait drawn in are strook;
She hangs so fair, so tempting to my Eye,
Let Ruin wait, I'll taste her tho' I die.

[*Exeunt.*

S O N G.

*How severe is Fate to break a Heart
That never went a roving;
To torture it with endless smart,
For too much constant loving:
I bleed, I bleed, I melt away,
I wash my watry Pillow:
I walk the Woods alone all day,
And wrap me round in Willow.*

Cæsar *solus*, rising as from Sleep.

Cæs. I'll not endure't; hence from my Fancy rush,
Or I to nought your frightful Air will crush:
Methought I saw her in *Augustus'* Bed,
And after by my side beheld her dead.

Die, *Gloriana*, better thou shouldst bleed,
Than once consent in Thought to such a Deed.

Enter Narcissa.

O beauteous Virgin, Daughter of the Spring,
Who to my Winter dost refreshings bring,
Still all in Tears? Like the celestial Bow,
Bending with Cares and Sorrows that o'erflow;
Tho' bright yet sad thy shinings all appear,
And on thy ev'ry Glory hangs a Tear.

Nar. Alas I know not what I have to say,
Yet I methinks could talk to you all day;
Tell you the mightiness of Tyrant Love,
And how I cou'd from Courts with you remove;
Cou'd like the humble Lark in my cold Nest,
Abroad all Night in frosty Meadows rest:
So I my Vows to you my Star might bring,
And ev'ry Morning Songs of Sorrow sing.

Cæs. O Torment which the gen'rous cannot bear:
Cease thy lamented Story to declare,
Doleful and sweet as waking Nightingales,
When they repeat in Groves their tragick Tales.

Nar. Is it then writ in the dark Books above,
That you the poor *Narcissa* ne'er shall love?
That she shall languish with eternal Pain,
And never, never be belov'd again?
O stay, I see denial in your Eyes:
Yet as when some belov'd Relation dies,
We to the Person whom he lov'd most dear
With Caution come, first asher Doubt then Fear,
And with sad Preparation teach the Ear;
So to my trembling Heart be cruel, kind,
And sooth with soft delays my wounded Mind.

Cæs. I will for ever thus before thee stand,
Walk, sit, or live, or die at thy command.

Nar. 'Tis Heav'n to be thus Part of one poor Hour,
To gaze and talk; alas, I ask no more.
And yet methinks ———

If you and me the Emperor wou'd secure;
Where you my Company must needs endure,

In some close Prison for a Year or so,
I'd find such thousand ways my Love to shew,
With thousand pretty Offices to serve,
That you should say at last he does deserve——
Nay sigh perhaps, and as I weary lay
Before your Feet, with Tears my Labour pay.

Cæs. O arm thy gentle Bosom with Disdain,
And o'er thy Heart a noble Conquest gain.
Think me alas unworthy to receive,
And the vast Present to some other give.

Nar. There is no reason why we love, nor how;
Yet to the Yoke we all submissive bow:
With equal Feet Love treads on Kings and Swains;
Like Death, o'er ev'ry Neck he casts his Chains;
He wakes in Thrones, and sleeps in flow'ry Plains.

Cæs. Will you forgive me, if I press to hear
How *Gloriana* does her Sorrows bear?

Nar. Yes, that's the beauteous Thief that stole my Right,
In whom your Soul ignobly does delight;
For the Blest know, tho' she more beauteous be,
In Virtue she comes short, far short of me.
Vile as she is, untrue to all her Vows,
Who now the Tyrant's proffer'd Lust allows.

Cæs. O do not spot thy Virgin Purity
With such Untruths, for one so lost as I.
She vile! ungentle, cruel as you are,
Take heed, take heed, thou most injurious Fair,
And speak no more, lest you be understood
To have a Spice of *Cæsar* in your Blood.

Nar. If there be Truth in what the Dying say,
Who wou'd, suspected with the Living stay,
By Heav'n she is as false as I am true,
And *Cæsar* wholly does her Soul subdue:
To Banishment she call'd your sentenc'd Head,
And sleeps this Night in the Imperial Bed.

Cæs. Never such Thundring shall my Vengeance make,
Tho' she were charm'd, she should no Slumber take,
Tho' she were 'sleep——'sleep! were she dead yet she
shou'd wake,

I'll rouse her with the Noise of all my Wrongs,
 Furies shall call her with eternal Tongues,
 False, false, forsworn——But I unjust appear,
 And you more cruel than the Tyrant are;
 Cruel to add to such a Mass of Grief,
 And I unjust to give your Words Belief.

Nar. How! think me guilty of a Lye; O Heav'n!
 Have I liv'd thus!——Yet may you be forgiv'n:
 I am unfit to live and you to love,
 Let me to Death, and you to War remove;
 You cannot be too rude in Armour dress'd,
 Since Cruelty is there like Fame profess'd,
 Like Love in Courts, it raves in ev'ry Breast.
 Nor shall I need your Sword to make a Wound,
 This last Unkindness weighs me to the Ground.
 O all ye Vows of Passion that I gave!
 Return, and let me hide ye in the Grave.

Cæs. Fall first ten Millions such as I, e'er thou
 To any Grief my Folly murmur'd bow:
 Look up, thou Eye o'th' World, why does the Red
 That now adorn'd thy Cheeks appear so dead?
 What fatal Purple's this that shakes thy Lip?

Nar. I'm adding one small Grain to Death's vast Heap,
 Thy Love, thy Love, hard-hearted *Cæsar's* Son,
 The poor accus'd *Narcissa* has undone.
 Methinks you are not now so lovely quite,
 Or else 'tis Death that darkens thus my Sight:
 Not to believe!——'twas so unkind a part,
 There wanted only that to break my Heart.

Cæs. Believe! I swear I do, I will believe,
 And but for thee I will hereafter live;
 I'll tear that cruel Sorceress from my Breast,
 And plant thee there of all my Heart possess'd:
 O do not die and leave me dumb, deaf, blind,
 Expos'd to all the Curses of Mankind;
 Whole Earth will warm it self against my Head,
 And all the Damn'd torment me when I'm dead.

Nar. Ah soft Repose, how sweetly now I rest,
 As if your Bosom were with Roses dress'd:

Would

Would you have been thus kind if I had liv'd?

Cæs. Witness——

Nar. Nay, now you shall not be believ'd:

O *Gloriana*, blest above Women, how
Didst thou this Heart to thy false Beauty bow?
I overheard her with the Emperor,
'Tis dying Truth, she loves you less than Pow'r;
But I above the World, or that high Bliss
To which I haste——For my Soul's lasting Peace:
Give me thy Love——no more.

Cæs. My Soul receive,

Which thus insus'd, shall a new Being give,
Breathe with my Breath, and with my Being live.

Nar. The mighty Cordial does my Senses cloy,
I die like those that surfeit with vast Joy:
Had you such Words some Minutes sooner spoke,
They'd fasten'd Life, but now 'tis vain to speak,
For what can hold us when our Heart-firings break?

[*Dies.*]

Cæs. Take me along, by Heav'n I'll follow thee,
But how, no Instrument of Destiny?
Heart, canst not break like hers? — how calm she went;
But mine's too big, and must with Fate be rent,
Torn from my Prison House: why so it shall,
I'll rush and leave my Brains on yonder Wall.
Die! 'tis most fit; yet e'er the Deed be wrought,
Shall not the Blood of *Pompey* know her Fault?
Yes, *Gloriana*, yes, thou murd'ring Fair,
I'll hollow Death and Vengeance in thy Ear;
Rouze thee from Glory's Grave with potent Cries,
Charm'd like a naked Ghost compell'd to rise.

Enter Marcellus.

Mar. I bring thee hasty News, live, live, but fly.

Cæs. News for thy News, look there and bid me die.

Mar. My Sister dead!

Cæs. She parted from Life's Tree
Hard, like green Fruit, and she was pluck'd by me:
Why dost thou bend her? Life thou canst not mould;
She is like Alabaster, fair but cold.

Mar.

Mar. O barb'rous Friend!—Friend! I the Name disown,
But 'tis thy Blood that must her Loss atone;
Thy own curst Tongue which did her Murder boast,
Has sentenc'd thee to Death——For ever lost,
Die, royal Wretch——

Cæs. What does thy Arm arrest?
I have no Sword, and proffer thee my Breast:
Why dost thou turn thy melting Eyes away?
I am in haste for Death, and cannot stay.

Mar. Thou art not yet so black, but my quick Sight
Thro' all thy Shades can spy some Streaks of Light;
Tho' bloody, thou art valiant, and I scorn
To give base Death to one so nobly born:
Thou shalt in equal Duel perish.

Cæs. No,
Thou wert my Friend, and canst not be my Foe.
'Tis true, thy Sister died for love of me;
Can Mortals help what Heav'n sets down shall be?
Am I in Fault? To thee I must be so;
Then right thee here, 'twill prove a welcome Blow.

Enter Julia.

Jul. *Cæsario*, live! what means my fatal Lord?
Is't possible that you can draw your Sword
Against your Friend, that Friend whose Life of late
Our Pray'rs redeem'd from near approaching Fate?

Mar. Look there, and blame the Vengeance I should give;
Is this a Friend? does he deserve to live?
The horrid Crime which he has done peruse,
And then the Justice of my Rage excuse.

Cæs. Something in this last Treatment shews thee base;
Thou call'st my Crime what my Misfortune was:
Should I have us'd thee thus, who wert to me
A thousand times more dear than Life cou'd be?

Jul. How e'er unfortunate, 'twas a dread Deed,
At such a Sight my Father's Eyes will bleed.
Yet, oh *Marcellus*! spare *Cæsario*'s Life,
'Tis due to Friendship, and your weeping Wife.

Sorrow

Sorrow so noble paints his manly Look,
That to the Heart I am with Pity strook.
Let his Life's former Acts this once persuade,
For Faults perhaps which his Ill-fortune made.

Mar. 'Tis in the Clouds what e'er it be, and why,
But my Heart says, by me he cannot die;
But fly, be gone to some far Desert, where
Thou mayst with Safety live, thou canst not here;
For tho' we spare thee, *Cæsar* will not spare.

Jul. Go, go, *Cæsario*, fly thy threatening Fate,
And fly from those thou mak'st unfortunate.

Cæs. Wretch that I am, and Terror to the Earth!
Where, where is now th' Advantage of my Birth,
But to be highly miserable? No,

Marcellus, yet there's something left to do;
Bring me, before we part for ever, where
I may to *Gloriana's* Guilt appear:

By Heav'n, not she nor *Cæsar* shall be harm'd,
For I will go with nought but Sorrow arm'd.
By all Remembrance of our Friendship past,
Grant me this one Request, for 'tis my last.

Mar. I will do this! go not that way, my Eyes
Grow sick, and Clouds of Death before me rise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Emperor's Bed-Chamber.*

Gloriana sola, dress'd in White, with a Dagger in
her Hand, Tapers, &c.

Glo. He dies, this Idol of the Earth shall down;
That Brow that aw'd the World with ev'ry Frown,
This Night shall bear its Terrors to the Grave,
There Great *Augustus* shall his Empire have.
When he is dead, *Marcellus* must ascend,
And to high Safety call his noble Friend:
To save my Honour, and *Cæsario* too,
What more can *Gloriana* wish to do?
O Love! how masculine are all my Fires?
With what dread Thoughts the God my Breast inspires?
When

When like a Lion all compos'd to rest,
 The Tyrant leans upon my Virgin-Breast,
 In golden Dreams expecting boundless Bliss,
 I'll rock him fast, for ever fast with this.
 But hark he comes, I must my Arm prepare;
 I'll to the Bed, and wait his coming there.

Cæsario enters, goes to the Bed, draws the Curtain, and gazes on her; she rises amaz'd.

Glo. Who's this? am I awake, or do I see?
Cæsario here indeed, can this be he?
 If thou be *Cæsar's* Son that did adore
 The Blood of *Pompey*, speak, or love no more.

Cæs. Love no more.

Glo. Why dost thou thus with frightful Action gaze?
 Or art thou but the Ghost of him that was?

Cæs. The Ghost of him that was.

Glo. Such by thy Redfast Eyes thou wouldst appear,
 Thy dread Replies unusual Horror bear,
 Yet sure that Form my Soul can never fear.
 Who was thy Murd'rer, if thou murder'd be?

By *Cæsar* slain? or wert thou kill'd by the——

Cæs. Kill'd by thee.

Glo. Cease, horrid Eccho, cease and tell at large,
 What dost thou seek, what is it thou wouldst charge?
 Some dreadful Business drives thy stormy Mind,
 In *Gloriana's* Breast a Haven find.

Art thou distracted with thy mighty Grief?
 Or wouldst thou gain from wretched me Relief?

Cæs. I came to seek for painted Virtue here,
 For one exceeding false, exceeding fair;
 For one whose Breast shone like a Silver Cloud,
 But did a Heart compos'd of Thunder shroud;
 For one more weeping than the Face of *Nile*,
 Whose liquid Crystal hides the Crocodile;
 For one who, like a God from Heav'n, did pour
 Rich Rain, but Lust was in the golden Show'r;
 For one who, like *Pandora*, beauteous flew,
 But a long train of Curses with her drew;

For

For one who like a Rock of Diamonds stood,
But hemm'd with Death, and universal Flood.

Glo. Did I not know you of the noblest Frame,
I must confess you might the manner blame:
Appearance would some jealous Troubles raise,
Respect the Time, the Posture and the Place;
But trust me and retire.

Cæs. Still worse——Retire,
And leave thee here to roll in sinful Fire,
Like a fair Glutton gorging vast Desire.
O Appetite of Angels! such with Awe
Thou didst appear when first thy Form I saw;
Glory came down, and Beauty hover'd there,
But fleeting as the Bosom of the Air:
Air not more wish'd, nor easier had than thou;
Air which the Gods to Men and Brutes allow.

Glo. Have I deserv'd this? but you may go on,
My Faith will better by your Guilt be shewn.

Cæs. 'Tis true, the Dress of Innocence you have,
You look as you were going to a Grave,
Prepar'd to crumble into Rosy Dust,
To meet a Tomb, and not the Bed of Lust:
Such Heav'n is in your Face all clean and white,
Like Goddesses in Flesh, so clear to Sight;
But 'tis not fit I tell what's lodg'd within,
How full thy Bosom is of foulest Sin.

Glo. Speak, for I am prepar'd the worst to hear.

Cæs. O such a Heart thou hast that lodges there,
It all things deadly and perverse does will:
So in bright Palaces black Tyrants kill;
So mortal Damps are hid in golden Mines,
And deprav'd Spirits lurk in sacred Shrines.

Glo. Have you done yet?

Cæs. The Ills that thou hast done,
Will, like the Steeds of Night, for ever run,
Furies still lashing on;——for thee, Ingrate,
I was the Cause of dead *Narcissa's* Fate.

Glo. O Heav'ns!

Cæs. 'Twas Love of thee that urg'd her Doom:
Thou thought'st thy Perjury should never come.

To

For

To these deluded Ears; but 'twas from her
I learnt how excellently false you were:
But I, fond Fool, would not believe, till she
By Death confirm'd thy matchless Treachery.

Glo. I seem'd indeed with *Cæsar* to consent,
But 'twas to give him fatal Punishment;
To end his Tyrannies with one great Blow,
Which all your Rage in vain essay'd to do.
For this I leant on the Imperial Bed,
Deeply resolv'd with this to strike him dead;
For this I urg'd you to retire at first.
'Tis true, or may I be for ever curs'd.

Cæs. I know, I know you cannot want Excuse,
The Fair are still most witty in Abuse;
But I am arm'd, with Demonstration arm'd,
And will no more with Beauty's Wounds be harm'd:
Did not the Dying speak it? perfect Proof;
I heard, I've seen, by Heav'n there is enough:
I will be deaf as Winds when Seamen pray,
And sweep as furious and as swift as they.

Glo. Yet cruel turn?

Cæs. By all the Gods, I'll not,
I am resolv'd, and will no more be caught:
Thus turning from thee, thus I lose the Sight
Of all I ever lov'd. I'll take my Flight
Beyond the *Scythian* Hills, where horrid Care
With her cold Sighs chills all the neighb'ring Air;
Freezes Life's Heat, and binds the springing Blood;
Where Mirth and Joy are Words not understood;
Where thousand Sorrows shoot along the Glades,
And melancholy sits in mighty Shades:
Thither I'll fly, and darken all the Place,
And with new Clouds the solemn Mourners grace;
With Floods of Tears I'll wash the Stains of Love,
And raise all *Cæsar* to the Thrones above.

Glo. Be gone, to Death, to Death, *Cæsario*, fly,
Or if you fear, I'll teach you how to die:
I'll be your Guide in your dark course, and show
The way to Heav'n, which sure you do not know:

I'll imp your Pinions, when they flag with Guilt,
And rest you on some Cloud's embroider'd Quilt;
Chide your Suspicions as you weeping sit,
Yet pardon all the Faults you did commit.

Thou wilt believe me true when I am dead,
And Death will free me from the Tyrant's Bed:
Turn then, behold the Offering which I make,
The last of *Pompey* dying for thy sake.

Cæs. Hold, *Gloriana*, desperate murd'ring Fair!
Thus, is it thus thou woud'st thy Honour clear?
Each drop that falls will to an Ocean swell,
To swallow me; (who can the Horror tell?)
I drown, I'm sunk beneath the Depths of Hell.

But I'll not speak to thee, my Breath's so foul,
That ev'ry poisonous Word will blast thy Soul.

Glo. Ah cruel kind! I can but lose thee now,
And Death's less dreadful than thy angry Brow;
The dreadful Scene was so severely wrought,
Except I dy'd, I must be guilty thought:
But I'll no more the Crime of Fate upbraid;
Wipe thy bath'd Eyes, and raise thy drooping Head,
Alas, we were not for each other made.

Cæs. Night! everlasting Night! ——— Oh!

Glo. Do not grieve; ———

With my last Breath Pardon and Love receive.
Support me. ———

Cæs. Firmer than old *Atlas* stands,
And prop a richer Heav'n with mortal Hands.

Glo. Take me secur'd from past and future harms,
Bow'd to thy Neck, and sinking in thy Arms:
I go the long dark way ———

Cæs. Not yet.

Glor. Farewel.

[Dies.

Cæs. Back, thou departing Life, back to the Cell,
Her Heart in Heav'n, thou canst not sweeter dwell;
Move the still Pulse, and thaw each frozen Vein;
Return, I say, I'll force thee back again;
Catch the bare Soul just plunging into Bliss,
And give it back with this fast deathless Kiss.

Enter

Enter Augustus in his Night-gown.

Aug. Thus when the Royal Eagle stoops to pair,
With a delib'rate Wing he beats the Air;
Views all the Queens of his Heroick Race,
To judge whose Eyes deserve Imperial Grace:
But having chose, aloft his Empress bears
To kiss *Jove's* feet, and know her kindred Stars:
So shall my Mistress sit enthron'd above,
First share my Glory, and then taste my Love.
Ha! who art thou? my Rival arm'd! who waits?
Cæsar's betray'd. —

Enter Mecænas and Guards.

Cæs. Call the opposing Fates,
With all the Forces of the fighting Earth,
For I wou'd perish as becomes my Birth.

Aug. How cam'st thou here?

Cæs. I will not tell thee how,
Should the Gods ask, I have not leisure now:
But more to blow thy hate, and on disdain
Pile burning Rage, behold thy Mistress Slain,
Now give me Death. —

Aug. Death! thou hast nothing nam'd,
Thou shalt be rack'd an Age, and then be damn'd.
Oh *Gloriana*, bright unhappy Fair!
But shall Revenge be wanting to Despair?
Kill him, he dies tho' *Cæsar* should come down,
And for his Life with sacred Sighs atone.

Cæs. I thank thee, mighty Rival: —
Yet e'r my Ghost puts on her airy Shroud,
Behold I kneel, who ne'er to Man yet bow'd,
And beg that when the fatal Fire's convey'd,
By which this Body must be Ashes made,
Some of my Dust, as a more gen'rous Doom,
May be inclos'd in *Gloriana's* Tomb.

Aug. Thou crav'st those Honours that my Envy move,
Yet I'll be just to Glory as to Love;

Thou

Thou shalt not vainly kneel, I will comply
With your desires, *Cæsar* rise and die.

Cæf. This Act of Virtue, tho' so lately shewn,
Will in Oblivion all your Vices drown:
Now, Guards, your mighty Master's Will obey,
Aim'd at my Heart your pointed Weapons lay;
With all your Spears my Body thus enclose,
And let me set in Glory as I rose.

Aug. The Fate he claims my Justice has decreed,
And tho' I turn me from the bidden deed,
Yet for the Empire's safety he must bleed.

[*Fight.*

Cæf. Thus fell my Father, thus encompass'd round,
And born beneath him Glory to the ground;
With the remains of Life I'll drag me on,
And at thy Knees for ever lay me down.
Oh Happiness! Oh pleasure in Death's pang's!
My hovering Soul o'er thy lov'd sweetness hangs:
I'll grasp her all, and Love shall last be mine;
Give me but this, *Cæsar*, the World is thine.

[*Dies.*

Enter Agrippa.

Agr. Heav'n *Cæsar* guard!

Aug. Oh my *Agrippa*, see,
Behold the malice of my Destiny;
Terrible Death which I so often brav'd,
With this last vizard has the Victor scar'd.

Agr. Yet by the fall of Love Empire's acquir'd,
Since with your Mistress *Cæsar*'s Son expir'd.

Mec. Thus when th' Immortals take, they greatly give,
And bribe your big affronted Heart to live.

Aug. But all Earth's Kingdoms cannot equal weigh
With the vast sums Love in the Scale did lay:
Thus the great Governours return me Brags
For Gold, and for my Diamonds barter Glasse.
By this time I had been in Bed in Heav'n,
And o'er their heads with tow'ring Pleasures driv'n.

Enter

Enter Tiberius.

Tib. Yet fortify your mind, dread Sir, and hear
What none but I durst offer to your Ear,
Fate by *Narcissa's* loss more spite has shewn.

Aug. Ha!

Tib. *Marcellus* stay'd by *Julia* from the ground,
Sunk in her Arms, and dy'd without a wound:
Stretch'd on his Limbs the Princess lies all pale,
And soon will perish except you prevail.

Ag. We must submit to the Divine Commands.

Aug. No, I'll not take a blow more at their Hands:
Raise me a Fun'ral Pile, and round me mourn,
For 'tis resolv'd like *Hercules* I'll burn.
Grief mortal as his poison'd shirt sticks fast,
And now I wish that my last Hour were past;
That my immortal Honours were begun,
I'll die, I'll set this Ev'ning with the Sun.
Summon the Earth, wrong'd *Livia's* Son proclaim
My *Cæsar*, and to Heav'n resound his Name.

Tib. For me 'twere vanity to make reply,
Yet in *Augustus's* quarrel I dare die;
And almost with the World might once rebel,
That I might reap the Fame your Foes to quell:
But you already awe the Nations round,
And at your Nod bow'd Scepters touch the ground.

Aug. Small are the Thanks I owe the Pow'rs above
For all the Nations that beneath me move:
As severe Masters ply their early Charge,
Yet their vex'd Spirits at set times enlarge,
Some few short airy Joys in Fields to find,
And for worse Hardship bait the wearied mind;
So Heav'n abroad with Conquest crowns my Wars,
But wracks my Spirits with domestick Jars.



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G. Vander Gucht Inv. & Sculp.

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THE
RIVAL QUEENS;

Or, the Death of

Alexander the Great:

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

BY

Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

By NATHANAEL LEE, *Gent.*

——— *Natura sublimis & acer,
Nam spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet.*
Horat. Epist. ad Aug.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES at *Rowe's Head* against
St. Clement's Church in the Strand; R. WEL-
LINGTON at the *Dolphin*. and *Crown* without
Temple-Bar; J. WELLINGTON, A. BETTES-
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THE

RIVAL-GUINNESS

OF LONDON

Alexander the Great

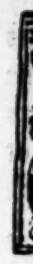
HEATHEN-RY



BY NATHANIEL

LONDON

Printed by W. H. ...
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To the Right Honourable

J O H N,

Earl of MULGRAVE,

Gentleman of His MAJESTY'S
Bed-Chamber,

And Knight of the Most Noble Order
of the GARTER.

My Lord,



WHEN I hear by many Persons,
not indifferent Judges, how Poets
are censured most, even where
they most intend to please, and
sometimes by those to whom they
address condemn'd for Flatterers,
Sycophants, little fawning Wretches; I con-
fess of all Undertakings there is none more
K 3 dreadful

dreadful to me than a Dedication. So nicely cruel are our Judges, that after a Play has been generally applauded on the Stage, the industrious Malice of some After-Observers shall damn it for an *Epistle* or a *Preface*. For this Reason, my Lord, *Alexander* was more to seek for a Patron in my troubled Thoughts, than for the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon* in the spreading Wilds and rolling Sands. 'Tis certain too, he must have been lost, had not Fortune, whom I must once at least acknowledge kind in my Life, presented me to your Lordship: You were pleased, my Lord, to read it over Act by Act; and by particular Praises; proceeding from the Sweetness rather than the Justice of your Temper, lifted me up from my natural Melancholy and Diffidence to a bold Belief, that what so great an Understanding warranted, could not fail of Success.

AND here I were most ungrateful, if I should not satisfy the judging World of the Surprise I was in. Pardon me, my Lord, for calling it a Surprise, when I was first honour'd by waiting upon your Lordship: So much unexpected and indeed unusual Affability from Persons of your Birth and Quality; so true an easiness, such Frankness without Affectation, I never saw. Your constant but few Friends shew the Firmness of your Mind, which never varies; so godlike a Virtue, that a Prince puts off his Majesty when he parts with Resolution. In all the happy times that I attended you, unless Business or Accident interposed, I have observ'd your Company to be
the

the same. You have travell'd thro' all Tem-
pers, sail'd thro' all Humours of the Court's
unconstant Sea, you have gain'd the gallant
Prizes which you fought, your selected unva-
luable Friends; and I am perfectly persuaded,
if you traffick but seldom abroad, 'tis for fear
of splitting upon Knaves or Fools. Nor is it
Pride, but rather a Delicacy of your Soul, that
makes you shun the sordid part of the World,
the Lees and Dregs of it, while in the noblest
Retirement you enjoy the finer Spirits, and have
that just Greatness to be above the Baser. How
commendable therefore is such a Reservation!
How admirable such a Solitude! If you are sin-
gular in this, we ought to blame the wild, un-
thinking, dissolute Age; an Age whose Business
is senseless Riot, *Neronian* Gambols, and ridiculous
Debauchery; an Age that can produce few Per-
sons besides your Lordship, who dare be alone.
All our hot Hours burnt in Night-Revels, drown'd
by Day in dead Sleep, or if we wake, 'tis a Point of
reeling Honour jogs us to the Field, where if
we live or die we are not concern'd; for the
Soul was laid out before we went abroad, and
our Bodies were after acted by mere animal Spi-
rits, without Reason.

WHEN I more narrowly contemplate
your Person, methinks I see in your Lord-
ship two of the most famous Characters that
ever antient or modern Story cou'd produce;
the mighty *Scipio*, and the retir'd *Cowley*. You
have certainly the Gravity, Temperance and
Judgment, as well as the Courage of the first;
all which in your early Attempts of War

gave the noblest Dawn of Virtue, and will, when Occasion presents, answer our Expectation, and shine forth at full. Then for the latter, you possess all his Sweetness of Humour in Peace, all that *Halcyon* Tranquillity of Mind, where your deep Thoughts glide, like silent Waters, without a Wrinkle; your Hours move with softest Wings, and rarely any Larum strikes to discompose you. You have the Philosophy of the first; and, which I confess of all your Qualities I love most, the Poetry of the latter. I was never more mov'd at *Virgil's Dido*, than at a short Poem of your Lordship's, where nothing but the Shortness can be dislik'd. As our Churchmen wish there were more Noblemen of their Function, so wish I in the behalf of depress'd Poetry, that there were more Poets of your Lordship's Excellency and Eminence. If Poetry be a Virtue, she is a ragged one, and never in any Age went barer than now. It may be objected she never deserved less. To that I must not answer: But I am sure when she merited most, she was always dissatisfy'd, or she would not have forsaken the most splendid Courts in the World. *Virgil* and *Horace*, Favourites of the mightiest Emperor, retir'd from him preferring a Mistress, or a white Boy, and two or three chearful drinking Friends in a Country Village, to all the Magnificence of *Rome*: Or if sometimes they were snatch'd from their cooler Pleasures to an imperial Banquet, we may see by their Verses in praise of a Country Life, 'twas against their Inclination; witness *Horace* in his *Epode*, *Beatus ille qui procul, &c.*

Part

Part of his sixth Satire, his Epistle to *Fusc-Arist. Virgil's Georgic, O Fortunatos nimium bona si, &c.* all render'd by Mr. Cawley so copiously and naturally, as no Age gone before, or coming after shall equal, tho' all Heads join together to outdo him. I speak not of his Exactness to a Line, but of the whole. This then may be said, as to the Condition of Poets in all times, few ever arriv'd to a middle Fortune, most have lived at the lowest, none ever mounted to the highest: Neither by Birth, for none was ever born a Prince, as no Prince to my Remembrance was ever born a Poet: nor by Industry, because they were always too much transported by their own Thoughts from minding the grave Business of a World: nor of their Humour. Whereas even Slaves, the Rubbish of the Earth, have, by most prodigious Fortune, gain'd a Scepter, and with their vile Heads sully'd the Glories of a Crown. Praise is the greatest Encouragement we Camellions can pretend to, or rather the *Manna* that keeps Soul and Body together; we devour it as if it were Angels Food, and vainly think we grow immortal. For my own part, I acknowledge I never receiv'd a better Satisfaction from the Applause of an Audience, than I have from your single Judgment. You gaze at Beauties, and wink at Blemishes; and do both so gracefully, that the first discovers the Acuteness of your Judgment, the other the Excellency of your Nature. And I can affirm to your Lordship, there is nothing transports a Poet, next to Love, like commending in the right Place: Therefore, my Lord, this Play must be yours; and *Alexander*, whom I have rais'd

The Dedication.

from the dead, comes to you with the Assurance answerable to his Character, and your Virtue. You cannot expect him in his Majesty of two thousand Years ago; I have only put his Ashes in an Urn, which are now offer'd with all Observance, to your Lordship, by

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble,

Obliged, and

Devoted Servant,

NAT. LEE.



T O



T O

Mr. LEE, on his ALEXANDER.

THE Blast of common Censure cou'd I fear,
 Before your Play my Name shou'd not appear;
 For 'twill be thought, and with some Colour too,
 I pay the Bribe I first receiv'd from you:
 That mutual Vouchers for our Fame we stand,
 To play the Game into each other's Hand;
 And as cheap Pen'orths to our selves afford,
 As *Bessus* and the Brothers of the Sword:
 Such Libels private Men may well endure,
 When States and Kings themselves are not secure:
 For ill Men, conscious of their inward Guilt,
 Think the best Actions on by-Ends are built.
 And yet my Silence had not 'scap'd their Spite,
 Then Envy had not suffer'd me to write;
 For, since I cou'd not Ignorance pretend,
 Such Merit I must envy or commend.
 So many Candidates there stand for Wit,
 A Place in Court is scarce so hard to get;
 In vain they croud each other at the Door,
 For ev'n Reversions are all beg'd before:
 Desert, how known so e'er, is long delay'd;
 And then too Fools and Knaves are better pay'd.
 Yet, as some Actions bear so great a Name,
 That Courts themselves are just, for Fear of Shame;
 So has the mighty Merit of your Play
 Extorted Praise, and forc'd it self a way.

'Tis here, as 'tis at Sea ; who farthest goes,
 Or dares the most, makes all the rest his Foes ;
 Yet when some Virtue much out-grows the rest,
 It shoots too fast, and high to be exprest ;
 As his Heroick Worth struck Envy dumb,
 Who took the *Dutchman*, and who cut the Boom :
 Such Praise is yours, while you the Passions move,
 That 'tis no longer feign'd ; 'tis real Love,
 Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art ;
 We only warm the Head, but you the Heart.
 Always you warm : and if the rising Year,
 As in hot Regions, bring the Sun too near,
 'Tis but to make your fragrant Spices blow,
 Which in our cooler Climates will not grow ;
 They only think you animate your Theme
 With too much Fire, who are themselves all Phlegm ;
 Prizes wou'd be for Lags of slowest pace,
 Were Cripples made the Judges of the Race.
 Despise those Drones, who praise while they accuse
 The too much Vigour of your youthful Muse.
 That humble Stile which they their Virtue make
 Is in your Pow'r ; you need but stoop and take,
 Your beauteous Images must be allow'd
 By all, but some vile Poets of the Croud.
 But how shou'd any Sign-post Dawber know
 The Worth of *Titian* or of *Angelo* ?
 Hard Features every Bungler can command ;
 To draw true Beauty, shews a Master's Hand.

JOHN DRYDEN.

P R O-



PROLOGUE.

Written by Sir Car Scroop, Bart.

HOW hard the Fate is of the scribbling Drudge,
 Who writes to all, when yet so few can judge !
 Wit, like Religion, once Divine was thought ;
 And the dull Crowd believ'd as they were taught ;
 Now each Fanatick Fool presumes to explain
 The Text, and does the sacred Writ profane :
 For, while your Wits each others Fall pursue,
 The Fops usurp the Power belongs to you.
 You think y' are challeng'd in each New Play-Bill,
 And here you come for trial of your Skill ;
 Where Fencer like you one another hurt,
 While with your Wounds you make the Rabble sport.
 Others there are that have the brutal Will
 To murder a poor Play, but want the Skill.
 They love to fight, but seldom have the Wit
 To spy the place where they may thrust and hit ;
 And therefore, like some Bully of the Town,
 Ne'er stand to draw but knock the Poet down.
 With these, like Hogs in Gardens, it succeeds,
 They root up all, and know not Flow'rs from Weeds.
 As for you, Sparks, that hither come each day,
 To act your own and not to mind our Play ;
 Rehearse your usual Follies to the Pit,
 And with loud Nonsense drown the Stages Wit ;
 Talk of your Clothes, your last Debauches tell,
 And witty Bargains to each other sell ;
 Glout on the silly She, who for your sake
 Can Vanity and Noise for Love mistake ;

*Till the Coquet sung in the next Lampoon
 Is by her jealous Friends sent out of Town.
 For, in this duelling, intriguing Age,
 The Love you make is like the War you wage:
 You're still prevented e'er you come t'ingage.
 But 'tis not to such trifling Foes as you,
 The mighty Alexander daigns to sue;
 Ye Persians of the Pit he does despise,
 But to the Men of Sense for Aid he flies;
 On their experienc'd Arms he now depends,
 Nor fears he odds, if they but prove his Friends:
 For as he once a little handful chose,
 The numerous Armies of the World t'oppose,
 So back'd by you, who understand the Rules,
 He hopes to rout the mighty Host of Fools.*



E P I L O G U E.

WHAT e'er they mean, yet ought they to be curst,
 Who this censorious Age did polish first:
*Who the best Play, for one poor Error blame,
 As Priests against our Ladies Arts declaim,
 And for one Patch both Soul and Body damn.
 But what does more provoke the Actors Rage,
 (For we must show the Grievance of the Stage)
 Is, that our Women which adorn each Play,
 Bred at our Cost, become at length our Prey:
 While green and sour, like Trees we bear them all,
 But when they're mellow, strait to you they fall:
 You watch 'em bare and squab, and let 'em rest,
 But with the first young Down you snatch the Nest.
 Pray leave those poaching Tricks, if you are wise,
 Lest we take out our Letters of Reprize.
 For we have vow'd to find a Sort of Toys
 Known to black Fryars, a Tribe of chopping Boys:
 If once they come, they'll quickly spoil your sport;
 There's not one Lady will receive your Court;*

But

But for the Youth in Petticoats run wild,
 With Oh the archest Wagg, the sweetest Child:
 The panting Breast, white Hands, and Lilly Feet
 No more shall your pall'd Thoughts with Pleasure meet.
 The Woman in Boys Clothes, all Boy shall be,
 And never raise your Thoughts above the Knee.
 Well, if our Women knew how false you are,
 They wou'd stay here, and this new Trouble spare:
 Poor Souls, they think all Gospel you relate,
 Charm'd with the Noise of settling an Estate:
 But when at last your Appetites are full,
 And the tir'd Cupid grows, with Action, dull:
 You'll find some trick to cut off the Entail,
 And send 'em back to us all worn and stale.
 Perhaps they'll find our Stage, while they have rang'd
 To some vile canting Conventicle, chang'd:
 Where, for the Sparks who once resorted there
 With their curl'd Wiggs that scented all the Air,
 They'll see grave Blockheads with short greasy Hair.
 Green-Aprons, Steeple-Hats, and Collar-Bands;
 Dull sniv'ling Rogues that ring, not clap their Hands;
 Where, for gay Punks that drew the shining Croud,
 And Misses that in Vizards laugh'd aloud.
 They'll hear young Sisters sigh, see Matrons old,
 To their chop'd Cheeks their pickl'd Kerchers hold,
 Whose Zeal too might persuade, in spite to you,
 Our flying Angels to augment their Crew;
 While Farrington their Hero struts about 'em,
 And ne'er a damning Critick dares to flout 'em.

Dra:

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Alexander</i> the Great.		Mr. Hart.
<i>Clytus</i> , Master of the Horse.		Mr. Mobun.
<i>Lyſimachus</i> , Prince of the Blood.		Mr. Griffin.
<i>Hepheſtion</i> , <i>Alexander's</i> Favourite.		Mr. Clark.
<i>Caffander</i> , Son of <i>Antipater</i> ,	} Conſpirators.	Mr. Kynaſton.
<i>Polyperchon</i> , Commander of the <i>Phalanx</i> ,		Mr. Goodman.
<i>Philip</i> , Brother to <i>Caffander</i> ,		Mr. Powel.
<i>Theſſalus</i> the Median,		Mr. Wiltsſhire.
<i>Perdiccas</i> ,	} Great Commanders.	Mr. Lydall.
<i>Eumenes</i> ,		Mr. Watſon.
<i>Meleager</i> ,		Mr. Perin.
<i>Ariſtander</i> , a Southfayer.		Mr. Coysſh.

<i>Syſigambis</i> , Mother of the Royal Family.	Mrs. Cory.
<i>Statira</i> , Daughter of <i>Darius</i> , married to <i>Alexander</i> .	} Mrs. Bowtel.
<i>Roxana</i> , Daughter of <i>Cobortanus</i> , firſt Wife of <i>Alexander</i> .	
<i>Parisatis</i> , Siſter to <i>Statira</i> , in Love with <i>Lyſimachus</i> .	} Mrs. Baker.

Attendants, Slaves, Ghoſt, Dancers, Guards.

SCENE, *Babylon.*

THE



THE
RIVAL QUEENS;
OR,
Alexander the Great.



ACT I.

*Enter Hephestion; Lyfimachus, fighting; Clytus
parting them.*

Cly.  H A T, are you Madmen! ha!---Put
up, I say——

Then, Mischief's in the Bosom of you
both.

Lys. I have his Sword.

Cly. But must not have his Life.

Lys. Must not, old *Clytus*?

Cly. Mad *Lyfimachus*, you must not.

Heph. Coward Flesh! O feeble Arm!

He dallied with my Point, and when I thrust,
He frown'd and smil'd, and foil'd me like a Fencer.

O Reverend *Clytus*; Father of the War;

Most

Most famous Guard of *Alexander's* Life,
Take pity on my Youth, and lend a Sword:
Lyfimachus is Brave, and will but scorn me;
Kill me, or let me fight with him again.

Lys. There, take thy Sword, and since thou art resolv'd
For Death, thou hast the noblest from my Hand.

Cly. Stay thee, *Lyfimachus*; *Hephestion*, hold;
I bar you both, my Body interpos'd.
Now let me see which of you dares to strike,
By *Jove* ye've stir'd the old Man; that rash Arm
That first advances, moves against the Gods,
Against the Wrath of *Clytus*, and the Will
Of our great King, whose Deputy I stand.

Lys. Well, I shall take another time.

Heph. And I.

Cly. 'Tis false.

Another time, what time? what foolish Hour?
No time shall see a brave Man do amiss.
And what's the noble Cause that makes this Madness?
What big Ambition blows this dangerous Fire?
A *Cupid's* Puff is it not, Woman's Breath?
By all your Triumphs in the heat of Youth,
When Towns were sack'd, and Beauties prostrate lay,
When my Blood boil'd, and Nature work't me high,
Clytus ne'er bow'd his Body to such shame:
The brave will scorn the Cobweb Arts——The Souls
Of all that whining, smiling, coz'ning Sex,
Weigh not one Thought of any Man of War.

Lys. I confess our Vengeance was ill-tim'd.

Cly. Death! I had rather this right Arm were lost,
To which I owe my Glory, than our King
Should know your Fault——what, on this famous Day!

Heph. I was to blame.

Cly. This meimorable Day.

When our hot Master, that would tire the World,
Outride the lab'ring Sun, and tread the Stars,
When he inclin'd to rest, comes peaceful on,
List'ning to Songs: while all his Trumpets sleep,
And plays with Monarchs whom he us'd to drive;
Shall we begin Disorders, make new Broils?

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We that have Temper learnt, shall we awake
Hush'd *Mars*, the Lion, that had left to roar.

Lyf. 'Tis true, old *Clytus* is an Oracle.

Put up, *Hephestion*——did not Passion blind
My Reason, I on such occasion too
Could thus have urg'd.

Heph. Why is it then we love?

Cly. Because unman'd.——

Why is not *Alexander* grown Example?
O that a Face shou'd thus bewitch a Soul,
And ruin all that's right and reasonable!
Talk be my Bane, yet the old Man must talk:
Not so he loved when he at *Iffus* fought,
And join'd in mighty Duel great *Darius*,
Whom from his Chariot flaming all with Gems
He hurl'd to Earth, and crush'd th' Imperial Crown;
Nor cou'd the Gods defend their Images,
Which with the gaudy Coach lay overturn'd:
'Twas not the Shaft of Love that did the Feat;
Cupid had nothing there to do, but now
Two Wives he takes, two Rival Queens disturb
The Court; and while each Hand do's Beauty hold,
Where is there room for Glory?

Heph. In his Heart.

Cly. Well said,

You are his Favourite, and I had forgot
Who I was talking to. See *Syfigambis* comes
Reading a Letter to your Princess; go,
Now make your Claim, while I attend the King. [*Exit.*]

Enter Syfigambis, Parisatis.

Par. Did not you love my Father? Yes, I see
You did, his very Name but mention'd brings
The Tears howe'er unwilling to your Eyes.
I lov'd him too, he would not thus have forc'd
My trembling Heart, which your Commands may break,
But never bend.

Sy. Forbear thy lost Complaints,
Urge not a Suit which I can never grant.

Behold

Behold the Royal Signet of the King,

Therefore resolve to be *Hephestion's* Wife,

Par. No since *Lyfimachus* has won my Heart,
My Body shall be Ashes, e'er another's.

Syf. For sixty rolling Years who ever stood
The shock of State so unconcern'd as I?
This whom I thought to govern being young,
Heav'n as a Plague to Power, has render'd strong;
Judge my Distresses, and my Temper prize;
Who, tho' unfortunate, wou'd still be wise.

Lyf. To let you know that Misery doth sway,

[*Both kneel.*

An humbler Fate than yours, see at your Feet
The lost *Lyfimachus*: O mighty Queen,
I have but this to beg impartial stand;
And since *Hephestion* serves by your Permission,
Disdain not me who ask your Royal leave
To cast a throbbing Heart before her Feet.

Heph. A Blessing like Possession of the Princess,
No Services, not Crowns, nor all the Blood
That circles in our Bodies can deserve:
Therefore I take all helps, much more the King's;
And what your Majesty vouchsaf'd to give,
Your Word is past, where all my Hopes must hang.

Lyf. There perish too—all Words want sense in Love;
But Love and I bring such a perfect Passion,
So nobly pure, 'tis worthy of her Eyes,
Which without blushing she may justly prize.

Heph. Such Arrogance should *Alexander* woe,
Wou'd lose him all the Conquests he has won.

Lyf. Let not a Conquest once be nam'd by you,
Who this Dispute must to my Mercy owe.

Syf. Rise brave *Lyfimachus*, *Hephestion* rise:
'Tis true *Hephestion* first declar'd his Love;
And 'tis as true, I promis'd him my Aid.
Your glorious King turn'd mighty Advocate,
How noble therefore were the Victory,

If we cou'd vanquish this disorder'd Love?

Heph. 'Twill never be.

Lyf.

Lys. No, I will yet love on,
And hear from *Alexander's* Mouth, in what
Hephestion merits more than I.

Syf. I grieve,
And fear the boldness which your Love inspires;
But lest her sight should haste your Enterprize,
'Tis just I take the Object from your Eyes.

[*Exeunt Syf. Par.*

Lys. She's gone, and see the Day, as if her look
Had kindled it, is lost, now she is vanished.

Heph. A sudden Gloominess and Horror comes
About me.

Lys. Let's away to meet the King,
You know my Suit.

Heph. Yonder *Cassander* comes,
He may inform us.

Lys. No, I wou'd avoid him;
There's something in that busy Face of his,
That shocks my Nature.

Heph. Where and what you please.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cassander.

Cass. The Morning rises black, the lowring Sun,
As if the dreadful Business he foreknew,
Drives heavily his sable Chariot on:
The Face of Day now blushes scarlet deep,
As if it fear'd the Stroke which I intend,
Like that of *Jupiter*——Lightning and Thunder!
The Lords above are angry, and talk big,
Or rather walk the mighty Cirque like Mourners
Clad in long Clouds, the Robes of thickest Night,
And seem to groan for *Alexander's* Fall;
'Tis as *Cassander's* Soul could wish it were,
Which whensoever it flies at lofty Mischief,
Wou'd startle Fate, and make all Heav'n concern'd.
A mad *Chaldean* in the dead of Night
Came to my Bed-side with a flaming Torch;
And bellowing o'er me like a Spirit damn'd,
He cry'd, Well had it been for *Babylon*,

If

If curs'd *Cassander* never had been born.

Enter Theſſalus, Philip, with Letters.

Theſſ. My Lord *Cassander*.

Cass. Ha! who's there?

Phil. Your Friends.

Cass. Welcome dear *Theſſalus* and Brother *Philip*.
Papers——with what Contents?

Phil. From *Macedon*

A truſty Slave arriv'd——great *Antipater*
Writes that your Mother labour'd with you long,
Your Birth was ſlow, and ſlow is all your Life.

Cass. He writes, diſpatch the King——*Craterus* comes,
Who in my room muſt govern *Macedon*;
Let him not live a Day——he dies to Night;
And thus my Father but foreſtals my purpoſe:
Why am I ſlow then? If I rode on Thunder,
I muſt a Moment have to fall from Heaven,
E'er I could blaſt the Growth of this *Coloſſus*.

Theſſ. The haughty *Polyperchon* comes this way,
A Male-content, on whom I lately wrought,
That for a ſlight Affront, at *Suſa* giv'n,
Bears *Alexander* moſt pernicious Hate.

Cass. So when I mock'd the *Persians* that ador'd him,
He ſtruck me in the Face, and by the Hair
He ſwung me to his Guards to be chaſtiſ'd;
For which and for my Father's weighty Cauſe,
When I abandon what I have reſolv'd,
May I again be beaten like a Slave.
But lo, where *Polyperchon* comes, now fire him
With ſuch Complaints, that he may ſhoot to Ruin.

Enter Polyperchon.

Pol. Sure I have found thoſe Friends dare ſecond me;
I hear freſh Murmurs as I paſs along:
Yet rather than put up I'll do't alone.
Did not *Pausanias*, a Youth, a Stripling,
A beardless Boy ſwell'd with inglorious Wrong,

For

For a less Cause his Father *Philip* kill?
Peace then full Heart! move like a Cloud about,
And when time ripens thee to break, O shed
The stock of all thy Poison on his Head.

Cass. All Nations bow their Heads with Homage down,
And kiss the Feet of this exalted Man:
The Name, the Shout, the Blast from every Mouth,
Is *Alexander*: *Alexander* bursts
Your Cheeks, and with a Crack so loud
It drowns the Voice of Heaven; like Dogs ye fawn,
The Earth's Commanders fawn, and follow him;
Mankind starts up to hear his Blasphemy:
And if this Hunter of this barbarous World
But wind himself a God, you echo him
With universal Cry.

Pol. I echo him?

I fawn, or fall like a far Eastern Slave,
And lick his Feet? Boys hoot me from the Palace,
To haunt some Cloister with my senseless walk,
When thus the noble Soul of *Polyperchon*
Let's go the Aim of all his Actions, Honour.

Theff. The King shall slay me, cut me up alive,
M'ly me with Fire and Scourges, rack me worse
Than once he did *Philotas*, e'er I bow.

Cass. Curse on thy Tongue for mentioning *Philotas*:
I had rather thou hadst *Aristander* been:
And to my Soul's Confusion rais'd up Hell,
With all the Furies brooding upon Horrors,
Than brought *Philotas*' Murder to remembrance.

Phil. I saw him rack'd, a Sight so dismal sad
My Eyes did ne'er behold.

Cass. So dismal! Peace,
It is unutterable; let me stand,
And think upon the Tragedy you saw:
By *Mars* it comes, ay now the Rack's set for
Bloody *Craterus* his inveterate Foe,
With pitiless *Hephestion* standing by:
Philotas, like an Angel seiz'd by Fiends,
Is straight disrob'd, a Napkin ties his Head,

His

His warlike Arms with shameful Cords are bound,
And every Slave can now the Valiant wound.

Pol. Now by the Soul of royal *Philip* fled
I dare pronounce young *Alexander*, who
Wou'd be a God, is cruel as a Devil.

Cass. Oh, *Polyperchon*, *Philip*, *Thessalus*,
Did not your Eyes rain Blood? your Spirits burst,
To see your noble Fellow-Soldier burn,
Yet without trembling, or a Tear, endure
The Torments of the damn'd? O *Barbarians*,
Cou'd you stand by, and yet refuse to suffer?
Ye saw him bruise'd, torn, to the Bones made bare;
His Veins wide lanc'd, and the poor quivering Flesh
With Pincers from his manly Bosom ript,
Till ye discover'd the great Heart lie panting.

Pol. Why kill'd we not the King, to save *Philotas*?

Cass. Asses! Fools! but Asses will bray, and Fools be
Why stood ye then like Statues? there's the Cause, (angry.
The Horror of the Sight had turn'd ye Marble.

So the pale *Trojans* from their weeping Walls
Saw the dear Body of the godlike *Hector*,
Bloody and soil'd, dragg'd on the famous Ground,
Yet senseless stood, nor with drawn Weapons ran
To save the great Remains of that prodigious Man.

Phil. Wretched *Philotas*! bloody *Alexander*!

Thess. Soon after him the great *Parmenio* fell,
Stabb'd in his Orchard by the Tyrant's Doom.
But where's the need to mention publick Loss,
When each receives particular Disgrace?

Pol. Late I remember to a Banquet call'd,
After *Alcides'* Goblet swift had gone
The giddy Round, and Wine had made me bold,
Stirring the Spirits up to talk with Kings,
I saw *Craterus* with *Hephestion* enter
In *Persian* Robes, to *Alexander's* Health
They largely drank; then turning Eastward fell
Flat on the Pavement, and ador'd the Sun.
Straight to the King they sacred Reverence gave
With solemn Words, O Son of thundring *Jove*,
Young *Ammon*, live for ever; then kiss'd the Ground.

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I laugh'd aloud, and scoffing ask'd 'em why
They kiss'd no harder; — but the King leapt up,
And spurn'd me to the Earth with this Reply:
Do thou——whilst with his Foot he prest my Neck,
Till from my Ears, my Nose, and Mouth the Blood
Gush'd forth, and I lay foaming on the Earth,
For which I wish this Dagger in his Heart.

Cass. There spoke the Spirit of *Calisthenes*;
Remember he's a Man, his Flesh as soft
And penetrable as a Girl's: we have seen him wounded,
A Stone has struck him, yet no Thunderbolt:
A Pebble fell'd this *Jupiter* along:
A Sword has cut him, a Javelin pierc'd him,
Water will drown him, Fire burn him,
A Surfeit, nay a fit of common Sickness,
Brings this immortal to the Gate of Death.

Pol. Why shou'd we more delay the glorious Business?
Are your Hearts firm?

Phil. Hell cannot be more bent
To any Ruin, than I to the King's.

Theff. And I.

Pol. Behold my Hand: and if you doubt my Truth,
Tear up my Breast, and lay my Heart upon it.

Cass. Join then, O worthy, hearty, noble Hands,
Fit Instruments for such Majestick Souls;
Remember *Hermolaus*, and be hush'd.

Pol. Still as the Bosom of the desert Night,
As fatal Planets, or deep plotting Friends.

Cass. To day he comes from *Babylon* to *Susa*
With proud *Roxana*.

Ah! who's that?——look here.

*Enter the Ghost of King Philip, shaking a Truncheon
at 'em, walks over the Stage.*

Cass. Now by the Gods, or Furies which I ne'er
Believ'd,——there's one of them arriv'd to shake us.
What art thou? glaring thing, speak: What the Spirit
Of our King *Philip*, or of *Polypbemus*?
Nay hurl thy Truncheon, second it with Thunder;
We will abide——*Theffalus*, saw you nothing?

Thess. Yes, and am more amaz'd than you can be.

Phil. 'Tis said that many Prodigies were seen
This Morn, but none so horrible as this.

Pol. What can you fear? tho' the Earth yawn'd so wide,
That all the Labours of the Deep were seen,
And *Alexander* stood on th' other side,
I'd leap the burning Ditch to give him Death,
Or sink my self for ever: Pray, to the business.

Cass. As I was saying, this *Roxana*, whom,
To aggravate my hate to him, I love,
Meeting him as he came triumphant from
The *Indies*, kept him revelling at *Susa*;
But as I found, a deep Repentance since
Turns his Affections to the Queen *Statira*,
To whom he swore (before he cou'd espouse her)
That he wou'd never bed *Roxana* more.

Pol. How did the *Persian* Queen receive the News
Of his Revolt?

Thess. With Grief incredible!
Great *Syfigambis* wept, but the young Queen
Fell dead among her Maids;
Nor cou'd their Care
With richest Cordials, for an Hour or more,
Recover Life.

Cass. Knowing how much she lov'd,
I hop'd to turn her all into *Medea*;
For when the first Gust of her Grief was past,
I enter'd, and with Breath prepar'd did blow
The dying Sparks into a towring Flame,
Describing the new Love he bears *Roxana*,
Conceiving, not unlikely, that the Line
Of dead *Darius* in her Cause might rise.
Is any Panther's, Lioness's Rage
So furious, any Torrent's falls so swift
As a wrong'd Woman's Hate? Thus far it helps
To give him Troubles; which perhaps may end him,
And set the Court in universal Uproar.
But see it ripens more than I expected,
The Scene works up, kill him, or kill thy self;
So there be Mischief any way, 'tis well;

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Now change the Vizor, every one disperse,
And with a Face of Friendship meet the King. [Exeunt.

Enter Syfigambis, Statira, Parisatis, Attendants.

Stat. Give me a Knife, a Draught of Poison, Flames;
Swell Heart, break, break thou stubborn thing;
Now, by the sacred Fire, I'll not be held;
Why do ye wish me Life, yet stifle me
For want of Air? pray give me leave to walk.

Syf. Is there no Reverence to my Person due?
Darius wou'd have heard me: trust not Rumour.

Stat. No he hates,
He loaths the Beauties which he has enjoy'd.
O, he is false, that great, that glorious Man
Is Tyrant midst of his triumphant Spoils,
Is bravely false, to all the Gods forsworn:
Yet who wou'd think it; no, it cannot be,
It cannot——What that dear protesting Man!
He that has warm'd my Feet with thousand Sighs,
Then cool'd 'em with his Tears, dy'd on my Knees,
Outwept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
And groan'd and swore the wand'ring Stars away.

Syf. No, 'tis impossible, believe thy Mother,
That knows him well.

Stat. Away, and let me die:
O'tis my fondness, and my easy nature
That would excuse him; but I know he's false,
'Tis now the common Talk, the News of the World,
False to Statira, false to her that lov'd him;
That lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,
And took him, bath'd all o'er in Persian Blood;
Kiss'd the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd 'em o'er
And o'er in Tears——then bound 'em with my Hair,
Laid him all Night upon my panting Bosom,
Lull'd like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs.

Par. If this be true, ah, who will ever trust
A Man again?

Stat. A Man! a Man! my Parisatis;
Thus with thy Hand held up, thus let me swear thee,
By the eternal Body of the Sun,
Whose Body, O forgive the Blasphemy,

I lov'd not half so well as the least part
 Of my dear precious faithless *Alexander*;
 For I will tell thee, and to warn thee of him,
 Not the Spring's Mouth, not Breath of *Jesamin*,
 Nor Violets Infant-Sweets, nor opening Buds
 Are half so sweet as *Alexander's* Breast;
 From every Pore of him a Perfume falls,
 He kisses softer than a Southern Wind,
 Curles like a Vine, and touches like a God.

Sys. When will thy Spirits rest, these Transports cease?

Stat. Will you not give me leave to warn my Sister?
 As I was saying—but I told his Sweetness,
 Then he will talk, good Gods, how he will talk!
 Even when the Joy he sigh'd for is possess'd,
 He speaks the kindest Words, and looks such Things,
 Vows with so much Passion, swears with so much Grace,
 That 'tis a kind of Heaven to be deluded by him.

Par. But what was it that you would have me swear?

Stat. Alas, I had forgot, let me walk by,
 And weep awhile, and I shall soon remember.

Sys. Have Patience, Child, and give her Liberty;
 Passions, like Seas, will have their Ebbs and Flows:
 Yet while I see her thus, not all the Losses
 We have receiv'd since *Alexander's* Conquest
 Can touch my harden'd Soul, her Sorrow reigns
 Too fully there.

Par. But what if she shou'd kill her self?

Stat. *Roxana* then enjoys my perjur'd Love:

Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms;
 Doats on my Conqueror, my dear Lord, my King,
 Devours his Lips, eats him with hungry Kisses:
 She grasps him all, she, the curst happy she.
 By Heaven I cannot bear it, 'tis too much;
 I'll die, or rid me of the burning Torture.
 I will have Remedy, I will, I will,
 Or go distracted; Madness may throw off
 The mighty Load, and drown the flaming Passion.
 Madam, draw near with all that are in presence,
 And listen to the Vow which here I make.

Sys. Take heed, my dear *Statira*, and consider,
 What desperate Love enforces you to swear.

Stat.

Stat. Pardon me, for I have considered well;
And here I bid adieu to all Mankind.

Farewel ye Coz'ners of the easy Sex,
And thou the greatest, falsest *Alexander*;
Farewel thou most belov'd, thou faithless Dear;
If I but mention him the Tears will fall;
Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,
But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes.

Syf. Clear up thy Griefs; thy King, thy *Alexander*,
Comes on to *Babylon*.

Stat. Why let him come,
Joy of all Eyes but the forlorn *Statira's*.

Syf. Wilt thou not see him?

Stat. By Heaven I never will,
This is my Vow, my sacred Resolution;
And when I break it——

[*Kacels.*

Syf. Ah do not ruin all.

Stat. May I again be flatter'd and deluded,
May sudden Death and horrid come instead
Of what I wish'd, and take me unprepar'd.

Syf. Still kneel, and with the same Breath call again
The woful Imprecation thou hast made.

Stat. No, I will publish it thro' all the Court,
Then in the Bowers of great *Semiramis*
For ever lock my Woes from human View.

Syf. Yet be persuaded.

Stat. Never urge me more;
Lest driv'n to Rage I shou'd my Life abhor,
And in your Presence put an end to all
The fast Calamities that round me fall.

Par. O angry Heav'n! what have the guiltless done?
And where shall wretched *Parisatis* run?

Syf. Captives in War, our Bodies we resign'd;
But now made free, Love does our Spirits bind.

Stat. When to my purpos'd Loneliness I retire,
Your Sight I thro' the Grates shall oft desire,
And after *Alexander's* Health enquire.
And if this Passion cannot be remov'd,
Ask how my Resolution he approv'd,
How much he loves, how much he is belov'd?

Then when I hear that all things please him well,
Thank the good Gods, and hide me in my Cell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Noise of Trumpets sounding far off.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers a Battel of Crows
or Ravens in the Air; an Eagle and a Dragon meet
and fight; the Eagle drops down with all the rest of
the Birds, and the Dragon flies away. Soldiers
walk off, shaking their Heads. The Conspirators come
forward.*

Cass.



E comes, the fatal Glory of the World,
The headlong *Alexander*, with a Guard
Of thronging Crowns, comes on to *Ba-*
bylon,

Tho' warn'd, in spite of all the Powers
above,

Who by these Prodigies foretel his Ruin.

Pol. Why all this Noise because a King must die?
Or does Heav'n fear because he sway'd the Earth,
His Ghost will war with the high Thunderer?
Curse on the babbling Fates, that cannot see
A great Man tumble, but they must be talking.

Cass. The Spirit of King *Philip*, in those Arms
We saw him wear, pass'd groaning thro' the Court,
His dreadful Eye Balls roll'd their Horror upwards;
He wav'd his Arms, and shook his wondrous Head.
I've heard that at the crowing of the Cock
Lions will roar, and Goblins steal away;
But this majestick Air stalks stedfast on,
Spite of the Morn that calls him from the East,
Nor minds the op'ning of the Iv'ry Door.

Phil.

Phil. 'Tis certain, there was never Day like this.

Cass. Late as I musing walk'd behind the Palace,
I met a monstrous Child, that with his Hands
Held to his Face, which seem'd all over Eyes,
A Silver Boul, and wept it full of Blood:
But having spy'd me, like a Cockatrice,
He glar'd awhile; then with a Shriek so shrill
As all the Winds had whistled from his Mouth,
He dash'd me with the Gore he held, and vanish'd.

Pol. That which besel me, tho' 'twas horrid, yet
When I consider, it appears ridiculous:

For as I pass'd thro' a by vacant Place,
I met two Women very old and ugly,
That wrung their Hands, and hould, and beat their Breasts,
And cri'd out, Poison: When I ask'd the Cause,
They took me by the Ears, and with strange Force
Held me to the Earth, then laugh'd and disappear'd.

Cass. O how I love Destruction with a Method
Which none discern, but those that weave the Plot;
Like Silk-worms we are hid in our own Web,
But we shall burst at last thro' all the Strings;
And when time calls, come forth in a new Form,
Not Insects to be trod, but Dragons wing'd.

Theff. The Face of all the Court is strangely alter'd:
There's not a *Persian* I can meet, but stares
As if he were distracted. *Oxyartes*,
Statira's Uncle, openly declaim'd
Against the Perjury of *Alexander*.

Phil. Others, more fearful, are remov'd to *Susa*,
Dreading *Roxana's* Rage, who comes i'th' Rear
To *Babylon*.

Cass. It glads my rising Soul
That we shall see him rack'd before he dies:
I know he loves *Statira* more than Life,
And on a Croud of Kings in Triumph born
Comes big with Expectation, to enjoy her.
But when he hears the Oaths which she has ta'en,
Her last adieu made publick to the World,
Her vow'd Divorce, how will Remorse consume him;
Prey, like the Bird of Hell, upon his Liver?

Pol. To balk his Longing, and delude his Lust,
Is more than Death, 'tis Earnest for Damnation.

Cass. Then comes *Roxana*, who must help our Party;
I know her jealous, bloody, and ambitious.
Sure 'twas the Likeness of her Heart to mine,
And Sympathy of Natures caus'd me love her:
'Tis fix'd, I must enjoy her, and no way
So proper as to make her guilty first.

Pol. To see two Rival Queens of different Humours,
With a Variety of Torments vex him.

Enter Lyfimachus, Hephestion.

Cass. Of that anon: But see *Lyfimachus*,
And the young Favourite. Sort, sort your selves,
And like to other mercenary Souls
Adore this mortal God that soon must bleed.

Lyf. Here I will wait the King's Approach, and stand
His utmost Anger, if he do me wrong.

Heph. That cannot be, from Power so absolute
And high as his.

Lyf. Well, you and I have done.

Pol. How the Court thickens! [Trumpets sound.]

Cass. Nothing to what it will——Does he not come
To hear a thousand thousand Embassies,
Which from all Parts to *Babylon* are brought:
As if the Parliament of the World
Had met, and he came on a God to give
The infinite Assembly glorious Audience.

Enter Clytus, Aristander in his Robes, with a Wand.

Arist. Haste, reverend *Clytus*, haste and stop the King.

Cly. He is already enter'd: Then the Press
Of Princes that attend so thick about him
Keep all, that would approach, at certain Distance.

Arist. Tho' he were hem'd with Deities, I'd speak to
him,
And turn him back from this Highway to Death.

Cly.

Cly. Here place your self within this Trumpet's Sound,
Lo, the *Chaldean* Priests appear, behold
The sacred Fire, *Nearchus* and *Eumenes*
With their white Wands, and dres'd in Eastern Robes,
To sooth the King, who loves the *Persian* Mode:
But see the Master of the World appears.

Enter Alexander ; all kneel but Clytus.

Heph. O Son of *Jupiter*, live for ever.

Alex. Rise all ; and thou my second self, my Love,
O my *Hephestion*, raise thee from the Earth
Up to my Breast, and hide thee in my Heart.
Art thou grown cold? Why hang thine Arms at Distance?
Hug me, or by Heaven thou lov'st me not.

Heph. Not love, my Lord! break not the Heart you
And molded up to such an Excellence! (fram'd,
Then stamp'd on it your own immortal Image.
Not love the King! such is not Woman's Love;
So fond a Friendship, such a sacred Flame,
As I must doubt to find in Breasts above.

Alex. Thou dost, thou lov'st me, Crown of all my Wars,
Thou dearer to me than my Groves of Laurel:
I know thou lov'st thy *Alexander* more
Than *Clytus* does the King. No Tears, *Hephestion*;
I read thy Passion in thy manly Eyes,
And glory in those Planets of my Life,
Above the rival Lights that shine in Heaven.

Lyf. I see that Death must wait me, yet I'll on.

Alex. I'll tell thee, Friend, and mark it, all ye Princes,
Tho' never mortal Man arriv'd to such
A height as I; yet I would forfeit all,
Cast all my Purples, and my conquer'd Crowns,
And die to save this Darling of my Soul.
Give me thy Hand, share all my Scepters while
I live; and when my Hour of Fate is come,
I leave thee, what thou merit'st more than I, the World.

Lyf. Dread Sir, I cast me at your royal Feet.

Alex. What! my *Lyfsmachus*, whose Veins are rich
With our illustrious Blood? My Kinsman, rise;
Is not that *Clytus*?

Clyt. Your old faithful Soldier.

Alex. Come to my Hands, thus double arm the King:
And now methinks I stand like the dread God,
Who while his Priests and I quaff'd sacred Blood,
Acknowledg'd me his Son. My Lightning thou;
And thou my mighty Thunder—I have seen
Thy glittering Sword out-fly celestial Fire:
And when I cry'd, Be gone and execute,
I've seen him run swifter than starting Hinds,
Nor bent the tender Grass beneath his Feet;
Swifter than Shadows fleeting o'er the Fields;
Nay, even the Winds, with all their Stock of Wings,
Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him.

Lyf. But if your Majesty——

Clyt. Who would not lose
The last dear Drop of Blood for such a King?
Alex. Witness, my elder Brothers of the Sky,
How much I love a Soldier——O my *Clytus*,
Was it not when we pass'd the *Granicus*,
Thou didst preserve me from unequal Force?
It was then when *Spitbridates* and *Rhesaces*,
Fell both upon me with two dreadful Strokes,
And clove my temper'd Helmet quite in sunder,
Then I remember, then thou didst me service;
I think my Thunder split them to the Navel.

Clyt. To your great Self you owe that Victory,
And sure your Arms did never gain a nobler.

Alex. By Heaven, they never did, for well thou
know'st,

And I am prouder to have pass'd that Stream,
Than that I drove a Million o'er the Plain:
Can none remember? Yes, I know all must,
When Glory, like the dazling Eagle, stood
Perch'd on my Bever in the *Granick* Flood;
When Fortune's self my Standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighted on the Shore,

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Mel.
Per.
Alex.
What,

When the Immortals on the Billows rode,
And I my self appear'd the leading God.

Arist. But all the Honours which your Youth has won
Are lost, unless you fly from *Babylon*:

Haste with your Chiefs, to *Susa* take your way,

Fly for your Life, destructive is your stay.

This Morning having view'd the angry Sky,

And mark'd the Prodigies that threaten'd high,

To our bright God I did for Succour fly.

But oh——

Alex. What Fears thy reverend Bosom shake?

Or dost thou from some Dream of Horror wake?

If so, come grasp me with thy shaking Hand,

Or fall behind, while I the Danger stand.

Arist. To *Orosmades'* Cave I did repair,

Where I aton'd the dreadful God with Prayer:

But as I pray'd I heard long Groans within,

And Shrieks as of the damn'd that houl for Sin:

I knew the Omen, and I fear'd to stay,

But prostrate on the trembling Pavement lay.

When he bodes Happiness, he answers mild;

'Twas so of old, and the great Image smil'd:

But now in abrupt Thunder he reply'd,

Loud as rent Rocks, or roaring Seas, he cry'd,

All Empires, Crowns, Glory of *Babylon*,

Whose Head stands wrapp'd in Clouds, must tumble down;

Alex. If *Babylon* must fall, what is't to me?

Or can I help immutable Decree?

Down then, vast Frame, with all thy lofty Towers,

Since 'tis so order'd by Almighty Powers:

Pres'd by the Fates, unloose your golden Bars,

'Tis great to fall the Envy of the Stars.

Enter Perdiccas, Meleager.

Mel. O Horror!

Per. Dire Portents!

Alex. Out with 'em then;

What, are ye Ghosts, ye empty Shapes of Men?

If so, the Mysteries of Hell unfold,
Be all the Scrolls of Destiny unroll'd,
Open the brazen Leaves, and let it come;
Point with a Thunder-bolt your Monarch's Doem.

Perd. As *Meleager* and my self in Field,
Your *Persian* Horse about the Army wheel'd;
We heard a Noise as of a rustling Wind,
And a thick Storm the Eye of Day did blind:
A croaking Noise resounded thro' the Air,
We look'd, and saw big Ravens battling there;
Each Bird of Night appear'd himself a Cloud,
They met and fought, and their Wounds rain'd black Blood.

Mel. All, as for Honour, did their Lives expose;
Their Talons clasp'd, and Beaks gave mighty Blows,
Whilst dreadful Sounds did our fear'd Sense assail,
As of small Thunder, or huge *Scythian* Hail.

Perd. Our Augurs shook, when with a horrid Groan,
We thought that all the Clouds had tumbled down.
Soldiers and Chiefs, who can the Wonder tell,
Struck to the Ground, promiscuously fell;
While the dark Birds, each pond'rous as a Shield,
For fifty Furlongs hid the fatal Field.

Alex. Be witness for me, all ye Powers divine,
If ye be angry, 'tis no Fault of mine;
Therefore let Furies face me with a Band
From Hell, my Virtue shall not make a stand;
Tho' all the Curtains of the Sky be drawn,
And the Stars wink, young *Ammon* shall go on:
While my *Statira* shines, I cannot stay,
Love lifts his Torch to light me on my Way,
And her bright Eyes create another Day.

Lys. E'er you remove, be pleas'd, dread Sir, to hear
A Prince ally'd to you by Blood.

Alex. Speak quickly.

Lys. For all that I have done for you in War,
I beg the Princess *Parisatis*.

Alex. Ha———

Is not my Word already past? *Hephestion*,
I know he hates thee, but he shall not have her;
We heard of this before — *Lyfimachus*,

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I here command you nourish no Design
To prejudice my Person in the Man
I love, and will prefer to all the World.

Lys. I never fail'd to obey your Majesty,
Whilst you commanded what was in my power;
Nor cou'd *Hephestion* fly more swift to serve,
When you commanded us to storm a Town,
Or fetch a Standard from the Enemy:
But when you charge me not to love the Princess,
I must confess, I disobey you, as
I wou'd the Gods themselves, should they command.

Alex. You shou'd, brave Sir, hear me, and then be dumb;
When by my order curst *Calisthenes*
Was a Traitor doom'd to live in Torments,
Your Pity sped him in despite of me.
Think not I have forgot your Insolence;
No, tho' I pardon'd it, yet if again
Thou dar'st to cross me with another Crime,
The Bolts of Fury shall be doubled on thee:
In the mean time think not of *Parisatis*;
For if thou dost, by *Jupiter Ammon*,
By my own Head, and by King *Philip's* Soul,
I'll not respect that Blood of mine thou shar'st,
But use thee as the vilest *Macedonian*.

Lys. I doubted not at first but I should meet
Your Indignation, yet my Soul's resolv'd,
And I shall never quit so brave a Prize,
While I can draw a Bow, or lift a Sword.

Alex. Against my Life: Ah! was it so? how now?
'Tis said that I am rash, of hasty Humour;
But I appeal to the immortal Gods,
If ever petty poor provincial Lord
Had Temper like to mine: My Slave, whom I
Could tread to Clay, dares utter bloody Threats.

Cly. Contain your self, dread Sir; the noble Prince,
I see it in his Countenance, would die
To justify his Truth, but Love makes many Faults.

Lys. I meant his Minion there should feel my Arm;
Love asks his Blood, nor shall he live to laugh
At my Destruction.

Alex.

Alex. Now be thy own Judge,
I pardon thee for my old *Clytus*' sake;
But if once more thou mention thy rash Love,
Or dar'st attempt *Hephestion*'s precious Life,
I'll pour such Storms of Indignation on thee,
Phylotas' Rack, *Calisthenes*' Disgrace,
Shall be Delight to what thou shalt endure.

Enter Syfigambis, Parisatis.

Heph. My Lord, the Queen comes to congratulate
Your safe Arrival.

Alex. O thou the best of Women,
Source of my Joy, blest Parent of my Love.

Syf. Permit me kneel, and give those Adorations
Which from the *Persian* Family are due:
Have you not rais'd us from our Ruins high?
And when no Hand could help, nor any Eye
Behold us with a Tear, your's pitied me;
You, like a God, snatch'd us from Sorrow's Gulph,
Fix'd us in Thrones above our former State.

Par. Which, when a Soul forgets, advanc'd so nobly,
May it be drown'd in deeper Misery.

Alex. To meet me thus, was generously done;
But still there wants to crown my Happiness,
Life of my Empire, Treasure of my Soul,
My dear *Statira*: O that heavenly Beam,
Warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my Heart;
Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
By this time I had been amongst the Gods,
If any Extasy can make a height,
Or any Rapture hurl us to the Heavens.

Cly. Now, who shall dare to tell him the Queen's Vow?

Alex. How fares my Love? ha---neither answer me!
Ye raise my Wonder, Darkness overwhelms me;
If royal *Syfigambis* does not weep,
Trembling and Horror pierce me cold as Ice.
Is she not well? what none, none answer me?
Or is it worse? Keep down ye rising Sighs,
And murmur in the Hollow of my Brest:

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Run to my Heart, and gather more sad Wind;
That when the Voice of Fate shall call you forth,
Ye may, at one rush, from the Seat of Life,
Blow the Blood out, and burst like a Bladder.

Heph. I would relate it, but my Courage fails me.

Alex. If she be dead——That it's impossible;
And let none here affirm it for his Soul:
For he that dares but think so damn'd a Lye,
I'll have his Body straight empal'd before me,
And glut my Eyes upon his bleeding Entrails.

Cass. How will this Engine of unruly Passion
Roar, when we have ram'd him to the Mouth with Poison?

[*Aside.*

Alex. Why stand you all, as you were rooted here,
Like the senseless Trees, while to the stupid Grove
I, like a wounded Lion, groan my Grievs,
And none will answer——what, not my *Hephestion*?
If thou hast any Love for *Alexander*,
If ever I oblig'd thee by my Care,
When my quick sight has watch'd thee in the Fight;
Or if to see thee bleed I sent forth Cries,
And like a Mother, wash'd thee with my Tears;
If this be true, if I deserve thy Love,
Ease me, and tell the Cause of my Disaster.

Heph. Your mourning Queen, (which I had told before
Had you been calm) has no disease but Sorrow,
Which was occasion'd first by jealous pangs:
She heard, (for what can 'scape a watchful Lover?)
That you at *Susa*, breaking all your Vows,
Relaps'd, and conquer'd by *Roxana's* Charms,
Gave up your self devoted to her Arms.

Alex. I know that subtle Creature in my Riot,
My Reason gone, seduc'd me to her Bed;
But when I wak'd I shook the *Circe* off,
Tho' that Enchantress held me by the Arm,
And wept, and gaz'd with all the force of Love;
Nor griev'd I less for that which I had done,
Than when at *Thais's* Suit, enrag'd with Wine,
I set the fam'd *Persepolis* on Fire.

Heph.

Heph. Your Queen *Statira* took it so to Heart,
That, in the Agony of Love, she swore
Never to see your Majesty again;
With dreadful Imprecations she confirm'd
Her Oath, and I much fear that she will keep it.

Alex. Ha! did she swear? did that sweet Creature swear?
I'll not believe it; no, she is all Softness,
All melting, mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant,
Nor can you wake her into Cries: By Heaven
She is the Child of Love, and she was born in Smiles.

Par. I and my weeping Mother heard her swear.

Syf. And with such Fierceness she did aggravate
The Foulness of your Fault, that I cou'd wish
Your Majesty wou'd blot her from your Breast.

Alex. Blot her, forget her, hurl her, from my Bosom,
For ever lose that Star that gilds my Life,
Guide of my Days, and Goddess of my Nights!
No, she shall stay with me in spite of Vows,
My Soul and Body both are twisted with her.
The God of Love empties his golden Quiver,
Shoots every Grain of her into my Heart;
She is all mine, by Heaven I feel her here,
Panting and warm, the dearest, O *Statira*!

Syf. Have patience, Son, and trust to Heaven and me.
If my Authority, or the Remembrance
Of dead *Darius*, or her Mother's Soul
Can work upon her, she again is yours.

Alex. O Mother, help me, help your wounded Son,
And move the Soul of my offended Dear;
But fly, haste, e'er the sad Procession's made.
Spend not a Thought in Reply—Be gone,
If you would have me live—and *Parisatis*,
Hang thou about her Knees, wash 'em with Tears:
Nay haste, the Breath of Gods, and Eloquence
Of Angels go along with you—Oh my Heart!

[*Exeunt Syf. and Par.*]

Lys. Now let your Majesty, who feels the Torments
And sharpest Pangs of Love, encourage mine.

Alex. Ha——

Cly. Are you a Madman? Is this a time?

Lys.

Lys. Yes ; for I see he cannot be unjust to me,
Lest something worse befall himself.

Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus to my undoing ?
Death thou shouldst have, were it not courted so :
But know, to thy Confusion, that my Word,
Like Destiny, admits not a reverse ;
Therefore in Chains thou shalt behold the Nuptials
Of my *Hephestion*— Guards, take him Prisoner.

Lys. I shall not easily resign my Sword,
Till I have dy'd it in my Rival's Blood.

Alex. I charge you, kill him not, take him alive ;
The Dignity of Kings is now concern'd,
And I will find a way to tame this Beast.

Cly. Kneel, for I see Lightning in his Eyes.

Lys. I neither hope nor ask a pardon of him ;
But if he shou'd restore my Sword, I would
With a new Violence run against my Rival.

Alex. Sure we at last shall conquer this fierce Lion :
Hence from my Sight, and bear him to a Dungeon.
Perdiccas, give this Lion to a Lion ;
None speak for him, fly, stop his Mouth, away.

Cly. The King's extremely mov'd.

Eum. I dare not speak.

Cly. This comes of Love and Women ; 'tis all Madness ;
Yet were I heated now with Wine, I shou'd
Be preaching to the King for this rash Fool.

Alex. Come hither, *Clytus*, and my dear *Hephestion* ;
Lend me your Arms, help, for I'm sick o'th' sudden.
I fear betwixt *Statira's* cruel Love,
And fond *Roxana's* Arts, your King will fall.

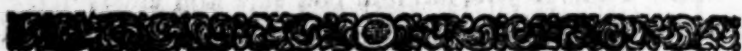
Cly. Better the *Persian* Race were all undone.

Heph. Look up, my Lord, and bend not thus your Head,
As if you'd leave the Empire of this World,
Which you with Toil have won.

Alex. Wou'd I had not ;
There's no true Joy in such unwieldy Fortune.
Eternal Gazers lasting Troubles make,
All find my Spots, but few my Brightness take.
Stand off, and give me air——

Why

Why was I born a Prince, proclaim'd a God?
 Yet have no liberty to look abroad?
 Thus Palaces in prospect bar the Eye,
 Which pleas'd and free, would o'er the Cottage fly,
 O'er flow'ry Lands to the gay distant Sky.
 Farewel then Empire and the Racks of Love;
 By all the Gods, I will to Wilds remove;
 Stretch'd like a *Sylvan* God on Grass lie down,
 And quite forget that e'er I wore a Crown.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Eumenes, Philip, Thessalus, Perdicas, Lyfimachus, Guards.

Eum

Arewel, brave Spirit, when you come
 above,

Commend us to *Philotas* and the rest
 Of our great Friends.

Thess. *Perdicas*, you are grown
 In trust, be thankful for your noble
 Office.

Per. As noble as you sentence me, I'd give
 This Arm that *Thessalus* were so employ'd.

Lyf. Cease these untimely Jars, farewell to all,
 Fight for the King as I have done, and then
 You may be worthy of a Death like mine——Lead on.

Enter Parisatis.

Par. Ah, my *Lyfimachus*, where are you going?
 Whither? to be devour'd? O barb'rous Prince!
 Cou'd you expose your Life to the King's Rage,
 And yet remember mine was ty'd to yours?

Lyf. The Gods preserve you ever from the Ills
 That threaten me: Live, Madam, to enjoy
 A nobler Fortune, and forget this Wretch.

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I ne'er had Worth, nor is it possible
That all the Blood which I shall lose this Day
Shou'd merit this rich Sorrow from your Eyes.

Par. The King I know is bent to thy Destruction;
Now by Command they forc'd me from his Knees:
But take this Satisfaction in thy Death,
No Power, Command, my Mother's, Sister's Tears,
Shall cause me to survive thy cruel Loss.

Lyf. Live, Princess, live, howe'er the King disdain me:
Perhaps, unarm'd and fighting for your sake,
I may perform what shall amaze the World,
And force him yet to give you to my Arms.
Away *Perdiccas*——Dear *Eumenes*, take
The Princess to your Charge.

[*Exeunt* *Perd.* *Lyf.* *Guards.*

Eum. O Cruelty!

Par. Lead me, *Eumenes*, lead me from the Light,
Where I may wait till I his Ruin hear,
Then free my Soul to meet him in the Air.

[*Exeunt* *Par.* and *Eum.*

Phil. See where the jealous proud *Roxana* comes,
A haughty Vengeance gathers up her Brow.

Theff. Peace, they have rais'd her to their Ends; observe.

Enter *Roxana*, *Cassander*, *Polyperchon*.

Rox. O you have ruin'd me, I shall be mad:
Said you so passionately; is't possible?
So kind to her, and so unkind to me?

Cass. More than your utmost Fancy can invent.
He swooned thrice at hearing of her Vow,
And when our Care as oft had brought back Life,
He drew his Sword, and offer'd at his Breast.

Pol. Then rail'd at you with such unheard of Curses.

Rox. Away, be gone, and give a Whirlwind room,
Or I will blow you up like Dust; avaunt:
Madness but meanly represents my Toil.

Roxana and *Statira*, they are Names
That must for ever jar: eternal Discord,
Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation

Tear

Tear my swell'n Breast, make way for Fire and Tempest.
 My Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd,
 The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
 Splits with the Rack, while Passions like the Winds,
 Rise up to Heaven, and put out all the Stars.
 What saving Hand, or what a mighty Arm
 Can raise me sinking?

Cass. Let your own Arm save you,
 'Tis in your Power, your Beauty is almighty :
 Let all the Stars go out, your Eyes can light 'em.
 Wake then bright Planet that should rule the World;
 Wake, like the Moon, from your too long Eclipse,
 And we with all the Instruments of War,
 Trumpets and Drums, will help your glorious Labour.

Pol. Put us to act, and with a Violence
 That fits the Spirit of a most wrong'd Woman :
 Let not *Medea's* dreadful Vengeance stand
 A Pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,
 It may for ever be original.

Cass. Touch not, but dash with strokes so bravely bold,
 Till you have form'd a Face of so much Horror,
 That gaping Furies may run frightened back ;
 That Envy may devour her self for Madness,
 And sad *Medusa's* Head be turn'd to Stone.

Rox. Yes, we will have Revenge, my Instruments ;
 For there is nothing you have said of me,
 But comes far short, wanting of what I am.
 When in my Nonage I at *Zogdia* liv'd,
 Amongst my she Companions I wou'd reign ;
 Drew 'em from Idleness, and little Arts
 Of coining Looks, and laying Snares for Lovers,
 Broke all their Glasses, and their Tires tore,
 Taught 'em, like *Amazons*, to ride and chase
 Wild Beasts in Desarts, and to master Men.

Cass. Her Looks, her Words, her ev'ry Motion fires me.

Rox. But when I heard of *Alexander's* Conquest ;
 How with a handful he had Millions slain,
 Spoil'd all the East, their Queens his Captives made,
 Yet with what Chastity, and godlike Temper
 He saw their Beauties, and with Pity bow'd ;

Methought I hung upon my Father's Lips,
And wish'd him tell the wondrous Tale again:
Left all my Sports, the Woman now return'd,
And Sighs uncall'd wou'd from my Bosom fly;
And all the Night, as my *Adraſte* told me,
In flumbers groan'd and murmur'd *Alexander*.

Cass. Curse on the Name, but I will soon remove
That bar of my Ambition and my Love.

Rox. At last to *Zogdia* this Triumpher came,
And cover'd o'er with Laurels forc'd our City:
At Night I by my Father's Order stood,
With fifty Virgins waiting at a Banquet:
But Oh how glad was I to hear his Court,
To feel the Pressure of his glowing Hand,
And taste the dear, the false protesting Lips!

Cass. Wormwood and Hemlock henceforth grow about (em,

Rox. Gods! that a Man should be so Great and Base!
What said he not when in the bridal Bed,
He clasp'd my yielding Body in his Arms:
When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
And moulding with his Hand my throbbing Breast,
He swore the Globe of Heaven and Earth were vile
To those rich Worlds; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd,
And made me shame the Morning with my Blushes.

Cass. Yet after this prove false!

Pol. Horrid Perjury!

Cass. Not to be match'd!

Pol. O you must find Revenge!

Cass. A Person of your Spirit be thus slighted!
For whose Desire all Earth should be too little.

Rox. And shall the Daughter of *Darius* hold him?
That puny Girl, that Ape of my Ambition?
That cry'd for Milk when I was nurs'd in Blood!
Shall she, made up of watry Element,
A Cloud, shall she embrace my proper God,
While I am cast like Lightning from his Hand?
No, I must scorn to prey on common things;
Tho' hurl'd to Earth by this disdainful *Jove*,
I will rebound to my own Orb of Fire,
And with the Wrack of all the Heav'ns expire.

Cass.

Cass. Now you appear your self ;
'Tis noble Anger.

Rox. May the Illustrious Blood that fills my Womb,
And ripens to be perfect Godhead born,
Come forth a Fury ; may *Barsina's* Bastard
Tread it to Hell, and rule as Sovereign Lord,
When I permit *Statira* to enjoy
Roxana's Right, and strive not to destroy.

Enter Syfigambis, Statira, in Mourning.

Cass. Behold her going to fulfil her Vow ;
Old *Syfigambis*, whom the King engag'd,
Resists and awes her with Authority.

Rox. 'Twas rashly vow'd indeed, and I shou'd pity her.

Syf. O my *Statira*, how has Passion chang'd thee !
Think if thou drive the King to such extremes,
What in his Fury may he not denounce
Against the poor remains of lost *Darius* ?

Stat. I know, I know he will be kind to you,
And to my mourning Sister for my sake ;
And tell him, how with my departing Breath,
I rail'd not, but spoke kindly of his Person,
Nay wept to think of our divided Loves,
And sobbing sent at last forgiveness to him.

Rox. Grant, Heav'n, some ease to this distracted Wretch !
Let her not linger out a Life in Torments,
Be these her last words, and at once dispatch her.

Syf. No, by the everlasting Fire I swear,
By my *Darius's* Soul, I never more
Will dare to look on *Alexander's* Face,
If you refuse to see him.

Rox. Curse on that cunning Tongue, I fear her now.

Cass. No, she's resolv'd.

Stat. I cast me at your Feet,
To bathe 'em with my Tears ; or, if you please,
I'll let out Life, and wash 'em with my Blood,
But still conjure you, not to rack my Soul,
Nor hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madness.
Shou'd now *Darius's* awful Ghost appear,
And my pale Mother stand beseeching by,

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I wou'd persist to Death, and keep my Vow.

Rox. She shews a certain bravery of Soul,
Which I shou'd praise in any but my Rival.

Syf. Die then, rebellious Wretch, thou art not now
That soft lov'd, nor durst thou share my Blood.
Go hide thy Baseness in thy lonely Grot,
Ruin thy Mother, and thy Royal House,
Pernicious Creature! shed the innocent
Blood, and sacrifice to the King's Wrath
The Lives of all thy People; fly, be gone,
And hide thee where bright Vertue never shone:
The Day will shun thee, nay the Stars that view
Mischiefs and Murders, Deeds to thee not new,
Will start at this—Go, go, thy Crimes deplore,
And never think of *Syfgambis* more.

Rox. Madam, I hope you will a Queen forgive:

Roxana weeps to see *Statira* grieve:
How noble is the brave resolve you make,
To quit the World for *Alexander's* sake?
Vast is your Mind, you dare thus greatly die,
And yield the King to one so mean as I:
'Tis a Revenge will make the Victor smart,
And much I fear your Death will break his Heart.

Stat. You counterfeit, I fear, and know too well
How much your Eyes all Beauties else excel:

Roxana, who tho' not a Princess born,
In Chains could make the mighty Victor mourn.
Forgetting Pow'r when Wine had made him warm,
And senseless, yet even then you knew to charm:
Preserve him by those Arts that cannot fail,
While I the loss of what I lov'd bewail.

Rox. I hope your Majesty will give me leave
To wait you to the Grove, where you wou'd grieve;
Where like the Turtle, you the Loss will moan
Of that dear Mate, and murmur all alone.

Stat. No, proud Triumpher o'er my falling State,
Thou shalt not stay to fill me with my Fate:
Go to the Conquest which your Wiles may boast,
And tell the World you left *Statira* lost.
Go seize my faithless *Alexander's* Hand,
Both Hand and Heart were once at my Command:

Grasp

Grasp his lov'd Neck, die on his fragrant Breast,
 Love him like me whose Love can't be express'd,
 He must be happy, and you more than blest;
 While I in Darkness hide me from the Day,
 That with my Mind I may his Form survey,
 And think so long, till I think Life away.

Rox. No, sickly Vertue, no,
 Thou shalt not think, nor thy Love's loss bemoan,
 Nor shall past Pleasures thro' thy Fancy run;
 That were to make thee blest as I can be:
 But thy No-thought I must, I will decree;
 As thus, I'll torture thee till thou art mad,
 And then no Thought to purpose can be had.

Stat. How frail, how cowardly is Woman's Mind?
 We shriek at Thunder, dread the rustling Wind,
 And glitt'ring Swords the brightest Eyes will blind.
 Yet when strong Jealousy enflames the Soul,
 The weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests roll.
 Rival, take heed, and tempt me not too far;
 My Blood may boil, and Blushes shew a War.

Rox. When you retire to your Romantick Cell,
 I'll make thy solitary Mansion Hell;
 Thou shalt not rest by Day, nor sleep by Night,
 But still *Roxana* shall thy Spirit fright:
 Wanton in Dreams if thou dar'st dream of Bliss,
 Thy roving Ghost may think to steal a kiss;
 But when to his sought Bed, thy wandring Air
 Shall for the Happiness it wish'd repair,
 How will it groan to find thy Rival there?
 How ghastly wilt thou look, when thou shalt see,
 Thro' the drawn Curtains, that great Man and me,
 Wearied with laughing, Joys shot to the Soul, (howl?)
 While thou shalt grinning stand, and gnash thy Teeth, and

Stat. O barb'rous Rage! my Tears I cannot keep,
 But my full Eyes in spite of me will weep.

Rox. The King and I in various Pictures drawn,
 Clasping each other, shaded o'er with Lawn,
 Shall be the daily Presents I will send,
 To help thy Sorrow to her Journey's end.

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And when we hear at last thy Hour draws nigh,
My *Alexander*, my dear Love and I,
Will come and hasten on thy lingring Fates,
And smile and kiss thy Soul out thro the Grates.

Stat. 'Tis well, I thank thee; thou hast wak'd a Rage,
Whose boiling now no Temper can assuage:
I meet thy Tides of Jealousy with more,
Dare thee to Duel, and dash thee o'er and o'er.

Rox. What wou'd you dare?

Stat. Whatever you dare do,
My warring Thoughts the bloodiest Tracts pursue;
I am by Love a Fury made, like you:
Kill or be kill'd, thus acted by Despair.

Rox. Sure the disdain'd *Statira* does not dare?

Stat. Yes, tow'ring proud *Roxana*, but I dare.

Rox. I tow'r indeed o'er thee;

Like a fair Wood, the Shade of Kings I stand,
While thou, sick Weed, dost but infect the Land.

Stat. No, like an Ivy I will curl thee round,
Thy sapless Trunk of all its Pride confound,
Then dry and wither'd, bend thee to the Ground.
What *Syfigambis*' Threats, objected Fears,
My Sister's Sigh's, and *Alexander's* Tears,
Cou'd not effect, thy Rival Rage has done;
My Soul, whose Start at breach of Oaths begun,
Shall to thy Ruin violated run.

I'll see the King in spite of all I swore,
Tho' curst, that thou may'st never see him more.

Enter Perdiccas, Alexander, Syfigambis, Attendants, &c.

Per. Madam, your Royal Mother, and the King.

Alex. O my *Statira*! O my angry Dear!
Turn thine Eyes on me, I wou'd talk to them:
What shall I say to work upon thy Soul?
Where shall I throw me? whither shall I fall?

Stat. For me you shall not fall.

Alex. For thee I will,
Before thy Feet I'll have a Grave dug up,
And perish quick, be buried straight alive:

Give but, as the Earth grows heavy on me,
A tender look, and a relenting word,
Say but 'twas pity that so great a Man,
Who had ten thousand Deaths in Battels scap'd,
For one poor Fault so early shou'd remove,
And fall a Martyr to the God of Love.

Rox. Is then *Roxana's* Love and Life so poor,
That for another you can chuse to die,
Rather than live for her? what have I done?
How am I alter'd since at *Susa* last
You swore and seal'd it with a thousand Kisses,
Rather than lose *Roxana's* smallest Charm,
You wou'd forego the Conquest of the World?

Alex. Madam, you best can tell what Magick drew
Me to your Charms, but let it not be told
For your own sake; take that conquer'd World,
Dispose of Crowns and Scepters as you please,
Let me but have the Freedom of an hour,
To make account with this wrong'd Innocence.

Stat. You know, my Lord, you did commit a Fault:
I ask but this, repeat your Crime no more.

Alex. O never, never.

Rox. Am I rejected then?

Alex. Exhaust my Treasures,
Take all the Spoils of the fair conquer'd *Indies*;
But for the Ease of my afflicted Soul,
Go where I never may behold thee more.

Rox. Yes, I will go, ungrateful as thou art,
Bane to my Life; thou Torment of my days,
Thou Murderer of the World: for as thy Sword
Hath cut the Lives of thousand thousand Men,
So will thy Tongue undo all Woman-kind.
But I'll be gone; this last Disdain hath cur'd me,
And I am now grown so indifferent,
I could behold you kiss without a Pang,
Nay, take a Torch and light you to your Bed:
But do not trust me, no, for if you do,
By all the Furies and the Flames of Love,
By Love, which is the hottest burning Hell,
I'll set you both on fire to blaze for ever.

[Exit.
Stat.]

Stat. O *Alexander*, is it possible? Good Gods,
That Guilt can shew so lovely! — yet I pardon,
Forgive thee all, by thy dear Life I do.

Alex. Ha, Pardon! saidst thou, Pardon me?

Sys. Now all my Mother's Blessing fall upon thee,
My best, my most belov'd, my own *Statira*.

Alex. Is it then true that thou hast pardon'd me?
And is it given me thus to touch thy Hand,
And fold thy body in my longing arms?
To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars,
To taste thy Lip, and thy dear balmy Breath,
While ev'ry Sigh comes forth so fraught with Sweets,
'Tis Incense to be offer'd to a God.

Stat. Yes, dear Impostor, 'tis most true that I
Have pardon'd thee; and 'tis as true, that while
I stand in view of thee, thy Eyes will wound,
Thy Tongue will make me wanton as thy Wishes;
And while I feel thy Hand, my Body glows:
Therefore be quick, and take your last adieu,
These your last Sighs, and these your parting Tears;
Farewel, farewel, a long and last farewel.

Alex. O my *Hephestion*, bear me, or I sink. (throbs!)

Stat. Nay, you may take — Heav'n how my Heart
You may, you may, if yet you think me worthy,
Take from these trembling Lips a parting Kiss.

Alex. No, let me starve first — why, *Statira*, why?
What is the meaning of all this? — O Gods!
I know the Cause, my working Brain divines,
You'll say you pardon'd, but with this Reserve,
Never to make me blest as I have been,
To slumber by the Side of that false Man,
Nor give a Heav'n of Beauty to a Devil:
Think you not thus? speak, Madam.

Sys. She is not worthy, Son, of so much Sorrow:
Speak Comfort to him, speak, my dear *Statira*,
I ask thee by those Tears: Ah canst thou e'er
Pretend to love, yet with dry Eyes behold him?

Alex. Silence more dreadful than severest Sounds:
Wou'd she but speak, tho' Death, eternal Exile
Hung at her Lips, yet while her Tongue pronounces,

There must be Musick even in my undoing.

Stat. Still my lov'd Lord, I cannot see you thus;
Nor can I ever yield to share your Bed:

O I shall find *Roxana* in your Arms,
And taste her Kisses left upon your Lips.
Her curs'd Embraces have defil'd your Body,
Nor shall I find the wonted Sweetness there,
But artificial Smells and stinking Odours.

Alex. Yes, obstinate, I will, Madam, you shall,
You shall, in spite of this resistless Passion,
Be serv'd; but you must give me leave to think
You never lov'd—— O cou'd I see you thus!
Hell has not half the Tortures that you raise.

Cly. Never did Passions combat thus before.

Alex. O I shall burst,
Unless you give me leave to rave a while.

Sys. Yet e'er Destruction sweep us both away,
Relent, and break thro' all to pity him;

Alex. Yes, I will shake this *Cupid* from my Arms.
If all the Rages of the Earth would fright him;
Drown him in the deep Bowl of *Hercules*;
Make the World drunk, and then, like *Æolus*,
When he gave Passage to the struggling Winds,
I'll strike my Spear into the reeling Globe
To let it blood, set *Babylon* in a blaze,
And drive this God of Flames with more consuming Fire.

Stat. My Presence will but force him to Extremes;
Besides, 'tis Death to me to see his Pains:
Yet stand resolv'd never to yield again——
Permit me to remove.

Alex. I charge ye stay her;
For if she pass, by all the Hell I feel,
Your Souls, your naked Ghosts, shall wait upon her.
O turn thee! turn! thou barb'rous Brightness turn!
Hear my last Words, and see my utmost Pang:
But first kneel with me, all my Souldiers kneel [*All kneel.*
Yet lower——prostrate to the Earth——Ah Mother,
Will you kneel too? Then let the Sun stand still, (what
To see himself out-worshipp'd; not a Face
Be shewn that is not wash'd all o'er in Tears,

But

But weep as if you here beheld me slain.

Sys. Hast thou a Heart? or art thou Savage turn'd?
But if this Posture cannot move your Mercy,
I never will speak more.

Alex. O my *Statira*!

I swear, my Queen, I'll not out-live thy Hate,
My Soul is still as Death——But one thing more,
Pardon my last Extremities——the Transports
Of a deep wounded Breast, and all is well.

Stat. Rise, and may Heaven forgive you all, like me.

Alex. You are too gracious——*Clytus*, bear me hence;
When I am laid in Earth, yield her the World.
There's something here heaves, as cold as Ice,
That stops my Breath——Farewel, O Gods! for ever.

Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his Arms,
My dearest, my all Love, my Lord, my King;
You shall not die, if that the Soul and Body
Of thy *Statira* can restore thy Life:
Give me thy wonted Kindness, bend me, break me
With thy Embraces.

Alex. O the killing Joy!

O Extasy! my Heart will burst my Breast,
To leap into thy Bosom; but by Heaven
This Night I will revenge me of thy Beauties,
For the dear Rack I have this Day endur'd;
For all the Sighs and Tears that I have spent,
I'll have so many thousand burning Loves;
So swell thy Lips, so fill me with thy Sweetness,
Thou shalt not sleep nor close thy wandering Eyes:
The smiling Hours shall all be lov'd away,
We'll surfeit all the Night, and languish all the Day.

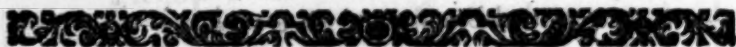
Stat. Nor shall *Roxana*——

Alex. Let her not be nam'd——

O Mother! how shall I requite your Goodness?
And you, my Fellow Warriors, that cou'd weep
For your lost King——But I invite you all,
My Equals in the Throne as in the Grave,
Without Distinction to the Riot come,
To the King's Banquet——

Clyt. I beg your Majesty
Would leave me out.

Alex. None, none shall be excus'd ;
 All revel out the Day, 'tis my command,
 Gay as the *Persian* God our self will stand,
 With a crown'd Goblet in our lifted hand.
 Young *Ammon* and *Statira* shall go round,
 While antick Measures beat the burden'd Ground,
 And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors sound.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clytus *in his Macedonian Habit* ; *Hephestion*,
Eumenes, *Meleager*, &c. *in Persian Robes*.

Clyt.



W AY, I will not wear these *Persian*
 Robes ;
 Nor ought the King be angry for
 the Reverence
 I owe my Country : sacred are her
 Customs,

Which honest *Clytus* shall preserve to Death.
 O let me rot in *Macedonian* Rags,
 Rather than shine in Fashions of the East.
 Then for the Adorations he requires,
 Roast my old Body in internal flames,
 Or let him cage me like *Calisthenes*.

Eum. Dear *Clytus*, be persuaded.

Heph. You know the King
 Is godlike, full of all the richest Virtues
 That ever Royal Heart possess'd ; yet you
 Perverse, but to one humour will oppose him.

Clyt. Call you it Humour ! 'tis a pregnant one,
 By *Mars* there's Venom in it, burning Pride ;
 And tho' my Life shou'd follow, rather than
 Bear such a hot Ambition in my Bowels,

I'd rip 'em up to give the Poison vent.

Mele. Was not that *Jupiter* whom we adore
 A Man, but for his more than human Acts,

Advanc'd

Advanc'd to Heav'n, and worship'd for its Lord!

Heph. By all his Thunder and his Sovereign Power,
I'll not believe the Earth yet ever felt
An Arm like *Alexander's*; not that God
You nam'd, tho' riding in a Car of Fire,
And drawn by flying Horses, wing'd with Lightning,
Cou'd in a shorter space do greater Deeds,
Drive all the Nations, and lay waste the World.

Clyt. There's not a Man of War among you all
That loves the King like me; yet I'll not flatter,
Nor sooth his Vanity, 'tis blameable;
And when the Wine works, *Clytus'* Thoughts will out.

Heph. Then go not to the Banquet.

Clyt. I was call'd,
My Minion, was I not, as well as you?
I'll go, my Friends, in this old Habit thus,
And laugh, and drink the King's Health heartily;
And while you blushing bow your Heads to Earth,
And hide 'em in the Dust, I'll stand upright,
Strait as a Spear, the Pillar of my Country,
And be by so much nearer to the Gods——
But see, the King and all the Court appear.

Enter Alexander, Syfigambis, Statira, Parisatis, &c.

Par. Spare him, O spare *Lyfimachus* his Life;
I know you will, Kings shou'd delight in Mercy.

Alex. Shield me, *Statira*, shield me from her Sorrow.

Par. O save him, save him, e'er it be too late;
Speak the kind word, before the gaping Lion
Swallow him up; let not your Soldier perish
But for one Rashness which Despair did cause:
I'll follow thus for ever on my Knees,
And make your way so slippery with Tears,
You shall not pass——Sister, do you conjure him.

Alex. O Mother, take her, take her from me; [*Kneels.*
Her watry Eyes assault my very Soul,
They shake my best resolve——

Stat. Did I not break
Thro' all for you? nay, now my Lord you must.

256 *The Rival Queens; or,*

Syl. Nor wou'd I make my Son so bold a Prayer,
Had I not first consulted for his Honour.

Alex. Honour! what Honour! has not *Statira* said it!
Were I the King of the blue Firmament,
And the bold *Titans* shou'd again make War,
Tho' my resistless Arrows were made ready,
By all the Gods she shou'd arrest my Hand.
Fly then, ev'n thou his Rival so lov'd,
Fly with old *Clytus*, snatch him from the Jaws
Of the devouring Beast, bring him adorn'd
To the King's Banquet, fit for loads of Honour.

[*Exeunt* *Heph.* *Eum.* *Par.*]

Stat. O my lov'd Lord! let me embrace your Knees,
I am not worthy of this mighty Passion:
You are too good for Goddesses themselves:
No Woman, nor the Sex, is worth a Grain
Of this illustrious Life of my dear Master.
Why are you so divine to cause such Fondness,
That my Heart leaps, and beats, and fain wou'd out,
To make a dance of Joy about your Feet?

Alex. Excellent Woman! no, 'tis impossible
To say how much I love thee—Ha! again!
Such Extasies Life cannot carry long;
The Day comes on so fast, and beamy Joy
Darts with such Fierceness on me, Night will follow.
A pale crown'd Head flew lately glaring by me,
With two dead Hands, which threw a Crystal Globe
From high, that shatter'd in a thousand pieces
But I will lose this boding Dream in Wine;
Then warm and blushing for my Queen's Embraces,
Bear me with all my Heat to thy lov'd Bosom.

Stat. Go, my best Love, and chear your drooping Spirits;
Laugh with your Friends, and talk your grief away,
While in the Bower of great *Semiramis*,
I dress your Bed with all the Sweets of Nature,
And crown it as the Altar of my Love;
Where I will lay me down and softly mourn,
But never close my Eyes till you return. [*Ex.* *Stat.* *Syl.*]

Alex. Is she not more than Mortal e'er can wish!
Diana's Soul cast in the Flesh of *Venus*!

By

By *Jove* 'tis ominous, our parting is ;
 Her Face lookt pale too, as she turn'd away :
 And when I wrung her by the rosy Fingers,
 Methought the strings of my great Heart did crack.
 What should it mean ?——Forward, *Leomedon*.

Roxana meets him, with Cass. Polyp. Phil. and Thest.

Why, Madam, gaze you thus ?

Rox. For a last look, [*She holds his Hand*]

And that the memory of *Roxana's* Wrongs
 May be for ever printed in your Mind.

Alex. O Madam, you must let me pass.

Rox. I will.

But I have sworn that you shall hear me speak,
 And mark me well, for Fate is in my Breath :
 Love on the Mistress you adore, to Death ;
 Still hope, but I Fruition will destroy ;
 Languish for Pleasures, you shall ne'er enjoy.
 Still may *Statira's* Image draw your sight,
 Like those deluding Fires that walk at Night ;
 Lead you thro' fragrant Grots and flowry Groves,
 And charm you thro' deep Grass with sleeping Loves ;
 That when your Fancy to its height does rise,
 That Light you lov'd may vanish from your Eyes, (prize.
 Darkness, Despair, and Death, your wandring Soul sur- }

Alex. Away ; lead, *Meleager*, to the Banquet.

[*Ex. cum suis.*]

Rox. So unconcern'd ! O I could tear my Flesh,
 Or him, or you, nay all the World to pieces.

Cass. Still keep this Spirit up, preserve it still,
 Lose not a grain, for such Majestick Atoms
 First made the World, and must preserve its Greatness.

Rox. I know I am whatever thou canst say ;
 My Soul is pent, and has not Elbow room ;
 'Tis swell'd with this last Slight, beyond all bounds ;
 O that it had a Space might answer to
 Its infinite Desire, where I might stand
 And hurl the Spheres about like sportive Balls.

Cass. We are your Slaves, Admirers of your Fury :
 Command *Cassander* to obey your Pleasure,
 And I will on, swift as your nimble Eye
 Scales Heav'n ; when I am angry with the Fates,
 No Age, nor Sex, nor dignity of Blood,
 No Ties of Law nor Nature, not the Life
 Imperial, tho' guarded with the Gods,
 Shall bar *Cassander's* Vengeance, he shall die.

Rox. Ha ! shall he die ? shall I consent to kill him ?
 To see him clasp'd in the cold Arms of Death,
 Whom I with such an Eagerness have lov'd ?
 Do I not bear his Image in my Womb ?
 Which while I meditate, and roll Revenge,
 Starts in my Body like a fatal Pulse,
 And strikes Compassion thro' my bleeding Bowels.

Pol. The Scruples which your Love wou'd raise might
 Were not the Empire of the World consider'd : (pass,
 How will the glorious Infant in your Womb,
 When time shall teach his Tongue, be bound to curse you,
 If now you strike not for a Coronation !

Cass. If *Alexander* lives, you cannot reign,
 Nor shall your Child ; old *Syngambis'* Head
 Will not be idle ——— sure Destruction waits
 Both you and yours ; let not your Anger cool,
 But give the Word ; say, *Alexander* bleeds,
 Draw the dry Veins of all the *Persian* Race,
 And hurl a Ruin o'er the East, 'tis done.

Pol. Behold the Instruments of this great Work.

Phil. Behold your forward Slave.

Theff. I'll execute.

Rox. And when this Ruin is accomplish'd, where
 Shall curst *Roxana* fly with this dear Load ?
 Where shall she find a Refuge from the Arms
 Of all the Successors of this great Man ?
 No barb'rous Nation will receive a Guilt
 So much transcending theirs, but drive me out :
 The wildest Beasts will hunt me from their Dens,
 And Birds of Prey molest me in the Grave.

Cass. No, you shall live, pardon the Insolence
 Which this almighty Love enforces from me ;

Your

You shall live safer, nobler than before,
In your *Cassander's* Arms.

Rox. Disgrac'd *Roxana*, whither wilt thou fall?
I ne'er was truly wretched till this Moment:
There's not one Mark of former Majesty
To awe my Slave that offers at my Honour.

Cass. Madam, I hope you'll not impute my Passion
To want of that Respect which I must bear you;
Long have I lov'd ———

Rox. Peace, most audacious Villain,
Or I will stab this Passion in thy Throat.
What, shall I leave the Bosom of a Deity
To clasp a Clod, a moving Piece of Earth,
Which a Mole heaves? So far art thou beneath me.

Cass. Your Majesty shall hear no more Folly.

Rox. Nor dare to meet my Eyes; for if thou dost
With a Love-glance, thy Plots are all unravel'd,
And your kind Thoughts of *Alexander* told,
Whose Life, in spite of all his Wrongs to me,
Shall be for ever sacred and untouch'd.

Cass. I know, dread Madam, that *Cassander's* Life
Is in your Hands, so cast to do you service.

Rox. You thought, perhaps, because I practis'd Charms
To gain the King, that I had loose Desires:
No, 'tis my Pride that gives me height of Pleasure,
To see the Man by all the World admir'd,
Bow'd to my Bosom, and my Captive there;
Then my Veins swell, and my Arms grasp the Poles,
My Breasts grow bigger with the vast Delight,
'Tis length of Rapture, and an Age of Fury.

Cass. By your own Life, the greatest Oath I swear,
Cassander's Passion from this time is dumb.

Rox. No, if I were a Wanton, I would make
Princes the Victims of my raging Fires:
I, like the changing Moon, would have the Stars
My Followers, and mantled Kings by Night
Should wait my Call; fine Slaves to quench my Flame,
Who, lest in Dreams they should reveal the Deed,
Still as they came, successively should bleed.

Cass. To make Atonement for the highest Crime,
I beg your Majesty will take the Life
Of Queen *Statira* as a Sacrifice.

Rox. Rise, thou hast made me ample Expiation;
Yes, yes, *Statira*, Rival, thou must die;
I know this Night is destin'd for my Ruin,
And *Alexander* from the glorious Revels
Flies to thy Arms.

Phil. The Bowers of *Semiramis* are made
The Scene this Night of their new kindled Loves.

Rox. Methinks I see her yonder, (Oh the Torment !)
Busy for Bliss, and full of Expectation :
She adorns her Head, and her Eyes give new Lustre ;
Languishes in her Glass, tries all her Looks ;
Steps to the Door, and listens for his coming ;
Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps and wishes,
Then lays the Pillow easy for his Head,
Warms it with Sighs, and moulds it with her Kisses.
Oh, I am lost ! torn with Imagination !
Kill me, *Cassander*, kill me instantly,
That I may haunt her with a thousand Devils.

Cass. Why d'ye stop to end her while you may ?
No time so proper as the present ; now
While *Alexander* feasts with all his Court :
Give me your Eunuchs, half your *Zogdian* Slaves,
I'll do the Deed ; nor shall a Waiter 'scape,
That serves your Rival, to relate the News.

Pol. She was committed to *Eumenes*' charge.

Rox. *Eumenes* dies, and all that are about her,
Nor shall I need your Aid, you'll love again ;
I'll head the Slaves my self, with this drawn Dagger,
To carry Death that's worthy of a Queen.
A common Fate ne'er rushes from my Hand,
'Tis more than Life to die by my Command :
And when she sees

That to my Arm her Ruin she must owe,
Her thankful Head will straight be bended low,
Her Heart shall leap half way to meet the Blow.

[Exit *Roxana*.]

Cass.

Cass. Go thy ways, *Semele*——she scorns to sin
Beneath a God——We must be swift; the Ruin
We intend, who knows she may discover?

Pol. It must be acted suddenly to night,
Now at the Banquet *Philip* holds his Cup.

Phil. And dares to execute——propose his Fate.

Cass. Observe in this small Phial certain Death;
It holds a Poison of such deadly Force,
Shou'd *Æsculapius* drink it, in five Hours
(For then it works) the God himself were mortal.
I drew it from *Nonarris'* horrid Spring;
A Drop infus'd in Wine will seal his Death,
And send him howling to the lowest Shades.

Phil. Wou'd it were done.

Cass. O we shall have him tear
(E'er yet the Moon has half her Journey rode)
The World to Atoms; for it scatters Pains
All Sorts, and thro' all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Ev'n with Extremity of Frost it burns;
Drives the distracted Soul about her House,
Which runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,
Till she is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling.

Pol. By *Pluto's* self, the Work is wondrous brave.

Cass. Now separate: *Philip* and *Theffalus*
Haste to the Banquet; at his second Call
Give him that fatal Draught that crowns the Night,
While *Polyperchon* and my self retire.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Cassander.*]

Yes, *Alexander*, now thou pay'st me well;
Blood for a Blow is Interest indeed.
Methinks I am grown taller with the Murder,
And standing straight on this majestick Pile,
I hit the Clouds, and see the World below me:
Oh, 'tis the worst of Racks to a brave Spirit,
To be born Base, a Vassal, a curs'd Slave;
Now by the Project lab'ring in my Brain,
'Tis nobler far to be a King in Hell,
To head infernal Legions, Chiefs below,
To let 'em loose for Earth, to call 'em in,
And take account of what dark Deeds are done,

Than

Than be a Subject-God in Heav'n unblest,
And without Mischief have eternal Rest.

[Exit.

The SCENE draws, Alexander is seen standing on a Throne, with all his Commanders about him; holding Goblets in their Hands.

Alex. To our immortal Health, and our fair Queen's;
All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and Bellona join to make us Musick.
A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the Sun,
White as his Beams—Speak the big Voice of War,
Beat all our Drums, and blow our Silver Trumpets,
Till we provoke the Gods to act our Pleasure
In Bowls of *Nectar* and replying Thunder.

[Sound while they drink.

Enter Hephestion, Clytus, leading Lyfimachus in his Shirt bloody; Perdiccas, Guard.

(Arms

Cly. Long live the King, and Conquest crown his
With Laurels ever green: Fortune's his Slave,
And kisses all that fight upon his side.

Alex. Did not I give command you should preserve
Lyfimachus?

Heph. You did.

Alex. What then portend those bloody Marks?

Heph. Your Mercy flew too late: *Perdiccas* had
According to the dreadful Charge you gave,
Already plac'd the Prince in a lone Court,
Unarm'd, all but his Hands, on which he wore
A Pair of Gauntlets; such was his Desire,
To shew in Death the Difference betwixt
The Blood of the *Æacides*, and common Men.

Cly. At last the Door of an old Lion's Den
Being drawn up, the horrid Beast appear'd:
The Flames which from his Eyes shot glooming red,
Made the Sun start, as the Spectators thought,
And round 'em cast a Day of Blood and Death.

Heph.

Heph. When we arriv'd, just as the valiant Prince
Cried out, O *Parisatis* take my Life;
'Tis for thy sake I go undaunted thus,
To be devour'd by this most dreadful Creature.

Cly. Then walking forward, 'the large Beast descry'd
His Prey, and with a Roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him; but the active Prince,
Starting aside, avoided his first Shock,
With a slight Hurt, and as the Lion turn'd,
Thrust Gauntlet, Arm and all, into his Throat,
And with *Herculean* Force tore forth by th' Roots
The foaming bloody Tongue; and while the Savage,
Faint with that Loss, sunk to the blushing Earth
To plough it with his Teeth, your conqu'ring Soldier
Leap'd on his Back, and dash'd his Skull to pieces.

Alex. By all the Laurels, 'twas a godlike Act,
And 'tis my Glory, as it shall be thine,
That *Alexander* could not pardon thee.
O my brave Soldier, think not all the Prayers
Of the lamenting Queens cou'd move my Soul
Like what thou hast perform'd: Grow to my Breast.

[Embraces him.]

Lyf. However Love did hurry my wild Arm,
When I was cool, my fev'rish Blood did bate,
And as I went to Death, I blest the King.

Alex. *Lyfismachus*, we both have been transported,
But from this Hour be certain of my Heart;
A Lion be the Empress of thy Shield,
And that golden Armour we from *Porus* won
The King presents thee: but retire to Bed,
Thy Toils ask Rest.

Lyf. I have no Wounds to hinder
Of any moment; or if I had, tho' mortal,
I'd stand to *Alexander's* Health, till all
My Veins were dry, and fill 'em up again
With that rich Blood which makes the Gods immortal.

Alex. *Hephestion*, thy Hand embrace him close;
Tho' next my Heart you hang the Jewel there,
For scarce I know whether my Queen be nearer,
Thou shalt not rob me of my Glory, Youth,

That

That must to Ages flourish——*Parisatis*
 Shall now be his that serves me best in War:
 Neither reply, but mark the Charge I give,
 And live as Friends——Sound, sound my Armies Honour;
 Health to their Bodies, and eternal Fame
 Wait on their Memory, when those are Ashes;
 Live all you must, 'tis a God gives you Life. [Sound.

Lyfimachus offers Clytus a Persian Robe, and he refuses.

Cly. O Vanity!

Alex. Ha! what says *Clytus*?

Who am I?

Cly. The Son of good King *Philip*.

Alex. No, 'tis false;

By all my Kindred in the Skies,
Jove made my Mother pregnant.

Cly. I ha' done.

*Here follows an Entertainment of Indian Singers and
 Dancers: The Musick flourishes.*

Alex. Hold, hold; *Clytus*, take the Robe.

Cly. Sir, the Wine,

The Weather's hot; besides you know my Humour.

Alex. O 'tis not well: I'd burn rather than be
 So singular and froward.

Cly. So would I

Burn, hang, or drown, but in a better Cause;

I'll drink or fight for sacred Majesty.

With any here——Fill me another Bowl,

Will you excuse me?

Alex. You will be excus'd;

But let him have his Humour, he is old.

Cly. So was your Father, Sir——This to his Memory:
 Sound all the Trumpets there.

Alex. They shall not sound

Till the King drinks——By *Mars*, I cannot take
 A Moment's Rest for all my Years of Blood,
 But one or other will oppose my Pleasure.

Sure I was form'd for War;
All, all are *Alexander's* Enemies;
Which I could tame——Yes, the rebellious World
Shou'd feel my Wrath——But let the Sports go on.

The Indians dance.

Lys. Nay, *Clytus*, you that cou'd advise——

Alex. Forbear;

Let him persist, be positive, and proud,
Sullen and dazzled, 'mongst the nobler Souls,
Like an infernal Spirit that had stole
From Hell, and mingled with the laughing Gods.

Cly. When Gods grow hot, where's the Difference
'Twixt them and Devils?—Fill me *Greek Wine*, yet fuller,
For I want Spirits.

Alex. Ha! let me hear a Song.

Cly. Musick for Boys——*Clytus* would hear the Groans
Of dying Persons, and the Horses Neighings;
Or if I must be tortur'd with shrill Voices,
Give me the Cries of Matrons in sack'd Towns.

Heph. *Lyfimachus*, the King looks sad, let us awake him:
Health to the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*;
Ev'ry Man take his Goblet in his Hand,
Kneel all, and kiss the Earth with Adoration.

Alex. Sound, sound, that all the Universe may hear,
That I could speak like *Jove*, to tell abroad
The Kindness of my People——Rise, O rise,
My Hands, my Arms, my Heart is ever yours.

[*Comes from his Throne, all kisses his Hand.*]

Cly. I did not kiss the Earth, nor must your Hand,
I am unworthy, Sir.

Alex. I know thou art,
Thou enviest my great Honour——Sir, my Friends,
Nay, I must have room——Now let us talk
Of War, for what more fits a Soldier's Mouth?
And speak, speak freely, or ye do not love me,
Who, think you, was the bravest General
That ever led an Army to the Field?

Heph.

Heph. I think the Sun himself ne'er saw a Chief
So truly great, so fortunately brave,
As *Alexander* ; not the fam'd *Alcides*,
Nor fierce *Achilles*, who did twice destroy,
With their all-conqu'ring Arms, the famous *Troy*.

Lys. Such was not *Cyrus*.

Alex. O you flatter me.

Cly. They do indeed, and yet ye love 'em for it,
But hate old *Clytus* for his hardy Virtue.
Come, shall I speak a Man more brave than you,
A better General, and more expert Soldier?

Alex. I should be glad to learn ; instruct me, Sir.

Cly. Your Father *Philip*—I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful Banner, where
The stoutest at the Table wou'd ha' trembled :
Nay, frown not, Sir ; you cannot look me dead.
When *Greeks* join'd *Greeks*, then was the Tug of War,
The labour'd Battel sweat, and Conquest bled.
Why should I fear to speak a Truth more noble
Than e'er your Father *Jupiter Ammon* told you ?
Philip fought Men, but *Alexander* Women.

Alex. Spite ! by the Gods, proud Spite ! and burning
Is then my Glory come to this at last, (Envy !
To vanquish Women ? Nay, he said the stoutest here
Wou'd tremble at the Dangers he has seen.

In all the Sicknes and Wounds I bore,
When from my Reins the Javelin Head was cut,

Lyfimachus, *Hephestion*, speak, *Perdiccas*,

Did I e'er tremble ? O the cursed Lyar !

Did I once shake or groan ? or bear my self
Beneath my Majesty, my dauntless Courage ?

Heph. Wine has transported him.

Alex. No, 'tis plain mere Malice :

I was a Woman too at *Oxydrace*,
When planting at the Walls a scaling Ladder,
I mounted, spite of Showers of Stones, Bars, Arrows,
And all the Lumber which they thunder'd down,
When you beneath cried out, and spread your Arms,
That I should leap among you, did I so ?

Lys. Turn the Discourse, my Lord, the old Man rav'd.
Alex.

Alex. Was I a Woman, when, like *Mercury*,
I left the Walls to fly amongst my Foes,
And, like a baited Lion, dy'd my self
All over with the Blood of those bold Hunters?
Till spent with Toil, I battel'd on my knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my Shield a Forest,
And hurl'd 'em back with most unconquer'd Fury.

Cly. 'Twas all Bravado, for before you leap'd,
You saw that I had burst the Gates asunder.

Alex. Did I then turn me, like a Coward, round,
To seek for Succour? Age cannot be so base;
That thou wert young again, I would put off
My Majesty, to be more terrible,
That, like an Eagle, I might strike this Hare
Trembling to Earth; shake thee to Dust, and tear
Thy Heart for this bold Lye, thou feeble Dotard.

Cly. What, do you pelt me like a Boy with Apples?

[He tosses Fruit at him as they rise.]

Kill me, and bury the Disgrace I feel,
I know the reason that you use me so,
Because I sav'd your Life at *Granicus*;
And when your Back was turn'd, oppos'd my Breast
To bold *Rhesus*' Sword; you hate me for't,
You do, proud Prince.

Alex. Away, your Breath's too hot.

[Flings him from him.]

Cly. You hate the Benefactor, tho' you took
The Gift, your Life, from this dishonour'd *Clytus*;
Which is the blackest, worst Ingratitude.

Alex. Go, leave the Banquet: Thus far I forgive thee.

Cly. Forgive your self for all your Blasphemies,
The Riots of a most debauch'd and blotted Life;
Philotas' Murder——

Alex. Ha! what said the Traitor?

Lys. *Eumenes*, let us force him hence.

Cly. Away.

Heph. You shall not tarry: Drag him to the Door.

Cly. No, let him send me, if I must be gone
To *Philip*, *Attalus*, *Calisthenes*,
To great *Parmenio*, to his slaughter'd Sons;

Par.

Parmenio, who did many brave Exploits
Without the King—the King without him nothing.

Alex. Give me a Javelin. [*Takes one from the Guards.*]

Heph. Hold, Sir.

Alex. Off, Sirrah, lest

At once I strike it thro' his Heart and thine.

Lys. O sacred Sir, have but a Moment's Patience.

Alex. Preach Patience to another Lion—What,

Hold my Arms? I shall be murder'd here,

Like poor *Darius*, by my own barb'rous Subjects.

Perdiccas, sound my Trumpets to the Camp,

Call my Soldiers to the Court; nay haste,

For there is Treason plotting 'gainst my Life,

And I shall perish e'er they come to rescue.

Lys. and *Heph.* Let us all die, e'er think so damn'd a
Deed. [*Kneel.*]

Alex. Where is the Traitor?

Cly. Sure there's none about you;

But here stands honest *Clytus*, whom the King

Invited to his Banquet.

Alex. Be gone and sup with *Philip*, [*Strikes him thro.*]

Parmenio, *Attalus*, *Calisthenes*;

And let bold Subjects learn by thy sad Fate,

To tempt the Patience of a Man much above 'em.

Cly. The Rage of Wine is drown'd in gushing Blood:

O *Alexander*, I have been to blame;

Hate me not after Death, for I repent,

That so I urg'd your noblest, sweetest Nature.

Alex. What's this I hear? say on, my dying Soldier.

Cly. I shou'd ha' kill'd my self, had I but liv'd

To be once sober—Now I fall with Honour,

My own Hand wou'd ha' brought foul Death. O Pardon. [*Dies.*]

Alex. Then I am lost; what has my Vengeance done?

Who is it thou hast slain? *Clytus*; what was he?

The faithfullest Subject, worthiest Counsellor,

Who for saving thy Life, when

Thou foughtst bare-headed at the River *Granike*,

Has now a noble Recompence for speaking rashly;

For a Forgetfulness which Wine did work,

The poor, the honest *Clytus* thou hast slain.
Are these the Laws of Hospitality?
Thy Friends will shun thee now, and stand at distance,
Nor dare to speak their Minds, nor eat with thee,
Nor drink, lest by thy Madness they die too.

Heph. Guards take the Body hence.

Alex. None dare to touch him,
For we must never part. Cruel *Hephestion*
And *Lyfimachus*, that had the Power,
And would not hold me.

Lyf. Dear Sir, we did.

Alex. I know it;

Ye held me like a Beast, to let me go
With greater Violence——Oh you have undone me!
Excuse it not, you that could stop a Lion,
Cou'd not turn me: You shou'd have drawn your Swords,
And barr'd my Rage with their advancing Points;
Made Reason glitter in my dazled Eyes,
Till I had seen what Ruin did attend me:
That had been noble, that had shew'd a Friend;
Clytus would so have done to save your Lives.

Lyf. When Men shall hear how highly you were urg'd.

Alex. No, you have let me stain my rising Virtue,
Which else had ended brighter than the Sun.
Death, Hell and Furies! you have sunk my Glory:
Oh, I am all a Blot, which Seas of Tears,
And my Heart's Blood, can never wash away;
Yet 'tis but just I try, and on the Point,
Still reeking, hurl my black polluted Breast.

Heph. O sacred Sir, that must not be.

Eum. Forgive my pious Hands.

Lyf. And mine, that dare disarm my Master.

Alex. Yes, cruel Men, ye now can shew your Strength,
Here's not a Slave but dares oppose my Justice;
Yet I will render all Endeavours vain
That tend to save my Life——Here I will lie [Falls.
Close to his bleeding Side, thus kissing him;
These pale dead Lips that have so oft advis'd me:
Thus bathing o'er his reverend Face in Tears;
Thus clasping his cold Body in my Arms,

Tin

Till Death like him, has made me stiff and horrid.

Heph. What shall we do?

Lys. I know not, my Wounds bleed afresh
With striving with him: *Perdiccas*, lend's your Arm.

[*Ex. Perdiccas, Lyfimachus.*]

Heph. Call *Aristander* hither,
Or *Meleager*, let's force him from the Body.

Cries without, Arm, Arm, Treason, Treason!
Enter Perdiccas bloody.

Per. Haste, all take Arms; *Hephestion*, where's the King?

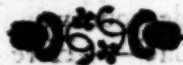
Heph. There by old *Clytus*' Side, whom he has slain.

Per. Then Misery on Misery will fall,
Like rolling Billows, to advance the Storm.
Rise, sacred Sir, and haste to aid the Queen;
Roxana fill'd with furious Jealousy,
Came with a Guard of *Zogdian* Slaves unmask'd,
And broke upon me with such sudden Rage,
That all are perish'd who resistance made:
I only with these Wounds thro' clashing Spears
Have forc'd my way, to give you timely notice.

Alex. What says *Perdiccas*? Is the Queen in danger?

Per. She dies, unless you turn her Fate, and quickly:
Your Distance from the Palace asks more Speed,
And the Ascent to th' flying Grove is high.

Alex. Thus from the Grave I rise to save my Love,
All draw your Swords, with wings of Lightning move;
When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay,
'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory shews the way. [Exeunt.



ACT

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*Statira is discover'd sleeping in the Bower of Semiramis ;
the Spirits of Queen Statira her Mother, and Darius,
appear standing on each side of her, with Daggers,
threatning her.*

They sing.

Dar.



*S Innocence so void of Cares,
That it can undisturbed sleep,
Amidst the Noise of horrid Wars,
That make immortal Spirits weep ?
Stat. No boding Crows, nor Ravens come,
To warn her of approaching Doom.*

*Dar. She walks, as she dreams, in a Garden of Flowers,
And her Hands are employ'd in the beautiful Bowers ;
She dreams of the Man that is far from the Grove,
And all her soft Fancy still runs on her Love.*

*Stat. She nods o'er the Brooks that run purling along,
And the Nightingals lull her more fast with a Song.*

Dar. But see the sad End which the Gods have decreed.

Stat. This Poinard's thy Fate.

Dar. My Daughter must bleed.

(die)

*Chorus. Awake then, Statira, awake, for alas you must
E'er an Hour be past, you must breath out your last.*

Dar. And be such another as I.

Stat. As I.

Chorus. And be such another as I.

Statira sola.

*Stat. Bless me, ye Pow'rs above, and guard my Virtue.
I saw, nor was't a Dream, I saw and heard
My royal Parents, there I saw 'em stand ;
My Eyes beheld their precious Images ;*

I

8

I heard their heav'nly Voices: Where, O where
 Fled you so fast, dear Shades, from my Embraces?
 You told me this——this Hour should be my last,
 And I must bleed——Away, 'tis all Delusion.
 Do I not wait for *Alexander's* coming?
 None but my loving Lord can enter here:
 And will he kill me?——hence fantastick Shadows!
 And yet methinks he should not stay thus long,
 Why do I tremble thus? If I but stir,
 The Motion of my Robes makes my Heart leap.
 When will the dear Man come, that all my Doubts
 May vanish in his Breast? That I may hold him
 Fast as my Fears can make me, hug him close
 As my fond Soul can wish; give all my Breath
 In Sighs and Kisses; swoon, die away with Rapture.
 But hark I hear him—— [Noise within.
 Fain I would hide my Blushes,
 I hear his Tread, but dare not go to meet him.

Enter Roxana, with Slaves and a Dagger.

Rox. At length we've conquer'd this stupendous Height,
 These flying Groves, whose wonderful Ascent
 Leads to the Clouds.

Stat. Then all the Vision's true, [Retires.
 And I must die, lose my dear Lord for ever:
 That, that's the Murderer.

Rox. Shut the brazen Gate,
 And make it fast with all the massy Bars.
 I know the King will fly to her Relief,
 But we have time enough——Where is my Rival?
 Appear *Statira*, now no more a Queen;
Roxana calls, where is your Majesty?

Stat. And what is she, who with such tow'ring Pride,
 Wou'd awe a Princess that is born above her?

Rox. I like the Port Imperial Beauty bears,
 It shews thou hast a Spirit fit to fall
 A Sacrifice to fierce *Roxana's* Wrongs.
 Be sudden then, put forth these royal Breasts,
 Where our false Master has so often languish'd,

That

That I may change their milky Innocence
To Blood, and dye me in a deep Revenge.

Stat. No, barb'rous Woman, tho I durst meet Death
As boldly as our Lord, with a Resolve
At which thy coward Heart would tremble;
Yet I disdain to stand the Fate you offer,
And therefore, fearless of thy dreadful Threats,
Walk thus regardless by thee.

Rox. Ha! so stately!
This sure will sink you.

Stat. No, *Roxana*, No:
The Blow you give will strike me to the Stars,
But sink my Murdres in eternal Ruin,

Rox. Who told you this?

Stat. A thousand Spirits tell me:
There's not a God but whispers in my Ear,
This Death will crown me with immortal Glory;
To die so fair, so innocent, so young,
Will make me Company for Queens above.

Rox. Preach on.

Stat. While you, the Burden of the Earth,
Fall to the Deep, so heavy with thy Guilt,
That Hell it self must groan at thy Reception;
While foulest Fiends shun thy Society,
And thou shalt walk alone, forsaken Fury.

Rox. Heaven Witness for me, I would spare thy Life,
If any thing but *Alexander's* Love
Were in debate; come give me back his Heart,
And thou shalt live Empress of all the World.

Stat. The World is less than *Alexander's* Love,
Yet cou'd I give it, 'tis not in my power;
This I dare promise if you spare my Life,
Which I disdain to beg, he shall speak kindly.

Rox. Speak! is that all?

Stat. Perhaps at my request,
And for a Gift so noble as my Life,
Bestow a Kiss.

Rox. A Kiss! no more?

Stat. O Gods!
What shall I say to work her to my End?

Fain I would see him—Yes, a little more
Embrace you, and for ever be your Friend.

Rox. O the provoking word? Your Friend! thou dy'st:
Your Friend! What, must I bring you then together?
Adore your Bed, and see you softly laid?
By all my Pangs, and Labours of my Love,
This has thrown off all that was sweet and gentle.
Therefore——

Stat. Yet hold thy Hand advanc'd in air;
I see my death is written in thy Eyes,
Therefore wreak all the Lust of Vengeance on me,
Wash in my Blood, and steep thee in my gore;
Feed like a Vulture, tear my bleeding heart.
But O *Roxana*! that there may appear
A Glimpse of Justice for thy Cruelty,
A grain of Goodness for a mass of Evil,
Give me my death in *Alexander's* Presence.

Rox. Not for the Rule of Heaven—Are you so cunning?
What, you wou'd have him mourn you as you fall;
Take your Farewel, and taste such healing Kisses,
As might call back your Soul. No, thou shalt fall
Now, and when Death has seiz'd thy beauteous Limbs,
I'll have thy Body thrown into a Well,
Buried beneath a heap of Stones for ever.

Enter a Slave.

Slav. Madam, the King with all his Captains and his
Are forcing ope the Doors, he threatens thousand Deaths
To all that stop his Entrance, and I believe
Your Eunuchs will obey him.

Rox. Then I must haste.

Stat. What, is the King so near?
And shall I die so tamely, thus defenceless?
O ye Gods, will you not help my Weakness?

Rox. They are afar off.

Stat. Alas! they are indeed.

(Guards

[Stabs her.

[Stabbing her.

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*Enter Alexander, Cassander, Polyperchon, Guards
and Attendants.*

Alex. Oh Happy! thou shalt reign the Queen of Devils.

Rox. Do, strike, behold my Bosom swells to meet thee;
'Tis full of thine, of Veins that run Ambition,
And I can brave whatever Fate you bring.

Alex. Call our Physicians, haste, I'll give an Empire
To save her——Oh my Soul, alas *Statira*!
These Wounds,—Oh Gods, are these my promis'd Joys!

Enter Physicians.

Stat. My cruel Love, my weeping *Alexander*,
Wou'd I had dy'd before you enter'd here;
For now I ask my Heart an hundred Questions,
What must I lose my Life, my Lord for ever?

Alex. Ha! Villains, are they mortal?——what retire!
Raise your dash'd Spirits from the Earth, and say,
Say she shall live, and I will make you Kings.
Give me this one, this poor, this only Life,
And I will pardon you for all the Wounds
Which your Arts widen, all Diseases, Deaths,
Which your damn'd Drugs throw thro the lingring World.

Rox. Rend not your Temper, see a general Silence
Confirms the bloody Pleasure which I sought;
She dies.——

Alex. And dar'st thou, Monster, think t' escape?

Stat. Life's on the Wing, my Love, my Lord,
Come to my Arms, and take the last adieu.
Here let me lie and languish out my Soul.

Alex. Answer me, Father, wilt thou take her from me?
What, is the black, sad Hour at last arriv'd,
That I must never clasp her Body more?
Never more bask in her Eye-shine again?
Nor view the Loves that play'd in those dear Beams,
And shot me with a thousand thousand smiles?

Stat. Farewel, my Dear, my Life, my most lov'd Lord,
I swear by *Orosmaides*, 'tis more Pleasure,

More Satisfaction that I thus die yours,
Than to have liv'd another's—Grant me one thing.

Alex. All, all,—but speak that I may execute
Before I follow thee.

Stat. Leave not the Earth
Before Heaven calls you ; Spare *Roxana's* Life,
'Twas Love of you that caus'd her give me Death.
And, O sometimes amidst your Revels think
Of your poor Queen, and e'er the chearful Bowl
Salute your Lips, crown it with one rich Tear,
And I am happy.

[Dies.

Alex. Close not thy Eyes ;
Things of Import I have to speak before
Thou tak'st thy Journey:—Tell the Gods I'm coming
To give 'em an Account of Life and Death ;
And many other hundred thousand Policies,
That much concern the Government of Heaven——
O she is gone ! the talking Soul is mute !
She's hush'd, no Voice or Musick now is heard !
The Bower of Beauty is more still than Death ;
The Roses fade, and the melodious Bird
That wak'd their Sweets, has left them now for ever.

Rox. 'Tis certain now you never shall enjoy her ;
Therefore *Roxana* may have leave to hope
You will at last be kind for all my Sufferings,
My Torments, Racks, for this last dreadful Murder,
Which furious Love of thee did bring upon me.

Alex. O thou vile Creature ! bear thee from my sight,
And thank *Statira* that thou art alive :
Else thou hadst perish'd ; yes, I wou'd ha' rent
With my just Hands that Rock, that marble Heart ;
I wou'd have div'd thro Seas of Blood to find it,
To tear the cruel Quarry from its Center.

Rox. O take me to your Arms, and hide my Blushes,
I love you spite of all your Cruelties ;
There is so much Divinity about you,
I tremble to approach : yet here's my hold,
Nor will I leave the sacred Robe, for such
Is every thing that touches that blest Body :

I'll kiss it as the Relique of a God,
And Love shall grasp it with these dying Hands.

Alex. O that thou wert a Man, that I might drive
Thee round the World, and scatter thy Contagion,
As Gods hurl mortal Plagues when they are angry.

Rox. Do, drive me, hew me into smallest pieces,
My Dust shall be inspir'd with a new Fondness;
Still the Love-motes shall play before your Eyes,
Where'er you go, however you despise.

Alex. Away, there's not a glance that flies from thee,
But like a Basilisk, comes wing'd with Death.

Rox. O speak not such harsh words, my Royal Master,
Look not so dreadful on your kneeling Servant;
But take, dear Sir, O take me into Grace,
By the dear Babe, the burden of my Womb,
That weighs me down, when I would follow faster,
My Knees are weary and my Force is spent:
O do not frown, but clear thy angry Brow!

Your Eyes will blast me, and your Words are Bolts
That strike me dead; the little Wretch I bear,
Leaps frighted at your Wrath, and dies within me.

Alex. O thou hast touch'd my Soul so tenderly,
That I will raise thee, tho thy Hands are Ruin.
Rise cruel Woman, rise and have a care,
O do not hurt that unborn Innocence,
For whose dear sake I now forgive thee all.
But haste, be gone, fly, fly from these sad Eyes;
Fly with thy Pardon, lest I call it back;
Tho I forgive thee, I must hate thee ever.

Rox. I go, I fly for ever from thy sight,
My mortal Injuries have turn'd my mind,
And I cou'd curse my self for being kind.
If there be any Majesty above,
That has Revenge in store for perjur'd Love,
Send Heaven the swiftest ruin on his Head,
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead;
Kill the Triumpher and avenge my wrong,
In height of Pomp, while he is warm and young;
Roared with Thunder let him rush along,

And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies,
Grant I may stand to dart him with my Eyes:
Nay, after Death

Pursue his spotted Ghost, and shoot him as he flies. [*Exit.*]

Alex. O my fair Star, I shall be shortly with thee;
For I already feel the sad Effects
Of those most fatal Imprecations.
What means this deadly Dew upon my Forehead?
My Heart too heaves.

Cass. It will anon be still——
The Poison works.

[*Aside.*]

Pol. I'll see the wish'd Effect
E'er I remove, and gorge me with Revenge.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Perdicas and Lyfimachus.

Per. I beg your Majesty will pardon me,
A fatal Messenger;
Great *Syfigambis*, hearing *Statira's* Death,
Is now no more;

Her last words gave the Princess to the brave

Lyfimachus: but that which most will strike you,
You dear *Hephestion*, having drank too largely
At your last Feast, is of a Surfeit dead.

Alex. How dead! *Hephestion* dead! alas the dear
Unhappy Youth!——But he sleeps happy,
I must wake for ever:——This Object, this,
This Face of fatal Beauty,
Will stretch my Lids with vast, eternal Tears——
Who had the Care of poor *Hephestion's* Life?

Lys. Philarda, the Arabian Artist.

Alex. Fly, *Meleager*, hang him on a Cross:
That for *Hephestion*——

But here lies my Fate; *Hephestion*, *Clytus*,

All my Victories for ever folded up:

In this dear Body my Banner's lost,

My Standard's Triumphs gone!

O when shall I be mad? Give order to

The Army that they break their Shields, Swords, Spears,
Pound their bright Armour into Dust; away;

Is

Is there not cause to put the World in Mourning?
Tear all your Robes:——he dies that is not naked
Down to the waste, all like the Sons of Sorrow.
Burn all the Spires that seem to kiss the Sky;
Beat down the Battlements of every City:
And for the Monument of this lov'd Creature,
Root up those Bowers, and pave 'em all with Gold:
Draw dry the *Ganges*, make the *Indies* poor;
To build her Tomb, no Shrines nor Altars spare,
But strip the shining Gods to make it rare. [Exit.

Cass. Ha! whither now? follow him, *Polyperchon*.

[Exit Pol.

I find *Cassander's* Plot grows full of Death;
Murder is playing her great Master-piece,
And the said Sisters sweat, so fast I urge 'em.
O how I hug my self for this Revenge!
My Fancy's great in Mischief; for methinks
The Night grows darker, and the lab'ring Ghosts,
For fear that I should find new Torments out,
Run o'er the old with most prodigious Swiftmess.
I see the fatal Fruit betwixt the Teeth,
The Sieve brim full, and the swift Stone stand still.

Enter Polyperchon.

What, does it work?

Pol. Speak softly.

Cass. Well.

Pol. It does;

I follow'd him, and saw him swiftly walk
Toward the Palace; oftimes looking back,
With watry Eyes, and calling out, *Statira*.
He stumbled at the Gate and fell along;
Nor was he rais'd with Ease by his Attendants,
But seem'd a greater Load than ordinary,
As much more as the Dead outweigh the Living.

Cass. Said he nothing?

Pol. When they took him up,
He sigh'd, and entred with a strange wild Look,

Embrac'd

280 *The Rival Queens; or,*

Embrac'd the Princes round, and said he must
Dispatch the business of the World in haste.

Enter Philip and Theffalus.

Phil. Back, back, all scatter——With a dreadful Shout
I heard him cry, I am but a dead Man.

Theff. The Poison tears him with that height of Horror,
That I could pity him.

Pol. Peace——where shall we meet?

Cass. On Saturn's Field,
Methinks I see the frighted Deities,
Ramming more bolts in their big-bellied Clouds,
And firing all the Heavens to drown his Noise.
Now we should laugh——But go, disperse your selves,
While each Soul here, that fills his noble Vessel,
Swells with the Murder, works with Ruin o'er;
And from the dreadful Deed this Glory draws,
We kill'd the greatest Man that ever was.

The SCENE draws, Enter Alexander and all his Attendants.

Alex. Search there, nay probe me, search my wounded.
Pull, draw it out. (Reins;

Lyf. We have search'd, but find no Hurt.

Alex. O I am shot, a forked burning Arrow
Sticks cross my Shoulders: the sad Venom flies
Like Lightning thro' my Flesh, my Blood, my Marrow.

Lyf. This must be Treason.

Perd. Wou'd I cou'd but guess.

Alex. Ha! what a Change of Torments I endure?
A Bolt of Ice runs hissing thro' my Bowels:
Tis sure the Arm of Death; give me a Chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, and my Teeth chatter,
And my Knees knock together.

Perd. Heaven blefs the King!

Alex. Ha! who talks of Heaven?
I am all Hell; I burn, I burn again,
The War grows wondrous hot; hey for the Tyger,
Bear me, *Bucephalus*, amongst the Billows:

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O 'tis a noble Beast ; I wou'd not change him
For the best Horse the Sun has in his Stable :
For they are hot, their Mangers full of Coals,
Their Manes are Flakes of Lightning, Curls of Fire,
And their red Tails like Meteors whisk about.

Lyf. Help all, *Eumenes*, help, I cannot hold him.

Alex. Ha, ha, ha ; I shall die with Laughter.

Parmenio, *Clytus*, dost thou see yon Fellow,
That ragged Souldier, that poor tatter'd *Greek* ?
See how he puts to flight the gaudy *Persians*,
With nothing but a rusty Helmet on, thro' which
The grizly Bristles of his pushing Beard
Drive 'em like Pikes——Ha, ha, ha.

Perd. How wild he talks !

Lyf. Yet warring in his Wildness. (they come :

Alex. Sound, Sound, keep your Ranks close, ay now
O the brave Dip, the noble Clank of Arms !
Charge, charge apace, and let the *Phalanx* move :
Darius comes,——ha ! let me in, none dare
To cross my fury ; ——*Philotas* is unhors'd ; ——Ay, 'tis
I see, I know him by the sparkling Plumes, (*Darius* ;
And his Gold Chariot drawn by ten white Horses :
But like a Tempest thus I pour upon him——
He bleeds, with that last Blow I brought him down ;
He tumbles, take him, snatch th' Imperial Crown :——
They fly, they fly,——follow, follow——*Victoria, Victoria,*
Victoria——O let me sleep.

Perd. Let's raise him softly, and bear him to his Bed.

Alex. Hold, the least Motion gives me sudden Death ;
My vital Spirits are quite parched up,
And all my smoky Entrails turn'd to Ashes.

Lyf. When you the brightest Star that ever shone
Shall set, it must be Night with us for ever.

Alex. Let me embrace you all before I die :
Weep not, my dear Companions, the good Gods
Shall send you in my stead a nobler Prince,
One that shall lead you forth with matchless Conduct.

Lyf. Break not our Hearts with such unkind Expressions.

Perd. We will not part with you, nor change for *Mars*.)

Alex.

*Alex. Perdiccas, take this Ring,
And see me laid in the Temple of Jupiter Ammon.*

*Lys. To whom does your dread Majesty bequeath
The Empire of the World?*

Alex. To him that is most worthy.

*Perd. When will you, sacred Sir, that we should give
To your great Memory those divine Honours,
Which such exalted Virtue does deserve?*

*Alex. When you are all most happy, and in Peace.
Your Hands——O Father, if I have discharg'd [Rises.
The Duty of a Man to Empire born;
If by unwearied Toil I have deserv'd
The vast Renown of thy adopted Son,
Accept this Soul, which thou didst first inspire,
And with this Sigh, thus gives thee back again. [Dies.*

*Lys. Eumenes, cover the fall'n Majesty:
If there be Treason, let us find it out;
Lyſmachus stands forth to lead you on,
And swears by the most honour'd dear Remains,
He will not taste those Joys which Beauty brings,
Till we revenge the greatest, best of Kings.*



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PROLOGUE.

By Mr. Mountfort.

THIS Day we shew you the most bloody Rage
 That ever did Religious Fiends engage;
 A Reconcilement, with a Wedding-Feast,
 While Murder was the Treat for ev'ry Guest:
 Which well may prove, to Ages yet to come,
 The Faith of France, the Charity of Rome.
 France, by the most detested Perjury,
 Enslav'd its Subjects, who by Laws were free.
 No Sacrament can this great Hero bind,
 Oaths are weak Shackles for his mighty Mind,
 And worse than Heathens does he persecute:
 His Priests want Sense and Learning to dispute;
 But weak Divines by strong Dragoons confute:
 And who-e'er doubts of any Priestly Maggot,
 Th' Heretick Dog must be convinc'd by Faggot.
 With Rome's Religion and French Government,
 What Slave so abject as to be content?
 Now, idle Malecontent, what is't you'd have?
 Would you be an Idolater or Slave?
 What do you murmur for, because you're free,
 And this bless'd Isle enjoys its Liberty?
 Cross but the Narrow Seas, and you will find
 Slaw'ry and Superstition to your Mind.
 Take with you all your Friends that grumble too,
 The Land will happily be rid of You:
 Then all as one with our Great Prince combin'd,
 And his Allies by Sacred Union join'd,
 Will such false bloody Tyrants still oppose,
 Till none shall dare to own the Name of Foes.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. Powel.

HOW wise are they, that can with Patience bear,
 And just Reflections moderately bear,
 Unmov'd by Passion, as unsway'd by Fear?
 To them we dedicate this Play to Night,
 That having long been banish'd from the Light,
 Husb'd and Imprison'd close, as in the Tow'r,
 Half press'd to Death by a dispensing Pow'r;
 To take a lawful Trial for each Fact,
 Is just come out by th' Habeas Corpus Act.
 Rome's Friends, no doubt, suppos'd there might be shewn
 Just such an Entertainment of their own;
 The Plot, the Protestants; the Stage, the Town.
 But no such Fear our Hugonots alarm'd;
 True English Hearts are always better arm'd.
 For if the Valiant in a little Town,
 Batter'd and starving, their brave Cause durst own;
 If Peasants scorning Death, can guard our Walls,
 And the mild Priesthood turn to Generals,
 Britons stand firm, and in short time you'll see,
 Your own and neighb'ring Realms, serene and free,
 Clear'd from the choaking Fogs of Popery.
 No Massacres, nor Revolutions fear;
 Affairs are strangely alter'd since last Year,
 Infallibility himself does run,
 The Garden's weeded, and the Moles are gone.
 Not Gold to Lawyers, to th' ambitious Power,
 Nor lusty Switzer to a lustful Whore,

*To Gamesters Luck, to Beauty length of Days,
 Nor to a wrinkled whitber'd Widow Praise,
 Can give such Joy, as to behold once more
 An English Army on the Gallick Shore.
 That this will be, the Poets prophesy;
 The Poets all were Prophets formerly.
 T' inspire 'em then, give ours to Night his due;
 His Tale is somewhat bloody, but 'tis true.
 A Tragick Truth shown to an honest end,
 And can the Good or Wise of neither Set offend.
 Fancy and Stile, far as the rest excel,
 In our Deliv'rance-Year, let not Tongue tell,
 Poets the only curst on whom no Manna fell.
 Plead that they may by Cæsar's Influence breathe,
 And mix a Laurel with his Oaken Wreath.
 Then shall his Glory flourish to the height,
 Then every Pen shall Panegyrick write.
 This, this was he, who blest by sacred Pow'r,
 To England its Religion did restore,
 So firm, that Rome cou'd never hurt it more.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King *Charles IX.*

Duke of *Guise.*

Cardinal of *Lorain.*

Duke of *Anjou.*

Alberto Gondi,

Ligneroles.

Admiral of *France.*

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Langoiran.

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Mr. *Harris.*

Mr. *Bowen.*

Mr. *Betterton.*

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Marguerite.

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Mr. *Bowman.*

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THE



THE
MASSACRE of *PARIS*.



ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke of Guise, Cardinal of Lorain, Marguerite.

Gui



UST from your Arms, by this great
Guardian rais'd,
Call'd to the Council of a wary King
On whom depends the Fortune of
Lorain,

O, Marguerite, yet to drag at this,

After such full Possession thus to languish;

If this be not to love thee, say what is.

Cease then the rolling Torrent of thy Tears,

Which when I strive to climb the Hill of Honour,

Waihes my Hold away, and drives me down

Beneath Man's Scorn, into the Vale of Ruin.

Mar. Hear, hear him, O you Powers! because I love
 Above my Life, beyond all Joys on Earth, (him
 He says I am his Ruin: To my Face,
 With a Court Metaphor, he vows he loaths me;
 For all Men hate their Ruin. Nay 'tis true,
 I find your Falshood; 'tis the Trick of great ones,
 Like Beasts of Strength, to prey upon the Weakest.

Guif. I swear——

Mar. O do not, dear, ambitious *Guise*;
 For Perjury so necessary seems
 To great Mens Oaths, thou must of course be damn'd:
 Yet as I am, thus plung'd in this Dishonour,
 Like a fall'n Angel roll'd thro all my Hells,
 I cannot hate thee, *Guise*; but sighing far,
 Far from the shining Clime where I was born,
 I beg those cruel Fates that hurl'd me down
 To pity thee, and keep thee from my Ruin;
 For I'm so curs'd, I do not wish my Foe,
 Much less the Man I love above the World.

Guif. As I love thee; and O be Witnesses
 My Brain and Soul, there's not an Artery
 That runs thro all the Body of thy *Guise*,
 But beats where'er it pass *Marguerite*,
 Yet this is nothing. Haste away, my Lord,
 Go tell the King and Council I am sick;
 For I'll to Bed again, or on a Couch
 Sit gazing in her beauteous Eyes all day,
 And let the Business of a grave World pass.

Mar. No more, my Lord; you shall, you shall to
 I see 'tis necessary: but I find (Council;
 My Soul presages Mischief, if not Murder, (pires,
 For if you should prove false, Crowns, Kingdoms, Em-
 Worlds should not save poor *Marguerite* from the Grave.
 Ah *Guise*, ah venerable *Lorain*, view me,
 Behold me on the Earth; I swear I love
 A never Woman lov'd; I'm all a Brand;
 With, or without you, I am ne'er at rest:
 Farewel; this Fever of my furious Passion
 Burns me to Madness, yet I say, farewel.

Guif.

Guif. Farewel: Yet why farewell, when e'er the Evening
I shall again rush to eternal Sweet's,
This Bosom of the Spring. (*Marguerite going out.*)

Mar. returning. What, no Endearments at so sad a
Alas, perhaps I ne'er shall see your more. (*Parting?*)
You bow'd, you kiss'd, but did not press my Hand;
You should, like me, have stagger'd when you left me,
And eat your *Marguerite* with your hungry Eyes:
But you are cold and pall'd, a lukewarm Lover,
Must to the Business of the cursed State,
Which will not let you think of dying *Marguerite*,
Who to her last Gasp will remember you:
But see, I rave again, my Fits return;
Yet pity me, for oh! I burn, I burn. (*Exit.*)

Lor. I think I never heard so fierce a Passion:
She's all Convulsion, and she gazes on you.
As you would do on him that kill'd your Father.
What have you done, my Lord, to make her thus?

Guif. Causes are endless for a Woman's Loving:
Perhaps she has seen me break a Lance on horseback;
Or, as my Custom is, all over arm'd,
Plunge in the *Seine* or *Loire*; and where 'tis swiftest
Plow to my Point against the headlong Stream.
'Tis certain, were my Soul of that soft Make
Which some believe, she has Charms, my heav'nly Uncle,
Beyond the Art and Wit of *Cleopatra*,
Such was not she stretch'd in her golden Barge,
As *Marguerite* was last Night in Bed,
Who, as she mourn'd at my unkind Delay,
Hung all the Chambers round with Black;—her Bed,
Her Coverings, nay, her Sarfnet Sheets were black —

Lor. Fy, fy, my Lord.

Guif. And, for the Weather's Heat,
Were roll'd beneath the Beauties of her Breast,
Which with a White, more pure than new fall'n Snow,
Would sure have tempted Hermits from their Orgies,
To nod and smile a little at the Wonder.

Lor. Come, come, my Lord, you anger me indeed,
Not for the Sin, that's as the Conscience makes it;
I had rather you should where a thousand Women,

Than love but one, tho in a lawful way :
 Shew me thro all Memorials of great Men,
 Except the Partner of the *Roman Empire*,
 Drooping *Antonius*, and the fam'd *Decemvir*,
 One that e'er bow'd before this little Idol.

Guif. First know your Man, before your Application:
 I love, 'tis true, but most for my Ambition ;
 Therefore I thought to marry *Marguerite* :
 But oh ! that *Cassiopeia* in the Chair,
 The Regent Mother, and that Dog *Anjon* ;
 Cross Constellations blast my Plots e'er born.
 The King too frowns upon me : For last Night,
 Hearing a Ball was promis'd by the Queen,
 I came to help the Show ; when t the Door
 The King, who stood himself the Centry, stopp'd me,
 And ask'd me what I came for ? I reply'd,
 To serve his Majesty : He sharp and short,
 Retorted thus, he did not need my Service.

Lor. 'Tis plain, you must resolve, my Lord, to quit her ;
 For I am charg'd to tell you, she's design'd
 To be the Wife of *Henry* of *Navarre* :
 'Tis the main Beam in all that mighty Engine,
 Which now begins to move so dreadfully
 Against the Heads of the rebellious Faction.

Guif. I have it, and methinks it looks like *D'Alva* ;
 I see the very Motion of his Beard,
 His opening Nostrils, and his dropping Lids ;
 I hear him croke too, to the King and Queen,
 In *Biscay's Bay*, at *Bayonne*,
 Fish for the great Fish ; take no care for Frogs :
 Cut off the Poppy-heads ; lay the Winds fast,
 And strait the Waves (the People) will be still.

Lor. Then will you leave her ?

Guif. Hurl her to the Sea,
 The Air, the Earth, or elemental Fire,
 So I may see *Chastillon* in the Net.
 Oh that Whale, Admiral ! might I but view him,
 After his thousand Fetches, Plots, and Plunges,
 Struck on those scouring Shallows which await him,
 Furies, and Hell, and I, stand by to gall him ;

Were

Were *Marguerite* all one World of Pleasure,
I'd sell her, and my Soul, for such Revenge.

Lor. Speak lower.

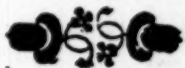
Guif. What, upon my Father's Death!
O glorious *Guise*, be calm upon thy Murder!
No, I will hollow my Revenge so loud,
That his great Ghost shall hear me up to Heav'n,
In height of Honours: Oh, to fall so basely,
When *Orleance* was block'd up, and Conquests crown'd
By damn'd *Poltrót* so villainously slain, (thee,
Poltrót, by *Beza*, and this curs'd Admiral,
Set on with hopes of infinite Rewards,
Here and hereafter, so to blast thy Glory!
O, I could pull my bursting Eye-balls forth,
But that they may one day prove Basilisks
To that detested Head of all these-Broils;
Then Tortures, Racks, and Death shall close thy Wound,
Kill him in Riots, Pride, and Lust of Pleasures,
That I may add Damnation to the rest,
And foil his Soul and Body both together.

Lor. Behold your Brother, and the Duke *Delbeuf*,
Mercour too comes; this Outrage will undo us.

Guif. No, not at all; for 'tis in general Terms.
O my good Lord, what if the Admiral
Stood here before you; should he 'scape our Justice?
I see by each Man's laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you vow the like Revenge:
For me, I wish that both mine may rot off—— (you:

Lor. No more; away, my Lord, the King calls for

Guif. I go. That Vermin may devour my Limbs,
That I may die, like the late puling King,
Under the Barber's Hands, Imposthumes choke me,
If while alive I cease to chew his Ruin,
To hang him in Effigy, nay, to tread,
Drag, stamp, and grind him, after he is dead. [Exeunt.



SCENE II. *The Cabinet Council.**Table with Lights on it. A Chamber beyond it.**Queen Mother, Anjou asleep.*

Q. M. O my *Anjou*, the Wheels of this new Ruin
 Go wrong for want of one that knows to drive ;
 He sits too light upon the whirling Throne,
 And totters with the dismal Prospect down:
 Young *Charles*, a smart, suspicious, doubtful Boy,
 But, *Charles*, you must be rul'd in this dark Road,
 Or with the Lightning of my fatal Power,
 Which never cracks and claps, I'll melt thee down,
 For ever lost amongst the Mass of things,
 That thou, the Darling of my deating Soul,
 The Prince of my eternal Thought, may't mount
 Like *Nero*, tho at *Agrippina's* Ruin.
 But see the King with the new Count of *Rhetz*:
 Let us withdraw, it may be worth our Hearing.

*Enter King, with Alberto Gondi.**King. Alberto Gondi.**Alb. Sir.**King. I think thou lov'st me.**Alb. More than my Life.*

King. That's much ; yet I believe thee:
 My Mother has the Judgment of the World,
 And all things move by that ; but, my *Alberto*,
 She has a cruel Wit: and, let me tell thee,
 Thus to destroy the Soldiers of the Kingdom,
 Famous as ever fought for *Rome* or *Greece*,
 Under a Shadow of a thousand Oaths ;
 'Tis barbarous, *Alberto*, is it not ?
 And seems to be unworthy of a King.

*Alb. The Provocation, Sir.**King.*

King. I know it well.

But if thou'dst have my Heart within thy Hand,
I swear, Conspiracies of that foul Nature
For ever blot the Memory of Kings.
What Honours, Interest, with the World to buy him,
Shall make a brave Man smile and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Treachery of *Brutus*,
I mean the Latter, so cried up in Story;
Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his Bosom, stabb'd his Father:
This is a Blot the *Ciceronian* Stile
Could ne'er wipe off, tho the mistaken Man
(Mistaken in his Love, for *Brutus* scorn'd him)
Makes bold to call those Traitors Men Divine.

Alb. Tully was wise, but wanted Constancy.

King. He did, *Alberto*. Hark, but one thing more,
For much I love thee, and would fain unburden
My Soul of half her Cares on such a Man,
So good.

Alb. My ever dear and honour'd Master.

King. No more of that. I'll tell thee then: Last night,
As I lay tossing in a feverish Dream,
I call'd for Drink! when strait my Mother brought it;
But as she reach'd it to my trembling Lips,
Methought her Eyes roll'd ghastly upon me,
A Palsey shook her Hand; yet I resolv'd,
Took off the Draught, when strait a Fainting seiz'd me,
My Eyes wept Blood, my Ears, my Nose, and Mouth
Pour'd forth whole Streams, and all my Sweat was Blood;
My Hair and Nails dropp'd off, as *Autumn* Leaves,
When Tempests rise, fall from the wither'd Trees.
But, oh, the Fancy seems so much unnatural,
I'll think no more on't; yet I thought to tell thee,
Because she is a Woman, whom no Art
Nor Wisdom of the World can ever fathom.

Alb. O my gracious Lord,
Judge not the Queen by Dreams, and vain Chimæra's:
Remember, Sir, how often in your Nonage
She manag'd with her Wit the Weight of Empire,

Contend-

Contending with th' Effects of blind Religion,
 The Contumacy of rebellious Subjects,
 The deep Dissimulation of the Court,
 The want of Treasure, baffling with her Prudence,
 The utmost Strength Ambition rais'd to gain her.

King. O Count of *Rhetz*, thou lead'st me thro the
 Garden

Of every Grace, but dar'st not point her Weeds:

Is she not of a most deceitful Soul;
 Perfidious, even to violating Vows?
 Is she not greedy too of human Blood?
 A Wit so wasteful in destroying Lives,
 That she will turn a City to a Wild?

Q. M. Good morrow, Sir, 'tis just the time you or-
 I think the second Watch; and we are met (der'd,
 To wait on your Decrees.

King. O Mother, Mother,
 You have embark'd me in a Sea of Blood;
 And sure so damnable an Enterprize
 Was never form'd by Man.

Q. M. If, Sir, you fear it,
 Why give it o'er, and let the Admiral reign,
 Call in the *Hugonots*, drive out your Friends,
 Banish your Blood, and the establish'd Peers,
 Forget the long Succession of your Fathers,
 The Throne of Kings; forget the Laws, Religion,
 Cut off the noble Spirits from your Council,
 And from the Dregs of this Heretical Faction
 Compose a Bastard Cabinet Election;
 Let Knaves in Shops prescribe you how to sway,
 They read your Acts, and with their hardned Thumbs
 Erase them out, or with their stinking Breath
 Proclaim aloud they like not this or that;
 Then in a Drove come lowing to the *Louvre*,
 And say, they'll have it mended, that they will,
 Or you shall be no King.

King. 'Tis true, the People
 Ne'er know a Mean, when once they get the Power.

Q. M. Did you not late dispatch by *Lodowick*
 Thus to the Admiral, with Vows of Honour,

That

That young *Navarre* should straight espouse your Sister,
So to root up all Seeds of least Suspicion;
And that those Nuptials should be solemniz'd
At *Paris*, to be bound with deepest Oaths?

King. Yet, Madam, I must fear; for, should it fail,
We should be less than our worst Foes could wish us,
The Poultron Court, the Scorn, the Laughing-stock
Of all the Christian and the Barbarous World.

Q. M. No, Sir, you cannot fear the sure Design,
But you're in fear of those that are about you;
You fear ev'n me: But I have liv'd too long,
Since my own Bowels, nay, my very Heart-strings,
(For so I always lov'd and priz'd my Children)
Dare not confide in her that gave 'em Being.

King. Stay, Madam, stay, come back, forgive my Fears,
Forgive my sifting Soul her narrow Searches,
Where all our Thoughts should creep like deepest Streams:
For know, I hate the haughty Admiral,
And all his curst Accomplices, to Death.

Q. M. What brings the Cardinal of *Lorain* from *Rome*?

King. That the new Pope is fully satisfy'd;
I sent the Legate too that Diamond Ring,
With this close Motto writ within the Gold:

*By this my solid Zeal I own,
And Blood can never melt it down.*

Anj. A murd'ring Sentence for the *Hugonots*.

King. And which so clear'd the Matter, that the Pope
Order'd a Dispensation for the Marriage.

Q. M. Behold the Duke of *Guise* and Cardinal:
'Twere fit you send his Eminence to *Rochel*,
T'acquaint the Admiral of a War with *Spain*,
And that the Plot we form'd for the *Low Countries*
Against the Catholick King, should straight be acted.

King. Oh Mother, oh, what's this that rends my Heart,
That rides my Nights, and clouds my Days with Horror?
Is it not Conscience? which sometimes appears
Like a She-Wolf in *Jane* of *Albert's* Shape,
And drags me on the Floor: Now in the Form
Of that old Lion Admiral, it comes,
And grins, and roars, just gaping to devour me.

Q. M.

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Q. M. Why, let him; when his Throat is cut we'll trust him:

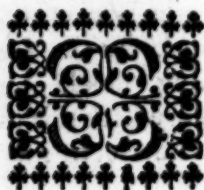
Clear up your furrow'd Brow. Believe me, Sir,
You'll see him shortly where you need not fear him;
For, should he stay behind the Queen and Princess,
Doubting the Marriage, fill'd with boding Fears,
The War with *Spain* will so bewitch his Glory,
And lull his proud Ambition, that should Fate,
Which awes him now, leap up more terrible,
He'll follow with a speed shall make him foremost,
And scorn a Grave.

King. O 'tis a dreadful Image;
Yet when his Brains are dash'd, I shall be still.
The Morning rises, yet I cannot rest;
Like those eternal Lamps that wink above:
Methinks, O Mother, I could watch for ever.
Once more let me conjure you, all be hush'd,
Be secret on this horrid Consultation,
As Urns and Monuments, that never blab.

Guif. Therefore let's lie like Furies on the Watch,
As if it were an Ambush for the World.

King. With Claws lock'd in, like Lions, couch to tear
Our Mother, thou so fierce upon the Slaughter,
Direct thy Brood; we will not stir nor breathe:
But when thou giv'st the Word, then start away,
Rush from the Shade, and make 'em all our Prey.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT

~~THE MASSACRE OF PARIS~~

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Admiral, Cavagnes, and Langoiran.

Adm



OUR Reasons are to all appearance fair,
Like *Eden's* Fruit, the Tempter hangs
'em forth, (Core,
But there's a Canker-Queen within the
That eats *Colignie's* firmest Hopes a-
way;

Like Paradise, she paves my spacious Walk:
But oh! *Cavagnes* and *Langoiran*, look,
Do you not find her lurking in the Flowers?
With soft indented Glides behold she comes;
I see the forked Tongue betwixt her Teeth,
Hissing us from the Stage of Life and Honour.
O, she's a Serpent equal to the first,
And has the Will to damn another World:
Therefore I'm positive, till I'm convine'd
The King foregoes her Counsel, I'll not stir;
I'll not to Court.

Cav. Thus far I can make good,
She is believ'd thro' all the Courts of *Europe*,
A most transcendent Wit, and absolute Woman.

Adm. That is an absolute Murd'rer and Dissembler;
Who's that proceeds on such black Principles,
That thinks there is no God above Ambition,
But may accomplish all that he intends?
Where's then the Art, the Reach, the Policy
Of this transcendant and most absolute Woman!
Is it not easy to assassinate,
To lye, and swear you love the Man you hate,
Train him into the Dark, and murder him?
I urge again, unless the King resolve
To rule alone, I will not come to Court.

Lang.

Lang. *Cavagnes* is a Master in Court Secrets ;
For me, I ruin'd the Business of the War.

Adm. Persuade me while the Queen is at his Ear,
That if he were made up of Worlds of Mercy,
He ever would forgive me. Pray look back
Into the former times, and see who sow'd
Those glowing Grains which shot up to a War,
Who blew the Coals of *Calvin's* kindled Doctrine,
And earth'd the little Sect at *Hugo's* Gate ;
Was it not I that form'd 'em to a Body ?

Lang. Stick to your self, Sir ; follow your own Methods.

Adm. Who therefore, while the Pangs of Rage were on
Proclaim'd me in all Languages a Traitor, (her,
Dragg'd my Effigies thro' the Streets of *Paris*,
Hung up my Statue on the common Gallows,
Set, by Court-Officers, my Goods to Sale,
My Houses raz'd, or burnt 'em to the Ground.

Cav. I must confess that Start of open Vengeance,
Not common to the Nature of the Queen.

Adm. And why all this, not for a private Grudge ?
I judg'd 'twas time to view the ghastly Flaws
Of that Religion that would rend the World ;
That sticks not at the Slaughter of whole States,
Blowing up Senates, nor at murd'ring Kings :
Driv'n with this Thought, I push'd the War yet farther ;
And, tho' we lost the Fight at *Moncontour*,
Yet speak, *Cavagnes*, did I fail in ought ?

Cav. I was not there.

Adm. Then give me leave to say,
I fought my self the Protestant Cause alone,
When, at the Head of our remaining Horse,
I met the elder *Rhinegrave* Hand to Hand,
Shot him i'th' Face, and left him on the Ground ;
Then seeing all our Army quite defeated,
My Jaw-Bone shatter'd, and my Voice quite spent,
I fled, with hopes to rise more terrible ;
As it succeeded, to the Astonishment
Of all the Christian World.

Enter

Enter Colombier, with a Paper in his Hand.

Col. My Lord, the Cardinal of Lorain's arriv'd,
To swear and sign the Articles of Peace ;
The Queen at present holds him in Discourse :
Mean time commends this Paper to your view,
Sent to her Majesty from the King of France.

Adm. reads. *Madam, as you demanded, you have power
o'er all the County suddenly of Armagnac. Tell the great
Admiral I seek his Friendship. Ask of Lorain the rest, who
knows my Heart.*

Perhaps, my Friends, it may be thus indeed,
That, quite tir'd out with infinite Distractions,
He may at last resolve to rule alone,
Come from his Pageship, and put off the Mother ;
Not lose his Youth, the Pleasure of his Bloom,
Among grey Senators, and with'ring Councils :
If it were so——But hold, there's something here
Forbids that Thought ; it rises like a Vapour,
A strange Misgiving, such as Women swoon at,
And Men themselves may fear. But see, the Queen.

*Enter the Queen of Navarre, Prince of Navarre, and
Prince of Conde.*

Q. Nav. I come, Sir, to forestal the Cardinal,
Who from the King offers these Terms of Peace :
He adds to what Count Lodowick brought before,
His Mother's Policy shall sway no longer ;
That he'll submit his Genius to your Conduct,
Confirms your being Captain General
In that most glorious Enterprize on Spain,
Allows you fifty for your Person's Guard ;
Therefore, for sealing this eternal Bond,
And for the former weighty Consultations,
He begs you instantly to come to Court.

Adm. What has your Majesty resolv'd to do ?

Q. Nav.

Q. Nav. To go with both the Princes strait to *Paris*,
And see the Nuptials of my young *Navarre*.

I know not what your Lordship does intend:

But I have sent already to the King

My Answer by *Byron*, and will attend him.

Adm. Then 'tis too late to think of going back;
You have launch'd me now indeed, and I must plunge
In this Abyss, tho' it be deep as Hell.

No, Madam, spite of all the Augurs here,
Since you are thus resolv'd, I'll go the foremost.
'Twas for your sake, and in the Prince's Cause,
For Liberty of Conscience and Religion,
That I thus long did propagate the War;
And shall I now not follow where you lead me?

Lan. Why should you, if it goes against your Mind?

Adm. Peace, Peace, *Langoiran*; since the Main's pro-
I mean, the Resolution of the Queen, (duc'd,
My Fate cries out, we must, we must away:
Therefore, my Friend, go gather my Dependants,
Bid 'em prepare for *Paris*. Tell my Wife,
My dearest *Martia*, we must bid farewell:
Tell her I'm forc'd to swim against the Stream;
Say, that her *Cato's* bound for *Utica*,
From whence perhaps he never shall return.

Enter Cardinal-of Lorain.

Lor. Conquest, Prosperity, and smooth Success
Be ever strow'd before our General's Feet.

Thus, Sir, the King salutes you, with Commission
To turn the Torrent of your Arms on *Spain*.

Adm. My Lord, I glory in the great Employ.
I hear beside, the King will rule alone;
For, Sir, whate'er the Wit of Women be,
From War and Councils let 'em be remov'd.
I say again, with my old Bluntness, Sir,
To have a Female Finger in the State,
Is blasting to the Prince's Memory.
Let him be but sincere, and leave the Mother,

Old as I am, I will put on my Arms,
And with this Hand, not wither'd yet in War,
Bear to th' *Escorial* his Imperial Standard.

Lor. My Lord, for the sincerity of the King,
That he intends his Dear and great *Chastillon*,
(The very words that did express his Love)
All Honours, Titles, Greatness, all Advancement,
Nay, to the curbing of his Mother's Will,
For the performance of each Article,
Without a pious Catch, or Trick of State;
Without the smallest mental Reservation,
Equivocation, or the least Reserve;
In the King's Name, as I am Priest profess'd,
As I am sent from Heav'n to teach Salvation,
I pawn the Truth of my immortal Soul.

Adm. He then, to whom our Hearts are free and open,
Be judge betwixt his Majesty and me.

Lor. O Sir, O Madam, oh, you make me weep,
Viewing by this the frailty of the World;
For if the Mind of Man be so suspicious
On such clear Demonstration of Affection,
How can you e'er believe the Love Divine?

Q. Nav. My Lord, you may return with our Obedience,
And tell the King, the Admiral, the Princes,
My self, and all his humble faithful Subjects,
Will haste to throw our Bodies at his Feet.

Adm. My Lord, farewell; I must not doubt your Oaths,
But with implicit Faith believe the King,
At whose Tribunal I must shortly kneel,
For Pardon and Forgiveness.

[Exit.

Admiral returns with Cavagnes.

Adm. Hark, my *Cavagnes*, write to Count *Lodowic*,
The *Sieurs de Genlis*, and *La-Nove*, to haste,
And suddenly to make surprize of *Mons.*

Cav. My Lord ———

Adm. Nay, write I say; I'll have it done,
On my *Parisian* Entrance, I'm resolv'd
To see into the Heart of this young *Charles*,

And

And force him thus upon a War with *Spain*;
 For tho' this Cardinal swear, and damn his Soul
 As deep as Heav'n is high, yet if his Bowels
 Be like the rest of that Blood-colour'd Robe,
 And laughs at Ghosts, where's then the Admiral?
 Caught by this perjur'd jugling Man of God!
 What for the Cabinet Murderers to play with,
 To tols *Chastillon's* Fate from one to t'other,
 And grin my Life and Honour from the World!
 But now for *Paris*: Call *Colombier*,
 'The-Count *la Rochefcault*, Marquis *de Renel*,
Piles, *Pluviah*, *Pardillan*, and *Lavardine*,
Bandine, and all my Gallants of the War:
 For *Paris* bid 'em haste.

Enter Antramont, with Langoiran.

Ant. Stay, stay, my Lord;
 I charge you stay, for *Martia* does arrest you,
 And says, you shall not go to *Utica*:
Martia resolves to hinder this Self-Murder.

Adm. Self-Murder, *Martia*!

Ant. Yes; you turn the Sword
 Upon your self, which *Charles* and that false Queen
 Brandish against you, going thus to Court
 Against your Will; for so you sent me word.
 Is not this running it in your own Bowels;
 Is it not, *Cato*? but you shall not leave me:
 You're now betroth'd; and in this sad Condition,
 Thus fraught with your clear Image, like a Bark
 Too richly laden, with an over Ballast,
 Leave me not *Gaspar*, to a Flood of Tears,
 A Sea of Passion, and a Storm of Sorrow.

Adm. Beg me not, *Martia*; 'tis impossible
 To stay me now, my Honour is engag'd,
 My Word is past.

Ant. Yet stay, Sir, stay so long,
 So long at least, as may preserve your Likeness;
 For if I yield you now to those Court-Murders,
 My boding Fears will blast it e'er 'tis born;

For sure as *Cæsar's* Butch'ry was perform'd
At *Rome*, your Murder is contriv'd at *Paris*:
Calpurnia's bloody Dream, and Scent of Slaughter
Are nothing, Sir, to my Prophetick Spirit;
Which not by Visions, Fantoms of the Night,
But by day Arguments, and certain Reason,
Will give such Evidence for your Undoing,
As you, your self being Judge, shall say are true.

Adm. O, *Antramont*, away; why dost thou thus
Unman me with thy Tears? Tho' certain Death,
With all the dagger'd Council, stood to wait me,
Ev'n in my View, I swear I would among 'em.

Ant. Then you are caught indeed; they hate you, Sir:
Your Wife, with this poor Innocent unborn,
With all your other Orphans, are undone:
The Glory of the Earth is laid along.
I see the Vine that spreads his Arms to Heav'n,
With all his Clusters rotting on the Ground,
Blasted with Lightning from a clouded Council,
By her that is the *Juno* of your Fate,
That murd'ring Sorceress, that dry Hag of *Florence*,
That Midnight *Hecate* of ten thousand Forms,
That varies with all Shapes, that tries all Spirits,
Selling her Soul to each, and all together,
To make your Fate inevitably sure.

Adm. Give me your Hand, and take this farewell Kiss:
If thou would'st have me think thou lov'st old *Gaspar*,
Reply no more, but leave me and be dumb.

Ant. I'm all Obedience; let me speak but once,
And whisper't in your Ear: By all my hopes,
Of Earth and Heav'n, you shall not die alone;
I'll gather all the Branches of your Body,
The little Arms, the Sprouts of him that was:
Yes, with that precious Fardel, bound together
By Cords of Hair, cemented with my Tears,
And wreath'd about till Death with my Embraces,
I'll follow you to Court: I will, my Lord;
And since you'll have it so, we'll burn together. [Exit.

Enter Commanders.

Adm. O, my brave Friends! my dear *la Rochefcaute*,
Your Hand; and yours, my rough *Colombiere*;
My Gallant *Piles*; and thine, my plain *Langoiran*:
But say how stand you to this Expedition,
This new Exploit, this dang'rous Court Adventure?

Lang. My Lord, I'll answer for 'em, there's not one
But has resolv'd to follow; tho' they had rather
Run the most violent Shock of glorious War,
Than stand one complemental Death at Court.

Adm. Then our Opinions jump. But to the purpose;
Since 'tis resolv'd that we must go to *Paris*,
Because you're Strangers to the King and Queen,
I would instruct you in the Royal Tempers,
Draw the Queen Mother's Face in Miniature,
For there the Watch and Ward of all our Caution
Must lie, if possible to wave the Ruin. [member.

Lang. Fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd; fear not, we shall re-

Adm. Imagine then the King, like *Adam* laid
Among the Sweets of Paradise to rest,
While to his listning Soul this second *Eve*,
Full of the Devil, and design'd to damn us,
Thus breathes her Counsels fatal to the World:
Whatever Paths you trod before your Reign,
'Tis Blood and Terror must your Throne maintain:
Scorn then thy Slaves; nor to thy Vassals bow;
Fix the Gold Circle to thy bended Brow,
By Murders, Massacres; no matter how.
For Conscience, and Heav'n's Fear, Religion's Rules,
They're all State-Bells, to toll in pious Fools. [Exeunt.



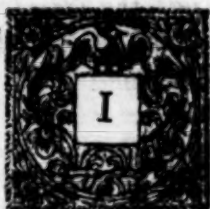
A C T

~~THE MASSACRE OF PARIS~~

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Queen Mother, and Marguerite.

Mar.



S Guise then false? or do you try
me, Madam,
And search my Heart, to know how
much I love him?
If it be so, I will resolve you quick-
ly;

I'll swear to you by Heav'n, by all things Sacred,
By all that's great and lovely upon Earth,
By him, by *Guise*, by all the blessed Moments
Of that dear Life, which single I prefer
To Millions of my own, I love him more
Than you love Glory, Vengeance, and Ambition.

Q. M. Then thou art lost, a Wretch, an out-cast Fool,
Not worthy of my Care, nor worth my seeking;
For, by my best Desires, I know he scorns thee,
And to my certain Knowledge, is betroth'd
To *Catharine Cleve*, the Prince of *Porcien's* Widow.

Mar. 'Tis false; he's not, he shall not, nor he cannot:
You hate me, Madam, and you forge this Matter,
To make me die, to kill your *Marguerite*;
For, if you did respect me as your Blood,
Why should you tear my Heart in thousand pieces?
Why should you make me rave with Jealousy?
For, oh, I love beyond all former Passion:
Die for him! that's too little; I could burn
Piece-meal away, or bleed to Death by drops,
Be flay'd alive, then broke upon the Wheel,
Yet with a Smile endure it all for *Guise*:

And when let loose from Torments, all one Wound,
Run with my mangled Arms, and crush him dead.

Q. M. Farewel; thou'rt mad indeed: I'll find the
And send him to convince you of the Truth,

(King,

P 2

Mar.

Mar. The Truth! O Heav'n, nay, stay, and I'll believe
But is he false? is't possible in Nature? (you.
Is *Guise* then, like his kindred Savages,

True Man, an upright; bold, and hearty Villain?

Q. M. I tell thee; as I love thy Life and Honour,
Tho' much I fear the latter is past hope,
Their Marriage will be solemniz'd to-morrow;
The Cardinal of *Lorain* must join their Hands.

Mar. What, he that keeps the Tye, the sacred Con-
I'll warrant too he'll be a Witness for him. (traft!

Why then, for ever throw off Modesty,

If thus Religion cheats us: let us haste,

With *Messalina*, to the common Stews,

Where Bawds are honestest than *Roman* Church-men.

Q. M. Think no more on't, but with a gen'rous Fury
Resolve to cast him from your Soul for ever.
Prepare your self for what the King commands,
Without delay, to wed the young *Navarre*.

Mar. To wed my Tomb, to dwell in Dust below,
Where we shall see no more deceitful Men,
Hear no more Platt'ry, nor no damning Vows;
Where I shall never start from my cold Bed,
Nor walk with folded Arms about the Room,
With Eyes, like Rivers, ever running down;
While with my over-watching, I mistake
The rustling Wind, and every little Noise
For *Guise's* coming; which not finding true,
I weep again, till all my Face is drown'd;
And groan, as if there were no end of Sorrow.

Q. M. Then I must find some other Instruments,
That have the Power to rule you: So farewell. [*Exit.*

Mar. Stay, Madam, stay. She's gone, and leaves me
To do a mischief on my Life. False *Guise*! (here!
Perfidious *Guise*! but I will find thee out,
And reek the Miseries of my Soul upon thee;
Nay, I'll alarm the Priest that makes thee wicked;
Priests, that like Devils laugh at human Pains,
And Souls ne'er reckon, so they count their Gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Palace.*

Enter Duke of Guise, and Cardinal of Lorain.

Gui. But are you sure he'll come?

Lor. Most certain, Sir.

Gui. Why then, I will not eat till I behold him.

O, I could pine my self into a Ghost,
So I at last might thrust my hungry Sword
In the curs'd Carcase of this Admiral,
And glut my greedy Vengeance with his Heart.

Lor. The Queen too of *Navarre*, th' Heretick Princes,
Gentlemen and Commanders, Knights, Barons, Counts,
With all the Combination of the Rebels,
Come to the Wedding of young *Bearnais*.

Gui. Why, what an Oglio will the Devil have?
A Feast for Hell, to cram it to the Mouth,
A Massacre of Souls: Methinks I see
The glutton Death gorg'd with devouring Lives,
And stretching o'er the City his swoln bulk,
As he would vomit up the Dead.

Lor. My Lord,
How brooks your Heart the Marriage of *Navarre*?

Gui. Why, faith, Sir, as we must——Necessity——
The King resolves it; urging to my Face,
The Man that dar'd to contradict his Pleasure,
Should make that opposition with his Ruin:
On this I turn'd my Court to *Porcien's* Widow.
But O, *Lorain*, Love mourn'd at the mistake,
As conscious of the cruel Change he made.
Take then the Prospect of a Summer's Morn,
The gaudy Heav'n all streak'd with dappled Fires,
And fleck'd with Blushes like a rising Bride,
With Sweets so pour'd from such a lavish Spring,
That it must beggar all the Years to come:
From this bright view, from *Marguerite's* Form,
Now turn thy Eye upon the yellow Autumn,
On *Porcien's* Wife, the Widow of the Seasons.

Lor. You speak, methinks, as if you lov'd the Princess.

Gui. Howe'er I brag'd before, I do confess it;
Spite of my Glory, spite of my Ambition,
And all the vow'd Resolves of my Revenge,
Had she not poorly yielded to the Marriage,
I wou'd have turn'd my Widow to the Common:
But I am satisfy'd, 'tis now the talk
Of the whole Court, how she in secret likes it;
Hears too, no doubt, of my design on *Cleve*,
Yet (Curse on that changeable Stuff, her Soul)
Regards it not. But see, she comes: a Tempelt

Enter Marguerite.

Ruffles her Face! the Mother taught this Cunning;
And she has catch'd the Plague of that Dissembler
So right, methinks I see the Tokens on her.

Mar. Look in my Face,

Gui. I do.

Mar. Nay, in my Eyes.

Gui. I view 'em as I would the setting Sun,
Were I to die at Midnight.

Mar. Come, you dare not.

Gui. What, dare not die?

Mar. Thou dar'st not one, nor t'other:
At least thou should'st not, for thou art so wicked,
So gone in Sin, Damnation must attend thee.

Gui. Why, then the Devil is sure of one great Man.

Mar. Of one! of all; at Court he's no Retailer,
But deals in Gross, and takes you by the Lump;
In Country-Fields he's forc'd to sit all Day,
With Patience, angling down the guiltless Stream,
Yet rarely catches one for all his Labour:
But when he comes to Court, the Sea of Pleasures,
He throws his Drag-Net in from side to side,
Where none of all the Fry escape perdition:
There may you see Whales plunging in the Marsh,
Disgorging Streams, like Drunkards on the Ground;
The Sword-fish, like the Soldier, fast in hold;
The flound'ring Priest, like Sharks, that gape for prey:

Fat

The Massacre of Paris.

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Fat Porpoise Bauds, the Mermaids too of Honour,
The Minim Pages, all the twinkling Host
So fill'd, the Snare of Hell must crack to hold you.

Gui. No; there's another Cause for this fine Satire,
Too well digested for a sudden Thought,
An Argument at home, there in your Heart,
Tho' you have learnt discretion thus to turn it.

Mar. O Heav'ns! What means he?

Gui. D'ye seem amaz'd?

I say again, however you upbraid me,
You bear the Guilt, who bring the Accusation;
Yes, *Marguerite*, thou hast plaid me foul.
Nay, do not start, nor gaze, nor make false Steps:
Come, Princess, these are Tricks too stale for *Guise*,
Shew 'em your little Creatures, bid your Mother
Fetch something quainter from the Schools of *Florence*,
Where she has learnt the Art of Honest-dealing.

Mar. O, all ye Pow'rs of Heav'n, of Earth and Hell,
Where would he, whither, and when will he end?

Gui. Madam, I've done already; but lest you should
Forget Coherence thro' your World of Passion,
I tell you, you are false: your Vows, your Tears,
Your Languishings, your very height of Pleasures,
Your grasping Joys are false: for even then
When you cry out, There can be nothing farther,
By all your Perjuries, you wish 'em more.

Mar. Furies and Devils! shall he bear it thus!
What with his Lip! his Eye! his ev'ry Scorn,
Walk thus before me, and defy me thus!
Ah *Guise*! disloyal, faithless, perjur'd Wretch!
Thou art more damn'd than any Fiend in Hell;
Impostor!

Gui. Woman.

Mar. Traitor.

Gui. Woman.

Mar. Villain.

Gui. Woman still.

Mar. Hark *Guise*, hear Monster, hear and mark me,
While to thy conscious Soul I sound the Name
Of *Porcien*.

Gui. Of *Navarre*.

P. 4.

Mar.

Mar. *Porcien*, I swear.

Gui. *Navarre*, *Navarre*.

Mar. Thou ly'st, thou ly'st: *Porcien*, the Widow——

Porcien.

O, I could cut my Face! what, for a Widow!

Leave me, for *Porcien*! O thou dull, dull *Guise*,

Wilt thou sit down to the refuse of Meals!

A Widow; what, the Monument of Man!

The Tomb, Grave-Vault, the very damp of Nature!

For this, I hate thee more than e'er I lov'd thee;

And from my Presence banish thee for ever.

Gui. No; I will banish this detested *Guise*,

My self; you shall not buy him to your Presence;

For know, I hate more perfectly than you.

Yours is a gust, a puff of Woman's Fury;

But mine a manly, constant settled Hate,

Which ever since you made your better choice

Of young *Navarre*, took root within my Heart.

Mar. 'Tis false, 'tis false, a Treason fetch'd from Hell:

But where? speak out; where was this Lye invented?

Gui. Thus then in short, and so farewell for ever:

The King and Queen with all particulars,

Avow'd it to me; and in general

The Court. You may perceive the Choice

I made of *Cleve*, was more to be reveng'd,

Than want of Constancy: but yours was weigh'd;

Navarre has Youth, and may be King of *France*,

Ticking Variety for Love and Glory,

For the false Appetite of luxurious Woman,

(her.

Woman, damn'd Woman; but I waste breath to name

My Lord *Lorain*, I charge you by your Friendship,

Give me the Contract.

Mar. Hold, my Lord——For what?

Gui. That I may tear it to as many pieces

As she has done her Vows. What Faith in Women!

The very fragments of the whole Creation,

Whose sever'd Souls, like many parted Mirrors,

Reflect the Face of all Mankind at once;

Who with their weeping Smiles, and laughing Tears,

Were they allow'd a Heav'n, as sure they are not,

Would

Would tempt the Angels to a second Fall.
But I grow wild ; give me the Contract, Sir:
Nay, Madam, off ; I swear you must unhand me.

Mar. I will not. O my Heart ! Ah *Guise*, *Guise*, *Guise* !
You have got the Conquest, and you shall maintain it,
Tho' at the expence of *Marguerite's* Death.

'Tis true, my Mother mention'd such a Marriage ;
But if I did not loath it, scorn, detest it,
O, if this be not true as thou art false,
(Forgive me, for I meant to say unkind)
Banish poor *Marguerite* from those Eyes
That feed her Life, let me no more approach you ;
But take, O take this Ponyard from my Hand,
And stick it in my Heart, that Heart that loves you,
That when 'tis injur'd dares not stand before you,
But owns you for the Tyrant of my Days.

Gui. No, *Marguerite*, no ;
You've found the way to temper me indeed.
Nay, turn it upon me, who am a Traytor,
Because I dar'd to counterfeit a Falshood
Against such perfect Love, to seem t' affect
The hated *Porcien*.

Mar. Did you then dissemble ?
Did you not love her in your Heart indeed ?

Gui. I swear by Heav'n.

Mar. O let me then embrace you :
Yet closer. O that I could get within you !

Gui. My Life !

Mar. My Soul !

Gui. My Heart !

Car. My Lord, the Duke of *Anjou* moves this way.

Gui. Farewel. And till I hear that thou art marry'd,
The Heart of *Guise* is riveted to thine ;
Which all the Hammers in thy Mother's Brain
Shall never loose.

Mar. They may compel my Body ;
But till I hear thee say thy self, Thou'rt false,
Death shall not force my Soul to wed *Navarre*.

[*Exit Marguerite.*

Enter Anjou and Lignerolles.

Gui. I'll stand the shock of this imperious Duke,
This *Anjou*, that has got a Name in War,
I know not how, because his Horse was shot
At *Moncontour*: You see, by what ensu'd,
Nature design'd him for a Reveller.

Anj. O *Lignerolles*, thou Partner of my Soul,
Be secret; for if once the King should know
What I have told thee thro' excess of Love,
The World could not redeem thee from the Grave.
Ha! *Guise*! But soft, my Soul. My Lord *Lorain*,
'Tis said, the Admiral, and *Hugonot* Princes
Are scarce a League from *Paris*.

Car. Yes, my Lord,
I hear so too: the Duke of *Guise* was going.

Anj. I hope he will not move for Fear of me.

Gui. You're right, my Lord; nor will not stay for Love.

Anj. What not a Woman's Love! Love of a Princess?

Gui. No, nor a Boy's; your Sister may do much.

Anj. Haste *Lignerolles*, go bear the King this Packet.
My Lord of *Guise*, 'tis not impossible [Exit *Lignerolles*.
But *Anjou* one Day may be King of *France*;
Mark me, if then I find *Valois* dishonour'd,
I will not leave a *Guise* to gape at Power. [Exit.

Gui. 'Tis so: By all the Mysteries of Empire,
By the eternal Fates, his Mother's Poison
Boils in the Brains of the young drooping King,
And speeds him to make way for curs'd *Anjou*.
Charles has Religion which she wonders at,
And scarce believes him her's; laughs at his Pity,
Calls his Remorse the Cholick of the Mind;
His starts and fears, the gripes and checks of Conscience.

Enter King, Queen Mother, Lignerolles.

But see, the King! mark, mark, my Dear *Lorain*!
Mark how she tempers him betwixt her Hands:
He has it in his Veins, the lingring draught.

That

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That moulders him away. Let's tell him of it:
By my Ambition, and my vow'd Revenge,
I'll do't.

Car. Away; you shall not: Are you mad?
Where is your Temper? Walk a little off,
And lay these Fumes.

Gui. Lead then the blind away;
Yet, if I meet him in the dark, I'll crush him.

[*Ex. Lor. and Gui.*]

King. Was ever such an Insolence? Read there.
My Brother has Intelligence from *Rochel*,
The Admiral has order'd his Adherents
To seize on *Mons*, as he arrives at *Paris*,
So to assure the Kindling of a War.
O Mother, now I feel thy Flames inspire me;
Yes by the injur'd Majesty of Kings,
I'll fetch this soaring Rebel from his Height:
Traitor, imperious, saucy, arrogant Slave!

Lig. Why should your Majesty thus shock your Peace
With needless Fury, since the time draws on
When he and all those Rebel *Hugonots*,
Shall never grieve you more?

King. Your meaning, Sir.

Lig. When, as your Royal Justice has decreed,
They shall be massacred.

King. A vain Surmise!
Go, Sir, and bid the Count of *Rbts* attend me.

[*Exit Lig.*]

M. Well, Sir, what think you now?

King. Death, and Destruction,
We're all undone; the secret of the World,
Th' eternal Care of my contriving Soul,
Which has so many Moons, with constant watching,
Reduc'd me to this state, is blab'd by you,
Divulg'd, and made the Prattle of a Boy.

M. No, no, my Lord; I am not to be taught
By you to keep a Secret: Look at home,
Collect, if in your late tempestuous Passion
You did not give Suspicion of the Truth.

King. Suspicion! no, 'tis more; we are betray'd:
 He told me to my Face he knew the matter,
 How that the Admiral, and the *Hugonots*
 Should strait be massacred. O, I could rave!
 Our Hearts are Rebels to our Bosom-Councils.

Enter Alberto Condi.

But see, perhaps this Villain gave it Air.
 Ah, Traitor! ah perfidious false *Alberto*!
 Have I not rais'd thee from the dregs of Baseness,
 And lodg'd thee in the Bosom of thy Master?
 Nay, rise, and speak; where didst thou get the daring
 T' unravel the close Web of my sworn Councils,
 And trust 'em to the giddy *Ligneroles*?
 Confess; nay, hide not what thou hast reveal'd,
 Or Racks, Blood, Blood and Fire, and lasting Torments
 Shall force thee speak.

Alb. Then let the Rack be brought:
 Methinks I long to give a noble Proof
 How much I can endure in such a Cause.

King. I know not what to say, whom to accuse,
 Or where to turn my self. Call hither *Guise*,
 And Cardinal of *Lorain*. But see my Brother.

Enter Anjou.

It must be so: 'tis he, 'tis he, false Man!
 I had forgot! this Boy's his only Minion,
 The very Turnkey of his Cabinet-thoughts.
 But speak, *Anjou*, how didst thou dare to trust
 So strong a Secret, such important Counsels,
 That from the Book of Fate must wipe for ever
 A hundred thousand Lives, or quash the Throne?
 O, I'm not able to contain the Transport!
 Why didst thou trust a Business of such weight
 To *Ligneroles*?

Enter

The Massacre of Paris.

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Enter Cardinal and Guise.

Anj. 'Tis true, my Lord, I did;
But I'll engage my Life he'll ne'er divulge it.

King. No, Sir; I pass my word he never shall.

Anj. My Lord, I beg——

King. Speak not, stir not hence.

My Lord of *Guise*, I must engage your Service.

Q. M. Think no more of him, lest the violent King,
Whom yet I never saw so strangely mov'd,
Should turn his Rage on you.

Gui. My Lord, 'tis done.

Two of my Train there are that bear him Grudge.

King. When he's dispatch'd, let your Friends go to
To put a little Varnish on his Blood; (Prison,
Then you, or some that have the seeming Power,
Beg for their Pardon, and it shall be sign'd.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. My Lord, the Admiral's arriv'd.

King. O, Madam,
Give me your Hand, and yours and yours to prop me;
Now we must shew a Master-piece indeed,
To meet the Man whom we would make an end of;
Ev'n at that Time when mortal Wars within,
When the Blood boils and flushes to be at him,
Yet then to shew the signs of heartiest Love,
To cringe, to fawn, to smile, to weep, and swear,
Are Masks for Women, not for Men to wear. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Admiral, Queen of Navarre, the Princes, Commanders, Gentlemen, &c.

Adm. *Cavagnes* would'st thou think it possible,
I scarce have Breath to tell thee I'm not well?

Cav.

Cav. Why should you fear!

Adm. Because it goes against me.

Upon the way, my sad presaging Heart:

At the first view of *Paris* sunk within me:

I stopt, and started, answer'd without Thought,

Like one that breaks his Sleep with his own brawl,

As if my Genius shock'd me with a question,

And ask'd me, whither I was bound for Death?

But it must be, *Cavagnes*: nay, what's more

Than Death it self, confess my self a Traitor,

Ev'n in the Theatre of all the Kingdom:

Do Penance for the glorious Wars I made,

In view of those that have so bravely back'd me.

Enter the King, Queen Mother, Anjou, Alberto Gondi,

Cardinal of Lorain. All the Hugonots kneel.

(*Son*

King. Madam, you're welcome; this the Prince your

Most welcome; this the Prince of *Conde*, welcome &

Welcome to *Paris*, welcome to the Court:

The Heart of *Charles* bids welcome to you all.

Who's that upon the Earth! the great *Chastillon*,

The glorious Admiral, the fam'd *Coligni*,

The Scourge of Kingdoms! O, my Father, rise;

Or, by the Majesty of Age, the Reverence

Due to these Hairs, the King himself shall kneel.

Adm. O Sir, is't possible? can this be real?

Can you forgive this Out-law, this Offender;

Who has so often turn'd your Subjects Arms

Against their lawful Sovereign; made whole Wilds

Of populous Towns, and brav'd the Lion's Fury?

Now you have drawn me quite unarm'd to Court,

Can you so far be Master of your Temper

As not to hew me in a thousand pieces?

King. Can you, who had the Power to make me trem-

Can you, my awful Subject, be so good

(*ble,*

To kneel before my Feet, and ask my Pardon,

And shall I be so barb'rous to refuse it!

No, mighty Warrior, in the heat of Broils,

When thou so terribly becam'st the Field,

Hadst

The Massacre of Paris. . 319

Hadst thou thus fought me, by those Saints we worship,
I had receiv'd thee with a Breast of Mercy.

Adm. Forgive me, Sir; my Heart so rises in me,
I cannot speak.

King. Let then the World be witness,
All that is Honest, Sacred, Good, and Just,
Be Witnesses the Powers of Heav'n and Earth,
With this Embrace I pardon thee thy Errors,
I bid thee welcome, as my better Angel:
Thou shalt direct in all my Bosom Councils;
My Genius; O! and while I hold thee thus,
Methinks I press my Father in my Arms. (Heart

Adm. O! Sir, what have you done? you've burst the
Of your old *Gaspar*, with this Flood of Goodness:
And see, it gushes from my aged Eyes.

King. No more.

Adm. I must, I must make away, my Lord,
For this dear Load that makes me sore within:
But haste, employ my Arm; let Fortune raise
Some Foe that's worthy of *Chastillon's* Sword:
Nay I shall quarrel with the Fates themselves
Unless they rouse me up some brave Occasion,
To signalize my Loyalty, my Conduct,
And constant Zeal for your Immortal Glory.

King. Your Friendship to the Queen, who courts it too,
Will more oblige me than your Wars abroad.

Adm. For all past-Faults thus low I ask her Pardon.

Q. M. Rise, rise, my Lord: let us forgive each other.
May I, when dying, miss the Throne of Mercy,
If when I saw the King and you embrace,
My wounded Heart did not weep Blood for Joy.

King. Come, come, my Lord, since you're so fierce to
(serve me,
I'll find your Sword Employment. Rest a while,
And then for *Flanders*, where the Duke of *Alva*
Will hold you to't.

Adm. I long, my Lord, to try him,
He who so curses the reform'd Religion.
I wish that, with some thousands I could raise
Of those poor Protestants whom he disdains,

I could

I could but face him on the dusty Plain,
 Tho to his Aid he call'd his Catholick Master,
 With thousand Arms held up to thousand Saints;
 Ev'n with this handful of my old Commanders
 Heading the well truss'd Body of our Men,
 We'd on, to make the mitred Armies yield,
 And drive the trembling Crossiers from the Field.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*The SCENE draws; the King, the Queen Mother,
 the Duke of Anjou, Duke of Guise, Cardinal of Lo-
 rain: The Body of Lignerolles held up all bloody.*

Anj.  H, Traitor *Guise*! but I will have thy
 Life——

Gui. Let go your Hand; or by the Ma-
 jesty

That governs here, I'll send you to your
 (Boy.

King. Tear 'em asunder.

Anj. I'll have Satisfaction.

King. Remove the Body. You my Lord of *Guise*,
 Say how this Murder happen'd,

Gui. Thus, my Lord.

Charles Count of *Mansfield*, and the Count of *Guerchy*,
 When with this Morning's hunt, the Hills and Groves,
 The Skies and Fountains seem'd one mutual Cry,
 Riding in Company with this bold Spirit,
 On fiery Coursers, chanc'd to discompose him:
 He frown'd, they laugh'd, and so the beaten road
 Of Quarrels, hot Words rose, then Blows and Thrusts:
 'The Youth betwixt 'em fell, I know not how;
 And there's an end of him.

Anj. Traitor thou ly'st: Thou know'st the Cause.

King. No, Sir, it was my Order.

Now

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Now, as you have respect to your own Safety,
No more of this. Had you not blush'd in Blood,
In the Heart-blood of him you dearest lov'd;
By my dead Father's Soul, by my Revenge,
You should your self have mourn'd so gross a Failing.

Q. M. Sir, he repents.

King. He does but what he ought.

Now to the Business.

Since then the Cloud that holds our horrid Vengeance
Comes nearer racking o'er the *Hugonots* Heads;
Let's help the fall, and stir not from this place
Till we have fix'd the Plat-form of their Ruin:
First, for the Queen, *Jane Albert* of Navarre,
Because a Woman, and of Royal Blood,
My Mother judg'd that she should die by Poison.

Q. M. Dispatch'd with Sweets. Pass to the rest; she's
(dead.)

King. Yet not without suspicion of the Princes,
Who therefore, by my Order, were desir'd
To see her Body open'd; which was done
Before the chief of all the *Hugonots*;
Only her Head was spar'd, as I appointed,
Out of a seeming Rev'rence; but indeed,
Lest that the Poison, tho' it pass'd unseen,
Like a close Murd'rer, thro' the Lanes of Life,
Might yet at last be taken where it lodg'd,
With this, in part, I satisfy'd their Murmurs.

Q. M. Therefore you must confer more Favours still
Upon the Admiral, lull him with Honours;
Strike him but in the Throat of his Ambition,
You have him sure: yet let him play a while,
And roll at random down the stream of Glory.
My Lord of *Guise*, you have not yet convers'd him;
Therefore, while this Suspicion on the Death
Of the late Queen flies warm about his Ears,
Visit him, as commanded by the King;
But so as if enforc'd: and by degrees,
Proceed to half a Quarrel, that the King,
Being made the Judge, as coming there by chance,
May give it quite against you in appearance,

And

And force you to submit your self for Pardon.

Gui. It shall be so: And fear not, I'll provoke him;
'Twill ease my Heart a little, with keen words
To right my Father's Wrongs, and shed the Venom
That swells me all within.

King. On this proceed
To the intended Marriage of *Navarre*;
Which once perform'd, as if that were the Lightning
To the sure Peal of Horror that must follow,
Begin our Vengeance with the Admiral's Death.

Anj. First, Sir, it would be known how *Guise* approves
The Marriage of *Navarre* with *Marguerite*.

King. I know the Duke approves what I resolve;
And on so great a Push would forfeit both.

A Lignerolles and *Marguerite* too.

Q. M. Come, come, it's monstrous but to make a
(Scruple

To stand on Pets, Intrigues, and foolish Passions,
When such a Fate is now upon the Bolt;
As ne'er perhaps yet thunder'd with Success,
Since first the World began.

Guif. My Lord, I yield,
And take Prince *Perceien's* Widow for my Wife.

King. I sent the Count of *Rbets* to bring her hither.
My Lord *Lorain*, pray let me view the Contract,
This, by the Hand of *Guise*, must first be torn,
And then presented her.

Gui. Excuse me, Sir. (not;

King. If Prayers or Threats can bend her, Sir, you shall
But if those fail, my Lord, without more words,
I charge you for your Honour, and my own,
To act as I command: or, by my Blood,
Nor you, nor I shall ever see her more.

Gui. That's a home thrust indeed: Sir, I obey,
And wait your farther Order.

King. My Lord *Lorain*,
Attend the Duke while I examine *Marguerite*,
Wait till I stamp; and when thy Trouble's over,
Make to the Admiral; and I will follow.

Enter

The Massacre of Paris.

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Enter Alberto with Marguerite.

How, *Marguerite* weeping? all in Tears!
Sure then the Count of *Rbets* mistook the Message.
I sent to give thee Joy, to tell my Sister
She must be marry'd.

Mar. And I come, my Lord,
To shew my Heart before your Majesty,
To beg your Favour, Mercy, and your Pardon;
For O, my Lord, I cannot, if I would,
Be marry'd to *Navarre*.

King. You cannot? Rise,
And tell me why: I'll hear you out with patience.

Mar. Ah, Sir, how shall I speak your Sister's Frailty?
How shall I, but thus drown'd with Tears and Blushes,
Confess the fault of Duty? I am marry'd,
Betroth'd, my Lord.

King. To whom?

Mar. Alas, you're angry;
But I must own the Truth, tho' on your Brow
A thousand Deaths sat menacing my Soul:
Yes, Sir, I'm marry'd to the Duke of *Guise*.

King. Not marry'd, *Marguerite*; but contracted:
And so far I'll forgive thy heedless Youth;
But on Condition that, without more noise,
Thou raise the haughty *Guise* from thy Remembrance;
Or, by the Violation of our Name,
I will not spare to drain thy tainted Blood,
Till I have mounted thee by Death a Victim
To the great Memory of the wrong'd *Valois*. (mentors,

Mar. Call then, my Lord, call forth your fierce Tor-
Propose to *Marguerite* Flames and Wounds,
And all the cruel Arts of thoughtful Fury;
See your poor Sister's Spirit parch'd away
By ling'ring Fires, to make my Death more dreadful:
Yet, Sir, with my last Breath I must avow
My Love to *Guise*, and Hatred to *Navarre*. (thee-

King. No; I have thought on't better; I'll proclaim
A Prostitute; thou shalt no more be Royal:

Poor,

Poor, and abandon'd, with thy Shame upon thee,
I'll turn thee forth a Beggar to the World.

Mar. Do, do, my Lord, rather than wed *Navarre*,
And make it Death for any to relieve me;
Set the mad Multitude like Dogs upon me,
To tear, to worry me like common Flesh,
To drag me to a Ditch, and leave me gasping,
Yet I will groan with my last Sighs to Heav'n;
'Tis easier this, than to be false to *Guise*.

King. But *Marguerite*, was there ever Love,
Without a brave Revenge on Provocation?
Yet, Wretch, thou lov'st without being lov'd again:
Since in my Presence *Guise* now past his Word
To leave thee, and to wed the Widow *Porcien*.

Mar. No, no, my Lord; that Art was us'd before;
Yet, Sir, you make me tremble; for methinks
There's something more resolv'd, more stern in you
Than in my Mother: yet my Heart's confirm'd
Not to believe ev'n you; O therefore cease,
O rather execute your former Rage,
And give me up to those Tormentors Hands
That wait your Call.

King. But if I bring the Duke
Before thy Face, that Contract in his Hand,
Which past betwixt you, and he tears it here
Openly, in the Presence of us all;
Wilt thou then quit him, with resolv'd Revenge,
And wed *Navarre*?

Mar. Why should you ask me, Sir?
Prove me but half as much, but half that Falshood,
That Impudence, that Treason to the Throne
Of our crown'd Loves, and I will wed a Slave:
There's not a thing so loath'd upon the Earth,
But you shall bind me to it for my Life,
To Age, Deformity, to all that's hateful,
Blasting, and deadly. — Ha! what's this he tears?
The Contract? O, it is the cursed Contract!
Then I'll tear too. Death, Furies, Hell, and Devils!
But call him, Sir, call back the perjur'd Traitor,
Let your Guards hold him; you shall see, my Lord,

How

How well I hate him: Give me but a Dagger,
And I will gore his Heart with thousand Wounds;
Nay, if 'twere possible, I'd stab his Soul,
Fill it so full, brimful of Woman's Gall,
That tho' he were an Angel, it should damn him;
But he's a Devil, Devil, Devil, Devil.

King. Give me your Hand; you shall along with me
To a young King, that will be proud to serve you.

Mar. O, Sir, I know not what to say or do,
But fling this Load of Misery at your Feet:
You have my Promise, but with all my Blood
I would retrieve it; for since *Guise* is false,
Whom I believ'd the worthiest of the World,
Since he has prov'd himself so damn'd a Villain,
O, give me leave, Sir, give me leave to shun,
To hate, to lothe, to curse all human kind.

King. I'll have no more delay; I claim your Promise:
Come then; or, by my Crown, I'll have thee dragg'd.
What, ho! without there.

Enter Attendants.

Mar. Mother pity me.
Have patience, Sir, a little time, my Lord,
To vent these bursting Sighs, and I will go;
Let me but dry my Eyes, and I will go:
This Remnant of a wretched royal Woman,
This Stain to all your Blood. O cruel Heaven!
This curs'd, forlorn, unhappy Bride, shall go
Thus to the Altar where my Fate's decreed;
But like a Victim that is doom'd to bleed.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Admiral, Antramont, Cavagnes, Langoiran.

Ant. Poison'd; the royal dead *Navarre* was poison'd:
'Tis the first Thunder-clap of that vast Storm
That seems already breaking o'er your Head.

Why

Why are you senseless then, and deaf to Warning;
 When, wheresoe'er you cast your Eyes, the Storm
 Looks blacker yet? Why stays the Duke of *Guise*?
 Why does he summon all his Blood to Court,
 With Barons, Knights, that hold the Catholick Party,
 With foreign Gentry living on his Pensions,
 And therefore ready upon all occasions,
 With hazard of their Lives to act his Pleasure?

Adm. Peace, *Antramont*.

Ant. Alas, my Lord, I cannot.

Why should the Vidam *Chartres*, Count *Montgomery*,
 Resolve to lodge themselves beyond the *Seine*,
 Unless their Minds presage some dreadful Mischief?
 'Tis coming: O, with deeper Policies
 The King and Queen delude your easy Soul
 With fatal Praises, and undoing Honours:
 O, they have caught you! my prophetick Soul
 Sees the red Tempest thunder down in Blood,
 In Blood of you, of me, of all about you.

Adm. O, *Antramont*, you foil me now indeed;
 Yet I shall answer, if your Passion please:
 First, for the Queen, I saw her Body open'd,
 The Parts whereof were found, untouch'd by Poison,
 And by our own Physicians 'twas concluded
 She died a natural Death. Then for the *Guises*,
 Some little Satisfaction must be given,
 As to permit their Presence at the Marriage;
 But for the Management of State-Affairs,
 Or Favour from the King, they're lost for ever:
 Nor shall it keep my dauntless Powers awake,
 Tho' *Chartres* and *Montgomery* will not come.
 But to forbear the Subject, leave me here
 With my *Cavagnes*.

Ant. I am commanded, Sir;
 Yet for the Safety of your innocent Babes,
 Beware, my Lord, be cautious, O prevent. [*Ex. Ant.*]

Adm. Fear not; farewell; be gone, I will beware.
 Why should I fear, *Cavagnes*, when the King
 Inclines his Heart to the reform'd Religion;
 When the whole Management of home Affairs,

With

With all Confederacies made abroad,
Are left to me, as Judge and Arbitrator,
The Genius and the Oracle of *France*?
But, if the Will of Heav'n has set it down,
That all this Trust is deep Dissimulation,
That there's no Faith nor Credit to be given
To the inviolable royal Word;

O, my *Cavagnes*, if 'tis possible,
If this be so, I yield, I yield to die:
I am contented for the Protestant Faith
Here to be hewn into a thousand Pieces,
And made the Martyr of so good a Cause.

Lang. My Lord, I take my leave; and am resolv'd
To leave the Court.

Adm. Cavagnes, prithee speak,
It is not worth our Smile: But why, *Langoiran*,
Why dost thou leave the Maker of thy Fortune?
Is it not worth the Hazard?

Lang. No, my Lord.
I'm sorry Sir, to see you made so much of;
And so farewell. For my Part, I'm content
To save my self with Fools, rather than perish
With those that are too wise.

[*Exit.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the Duke of *Guise*.

[*Exeunt Cavag. and Serv.*

Enter Guise.

Guif. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait you,
And bid you welcome to the Court.

Adm. The King
Still loads me with new Honours; but none greater
Than this the last.

Guif. There is one greater yet,
Your high Commission for the War with *Spain*:
I, and my Family are charg'd to serve you;
And 'twill be glorious Work.

Adm.

Adm. If you are there,
There must be Action,
Guif. O, your Pardon, Sir;
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War;
But you, whose Life is one continu'd Battel,
What will not your triumphant Arms accomplish?
Who, as your self confess'd, or Fame is false,
Have quite out-gone the Memory of the Antients,
Of *Alexander*, and of *Julius Cæsar*:
For they in all their Actions had Success;
But you, in spite of your malicious Fortune,
After the loss of four most signal Battels,
Still rose more fierce and dreadful to your Foes;
And last, when all Men thought you had no way
To save your Life, but wander thro' the World,
You forc'd the King to grant your own Conditions,
More proper for a Conqueror, than one
That was o'ercome.

Adm. No more of that, my Lord.

Guif. But, Sir, since I must make a little one
In this great Business, let me understand
What 'tis you mean, and why you put the King
Upon so dangerous an Expedition?

Adm. Know, I intend the Greatness of the King,
The Greatness of all *France*, whom it imports
To make their Arms their Aim and Occupation:
Since then the Genius of the Kingdom's rous'd,
I'll turn the Fever of those civil Broils
To wholesom Exercise, to War with Strangers.

Guif. Stor'd Arsenals, and Armories, and Fields of
Horse,

Ord'nance, Ammunition, and the Nerve of War,
Sound Infantry, not harass'd and diseas'd,
To meet a veteran Army, should be thought of:
Nor ought you to rely on Protestants,
Those Mercenaries that must come; for he
Who, thus resolv'd, depends on such, shall spread
His Feathers now, but mew them all to morrow.

Adm. I find, my Lord, the Argument grows warm,
Therefore thus much, and I have done. The King
Intends

Intends to send an Army into *Flanders*,
A powerful one, and under my Command:
First then, altho' the Wars of latter Ages,
Are, in respect of former, made i'th' Dark,
Chastillon will not steal a Victory.

Guif. The Phrase of *Alexander* at *Arbela*!

Adm. No Place of Honour, Office, or Command
Thro' the whole Series of this glorious War,
For Profit, Favour, or for Interest,
Not of the greatest, shall be bought or sold.
Whereas too, for th' Encouragement of Fighters,
There are degrees promiscuously confer'd
On Soldiers and no Soldiers, this Man knighted,
Because he charg'd a Troop before his Dinner,
And skulk'd behind a Hedge in th' Afternoon:
I will have strict Examination made
Betwixt the Meritorious and the Base.

And, since I am entrusted as I wish,
I'll spoil the Traffick of this Brandy-Court,
And vie Rewards for Merit with old *Rome*.

Guif. You will, my good Lord Admiral!

Adm. Sir, I will,

Upon the very Spot of Victory,
For gallant Men,
Erect their Trophies, Funeral Laudatives,
And Monuments for those that di'd in War.
Crowns of Distinction, Garlands personal,
All but the Stile of Emperor, which the King
Of the whole Universe did after borrow;
That for my Master: and perhaps for me
The Triumph of their Generals on return.

(doubt

Guif. You have mouth'd it bravely; and there is no
Your Deeds would answer well such haughty Words:
Yet, let me tell you, Sir, there was a Man,
(Curse on the Hand that sped him) that would better,
Better than you, or all the bragging Generals,
That when he shone in Arms, and sun'd the Field,
That better would become the great Battalion,
Mov'd, spoke, and fought, and was himself a War.

Adm. The noble *Guise*, your Father, Sir, you mean;
But yet, my Lord——

Guif.

Guif. No yet, my Lord, no yet:
By Arms I bar you that;
For never was his Like, nor shall again,
Till murder'd by *Poltro*, curs'd damn'd *Poltro*,
Whose Soul now gluts the Maw of *Lucifer*.

Adm. Speak with more Charity.

Guif. Ha! Charity!
Damnation on the Soul that harbours it.
Were I in Heav'n, and saw him scorch'd in Flames,
I would not spit my Indignation down,
Lest I should cool his Tongue. For *Beza* too,
That set him on with the Rewards of Heav'n,
To act so black, so deep, so damn'd a Murder——
O why will *Charles* thus sheathe the Sword of Justice,
Till he has rooted up this Sect of Villains,
And collar'd to the Stake that canting Slave,
That preach'd my godlike Father from the World?

Adm. Come, come, my Lord, hear with a little Patience,
And you shall find 'tis not the Protestant way
To stab, and beat the Brains out in the dark:
Look home, my Lord, go to the *Vatican*;
See if in all those politick Discourses,
There be not one red-letter'd Page for Killing.

Guif. Ha, Admiral! then dar'st thou justify
The Villain whom my Vengeance marks for Death?

Adm. My Lord, I will not justify a Villain
More than your self: But if you thus proceed,
If that a great Man's Breath can puff away
On every Pet the Lives of free-born People;
What need that awful general Convocation,
Th' Assembly of the States? Nay, let me urge,
If thus you threat the venerable *Beza*,
What may the rest expect?

Guif. What? If I could,
They should be certain of whole Piles of Fire.

Adm. 'Tis very well, my Lord, I know your Mind,
Which without Fear or Flatt'ry to your Person,
I'll tell the King; and then, with his Permission,
Proclaim it for a Warning to our People.

Guif. Come, you're a Murderer your self.

Adm.

The Massacre of Paris.

33^I

Adm. Away.

Gui. You were Complotter with that Villain *Beza*,
The black Abetter of my Father's Murder.

Adm. This wou'd sound well, my Lord, in Front of
But here upon a Visit from the King (Battle,
It looks not like to *Guise*.

Gui. My Father's Murder——

Bid me not stand on Points when that's remember'd ;
But track me to the Forrest with thy Sword,
Thus Man to Man, back'd with all thy People,
Follow me, or I will proclaim thee Traitor, Coward.

Adm. O King, King, King ! still let me sound thy Name,
Left this fool-hardy Boy, this knotty Trifler,
This Spawn of Words, this Urchin of the War,
Should raise my Anger past the Pulling down.

Enter King, Queen Mother, Alberto, Anjou, and Morvele.

But see, He's here, I scorn to ruin thee :
Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.

King. What now, my Lord of *Guise* ? is this your Visit ?
I charge you on your Life, without reserve,
Tell me the Truth ; how hapned this Disorder ?
Those ruffled Hands, red Looks, and Port of Fury ?

Gui. I told him, Sir, since you resolve to have it,
He was the Murd'rer of my noble Father ;
Therefore a Traitor, Villain and a Coward.

King. Is't possible ?

Adm. No matter, Sir, no matter ;
The old Man rous'd, and shook himself, my Lord ;
A few hot words ; no more, upon my Life :
So, if your Majesty will do me Honour,
I do beseech you, let the Business die.

King. *Guise*, go, submit your self, and ask his Pardon.

Gui. My Lord, I cannot speak.

King. Where are your Guards ?

Adm. Hold there. Come, Sir, I will interpret for you,
My Lord, this close Embrace makes up the Breach :
We will be sorry, Sir, for one another.

Gui. You have out-done me, Sir ; but you'll excuse me.

Q²

'Twas

Adm.

'Twas a great Rack that screw'd me to this Folly.

Adm. More than enough, we're riveted the faster.

King. My Lord of *Guise*.

Q. M. My good Lord Admiral,

Now use your Power, and quite oblige the Court :

Villandry has provok'd the King at Play,

In such a nature, that he's doom'd to die ;

My Son refus'd my Intercession for him ;

Therefore when he has done his Check to *Guise*,

For your Affront, pray, my good Lord, intreat him.

King. The Marriage stays within ; which past, resolve
His Execution sudden as you can.

Gui. *Morvele*.

Mor. My Lord.

Gui. I, by the King's Commission, have Command
To take the Admiral's Life.

Mor. I'll shoot him.

Gui. Right :

As he returns from Court.

Mor. From some Out-Lodging

I'll watch him, till I execute your Order.

Adm. I'm a Suitor to your Majesty
For poor *Villandry's* Life.

King. Haste, bring him forth.

I think, my Lord, if you should ask my Heart,

My yielding Breast would open to your Hand.

But, Father, let's away ; the Cardinal

Stays for *Navarre*.

Adm. We'll wait your Majesty. [*Ex. King with Court.*]

O, my *Cavagnes*, where's *Langoiran* now ?

Where's *Antramont* ? but haste, and tell her all ;

Tell her th' extravagant Kindness of the King ;

Tell her—but stay ; why such repeated Oaths ?

That's to be thought on : Hollow was his Aspect,

Graves in his Smiles, Death in his bloodless Hands.

O *Antramont* ! I'll haste to meet thy Eyes :

The Face of Beauty on these rising Horrors,

Looks like the Midnight Moon upon a Murder :

It drives the Shades that thicken from the State,

And gilds the dark Design that's ripe for Fate.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

The King rises from a Couch.

***** FROM Amber Shrouds I see the Morning rise,
 * F * Her Rosy Hand begins to paint the Skies ;
 * * And now the City Emmets leave their Hive,
 ***** And rousing Hinds to chearful Labour drive ;
 High Cliffs and Rocks are pleasing Objects now,
 And Nature smiles upon the Mountain's Brow ;
 The joyful Birds salute the Sun's Approach ;
 The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy Coach,
 While from his Car the dropping Gems distil,
 And all the Earth, and all the Heav'n does smile :
 But *Charles*, still wrapt in Shades, like Night appears,
 His Sighs the Vapours, and the Dew's his Tears.
 Yet, O just Power, with Pity, O behold
 The Wretch, whose Fault is in your Book inroll'd ;
 Behold these Streams, with which his Soul aspires
 To slake your Wrath, and quench your angry Fires.

Enter Genius.

Gen. 'Thy *Genius*, lo, from his sweet Bed of Rest,
 Adorn'd with Jassamin, and with Roses drest,
 The Pow'r Divine has rais'd to stop thy Fate ;
 A true Repentance never comes too late :
 So soon as born, she made her self a Shroud,
 The weeping Mantle of a Fleecy Cloud,
 And swift as Thought her Airy Journey took,
 Her hand Heav'n's azure Gate with Trembling strook ;
 The Stars did with Amazement on her look ;
 She told thy Story in so sad a Tone,
 The Angels start from Bliss, and gave a Groan.
 But *Charles* beware, oh dally not with Heav'n,
 For after this no Pardon shall be giv'n.

}

[*Exit.*
Enter

*Enter Queen Mother, Cardinal of Lorain, Anjou,
Alberto Gondi.*

Card. The King upon the Earth? O rise, my Lord.

Q. M. He has of late been troubled with such Faintings;
And see he bleeds at Mouth.

King. Stand from me all.

O, Mother, Mother! whither will you lead me?
Thro' what a Vault of Monuments, and Sculls,
And dead Men's Bones? And you, my Lord *Lorain*,
Must I still journey thro' this Vale of Death,
And never reach the Paradise you promis'd?
I must not let the Massacre go forward:
I'm warn'd from Heav'n, I swear I think from Heav'n.

Q. M. Some scare-Crow of a Dream: So far from Sin,
Or ought that's Damnable, is our Design;
That my Lord Cardinal will tell you, Sir,
'Tis Meritorious; and whene'er we strike,
The Church shall bless it, as a Blow from Heav'n.

Card. Therefore, my Lord, I wish you to suspect
Whatever thwarts you in your holy Purpose;
However veil'd, tho' in an Angel's Form,
Conclude it the Suggestion of the Devil.

Q. M. So; now, I hope, these Qualms are at an end,
And we may close pursue the main Intention.
Suppose the Admiral kill'd; on this, the *Hugonots*
Fall on the House of *Guise*; the City rises
And cuts 'em all to pieces: Now imagine,
Which I am apt to think, the Hereticks
Are more discreet, and only sue for Justice,
Without a Tumult; shall the Business stand?

Car. No. If we find they do not run to Uproar,
(Our only Hope to colour o'er their Ruin)
Proceed to instant Slaughter; or they'll find
Some means for Flight, and kindle up the War
More dreadfully than ever.

Anjou. Is't determin'd
That with the rest the Princes too shall bleed?

Q. M.

Q. M. My Judgment is most positive in this:
Let not one Soul of all be left alive;
For 'tis ridiculous, in such extreams,
I' th' midst of Slaughter, Ruin, Blood, and Death,
To think of ever being prais'd for Mercy.
Nor can a Mean be us'd; the Duke of *Guise*
Meddles not in it, if a Man escape:
And says, in such a desp'rate Purge of Humours,
If any Relick of the great Distemper
Be left behind, it runs to a Relapse
More dang'rous than before.

King. As I remember,
Madam, it has been oft your Oracle,
In these late Civil Wars, t' avoid a Battel;
That Limbs, tho' ne'er so foul, should not be lopt
Without the utmost, last Necessity;
Because the Body feels too great Defect,
Sharp Pains, and almost irrecoverable Weakness:
And will you now cut the great Arteries,
The Princes of the Blood? Most horrid Thought!

Q. M. Compose your self; *Navarre* and *Conde* live.
Come, come, you must put off this Melancholy;
'Twill breed Suspicion, Sir, let me intreat you
To go upon the Instant strait to *Tennis*,
While *Morvele* does his Business.

King. O my Heart!
If you would have me fix'd, you must not leave me,
You must talk out to my distracted Soul,
Lest Conscience drown the Voice of Policy.

[*Exeunt all but Cardinal.*]

Card. This 'tis to have a Conscience. — Here comes
(one

Enter Guise.

Sear'd as my self, of my own Family.
Is he dispatch'd?

Gui. Not yet; but *Morvele* waits him,
His Fuzee cock'd, and planted at the Window:
All, all is fitted.

Card. What, your *Marguerite*
Said she was sick, and would not bed the Prince
Last Night?

Q4

Gui.

Gui. I know not that ; but here I stay
To take her as she passes to the Gardens.
How fares the King ?

Card. A little bound in Conscience :
He pukes at Dreams ; and as I hear of late,
Spits Blood.

Gui. A Fit, a Fit, my Lord, o'th' Mother :
I told you so. But see ; the furious Princess.
Away : I'll clap my Prow upon the Storm ;
And if a Wrack must follow, let it come.

Enter Marguerite.

Mar. Ha ! Villain ! Traitor ! Devil ! Hence be gone ;
Or I must get into my Grave to hide me ;
I've sworn, I've sworn to fly thee like a Fury,
And I am damn'd if e'er I see thee more.

Gui. I will obey you. And indeed the Fates
Of these sad Souls that must to day be dol'd
Require my Haste : I beg you but to hear me :
Grant me but this, by Hell, and Hell's worst Horrors,
And all the Murders of this bloody Day ;
You ne'er shall see me more.

Mar. What can'st thou say ?
For see, I know not how thou'st charm'd my Rage.

Gui. Know then, the Lives of every *Hugonet*
This moment now are sentenc'd to the Grave,
A Massacre of all.

Mar. A Massacre !

Gui. Madam, I've done. But hark ! a Gun went off ;
My leaping Heart cries out, It is the Admiral.
The Marriage of *Navarre* was for this end
Design'd, to bring the Princes to the Court :
And, on-so great an Enterprize, the King
Compell'd me to the tearing of the Contract,
Or threatned the destruction of my House,
And which was worse, your Death before my Eyes.
What, hoa ! *Morvele* ! he pass'd the Anti-chamber.

Enter

Enter Morvele.

Permit me to consult him. Ha! speak out;
Say, is the Admiral——

Mor. Not dead, my Lord.

I think I saw some of his Fingers fly,
And part of his left Arm: I'm sure I hit him.

Gui. Here, take this Key; fly to my Closet, haste;
Thou art pursu'd! Farewel.

Mor. I'm gone, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Gui. 'Twas in this manner just, my noble Father
Was palted from the Fame of all the World
By such another Villain; and my Soul
Leaps with Revenge, that this proud Admiral
Should, like an Eagle, in his utmost Flight
Be topled from the Clouds of all his Glory.
Madam, farewell: I hope you will excuse
What I, enforc'd, did act: I love you still;
And, on this sad Affair, in which perhaps
Your *Guise* may perish, it would warm my Heart
To hear you do not hate me.

Marg. Death and Horror!

Infamy, Vengeance, Murder, Massacre!

Gui. Now by the Life and Heart of our Design
'Tis well dissembled; stood thy Lord in view,
I thus wou'd charge thee, bear thee in my Arms
From the proud hurry of a clashing World,
To *Mahomet's* Paradise, to Beds of Pleasure,
Where we shall spin the silken Joys for ever,
Without a Break; lengthning the twinkling Moment
To an Eternity of deathless Pleasure. (derer!

Marg. Touch me not for thy Life, thou Traitor! Mur-
raver! Oh thou titled Villain!
In Purple dipt to give a Gloss to Mischief!
Follow the bloody Mark of thy Ambition,
And never see me more——

Gui. It cannot be,
Unless you chain me, drag me in sunless Caves:
You are my earthly Goodness, all my Hope

Of Comfort here: nor wish I more hereafter.

Marg. Hold, hold, Prophaner, thou hast dishonour'd
But this is little to the Crimes that follow, (me,
Thou hast betray'd me, after all my Vows
To marry one I hate; for thy Ambition
Mak'st me the Cause of this most horrid Vengeance,
At which the Earth shall sicken, Saints be sad,
And none but Furies like your self——

Gui. Did not your Mother form the whole Design?

Marg. Whoever form'd or helpt in such Contriving,
Hell and Damnation waste 'em; but for thee,
Sear'd, as thou art, with Cruelty, Revenge,
I pity thee, O *Guise*! because I lov'd thee,
And beg thee view those Fiends that gape to seize thee:
Allow at least a Possibility;

As well as there was one e'er you were Born
An unknown Country, after you are Dead.

Gui. Admit me then once more to share your Breast,
To taste those Secrets from those lovely Lips,
And I in Time may be a Profelyte.

Marg. Here look your Last! for from the time I leave
Ne'er hope to see lost *Marguerite* more. (you,

Gui. I am a Rebel, and have sworn to see you,
By all our former Dearness, and I will
By Heav'n! I will, in spite of you, resolve,
I'll gaze upon you till these Crystals run: (Ways,

Mar. You have broke my Heart a thousand several
And now against my Will this Parting melts me.

Gui. Speak not of Parting; by those Eyes I beg,
Nor melting Hearts; the Blood runs down from mine.

Marg. For all the Wrongs you have done me, my Dis-
(honour,

For all your Delays, your Sights, your thousand Oaths,
Your most considerate Pride in Falling out,
That I might court you to be Friends again——

Gui. Stop yet: and oh eternal Love shall crown thee.

Marg. For all my midnight Groans——

Gni. Hold, *Marguerite*.

Mar. My Tears, my Watchings,
The bleeding Tokens of the fondest Love——

Gui.

Gui. Take this, and strike it to my Heart;
But speak your Grievs no more, [Offers a Dagger.

Marg. By all I've said,
I beg you, Sir, to spare my Husband's Life.

Gui. What, *Marguerite*? ha! *Navarre*, again?
This was too much.

Marg. Save him, if possible,
And so farewell, thou Ruin of my Glory:
Farewel, thou strong Seducer of my Youth.
Yet I will eye thee hungerly at last:
Nay, take this Sigh to that thus splits my Heart,
My Husband's Life is all that I implore,
To save *Navarre*, and never see me more. [Exit.

Gui. She's gone, for ever gone; why, let her go.
Henceforth pronounce all Woman-kind thy Foe;
Or if thy feeble Soul to Love return,
Do not, like *Anthony*, for Life-time burn:
But as a Lion, eager of his Prey,
Compell'd by Thirst, turns from his purpos'd Way,
And in some Silver Fountain slakes his Rage,
Then runs more fiercely on his Foes t'engage;
So having quench'd thy Fires with Beauty's Charms,
Forget the Pleasures, and rush on to Arms. [Exit.

*Enter King, Queen Mother, Anjou, Lorain, Alberto
Gondi.*

King. Command that all the City-Gates be shut,
Except but two, for bringing in Provisions;
And these, my Lord of *Rhetz*, see strictly guarded,
Lest that the Murderer escape.

Q. M. You bear it bravely!
Now to the wounded Admiral: be there
As you are now, seem soft and pitiful,
Fond him with Tears, cry out with your Imptie
To be reveng'd upon the Murderer.

King. You that are made of Artifice instruct me.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

The Admiral Dressing, with all the Hugonots about him.

Adm. A Finger and an Arm? What all this Noise
About the Shattering of a Limb? Away.
And in a Cause so great, so glorious too?
Nay, let 'em burn the other to the Shoulder,
Or let the Badger Queen grind every Bone
Betwixt her Teeth, and grin to hear 'em crack.

Cav. Let's instantly resolve to bear him forth.

Adm. No: with this mangled Flesh held up to Heav'n,
This horrid mass of Blood, and Bone, and Marrow,
Upon my Knees I beg the Power Divine
T' establish thus the Protestant Religion.
To plant it in the Blood of lost *Coligni*.
If that, alas, may satisfy their Fury.

Cav. Take Heart, Sir; hope one Day for full Revenge.

Enter Antramont.

Ant. 'Tis well, my Lord! 'tis well, my *Cato*! well!
You call'd this *Paris Utica* at first.
The Stars of great Men have a Cast Divine,
And when they mould with second Thought, the Spirit,
The Air, the Life, the golden Vapour's gone.
Langoiran! O Langoiran!

Adm. Fate, my *Martia*;
There is a Providence that o'er-rules:
Therefore submit, haste, for thy Life, away;
I beg thee fly, my *Martia*, to *Geneva*:
My little ones shall with *Teligny* follow.

Ant. What, Sir, is't possible?
Is a Plank in this great Vessel rived?
Is't necessary that a Wreck should follow?

Adm. O *Antramont*, there is no going forth;
If the King be not in th' Assassination,

Fear

Fear not; I shall have Justice: If he be,
Farewell for ever, I'll ne'er see thee more.

Ant. You shall, you shall: why burst you not away?
There are at least ten thousand, your Adherents,
Will clear your Passage to *Chastillon*:

Why do you drag then, when your Fate cries on?

Adm. Once more I say, my Fate is in the King;
Therefore away: If things go right, you come
To me again; if not, there's one preserv'd
T' embalm my Bowels, O my *Antramont*;
I mean my Babes, that thus have Force to thaw me.
That Power, whose most unsearchable Decree
Thus dooms our Parting, give thee strength to bear it;
To bear my Death; perhaps thou'lt hear it shortly:
Yet thou shalt hear nothing unworthy me,
Nothing that's faint and flagging at the Goal,
But my last Gasp like my first Start of Glory.

Ant. What, leave thee, *Gaspar*, e'er I kiss thy Wound?
O, let me touch the Batt'ry of his Arm!
Forgive me; thus far I will be a *Roman*:
There's Virtue here, in this most sacred Relick,
I swear I think there is, to save a Soul.

Adm. Be gone I say: I cannot bear thy Kindness:
Force her away, and bear her to *St. Germain*.

Ant. I go. For thee, this Prayer I leave behind me:
Whene'er thou dy'st, the Arms of Angels waft thee
To those smooth Joys that have no gritty Moments.
For her that brought me to this barbarous End,
The Whips of Conscience drive her to Despair;
Conscience! Sh' has none: why then the stings of Plea-
Sures and Diseases, Disappointments plague her; (sure,
May all her Life be one continu'd Torment,
And that more racking than a Mother's Labour!
In meeting Death, may her least Trouble be
As great, as now my Parting is with thee! [Exit.

Enter Alberto Gondi.

Alb. My Lord, his Majesty, the Queen his Mother,
Approach to mourn your Chance, and give you Justice.

Enter

Enter King, Queen, Anjou, Lorain.

King. My Lord, I come to pour the Balm of Tears
Into your Wound; I come to threaten Death
To that bold Villain who durst act this Outrage:
And by my Soul I swear, my Father shall
Have such Revenge, as if a King were kill'd.

Adm. I thank your Majesty, and humbly crave
Your leave, Sir, to retire home to *Chastillon*;
Where, from these tumultuous *Parisians*,
I may, my Lord, recover this Misfortune.

Q. M. What, take a Journey, Sir, in this Condition?
Your Death must follow: But, alas, I fear,
I fear the Truth, with Tears I must avow it,
My Lord, you dare not trust the King and me.

Adm. O, do not tax me with the least Suspicion:
I must believe the Royal Majesty;
But all my fear is for my dear Companions,
And these lov'd Princes, whom the heav'n's defend.

King. Therefore my Brother streight shall draw the
Within the City, while for present Safety (Guards
I order Monsieur *Cosen's* Company
To keep your Quarters from all Fear of Tumult.
O Father, Father, do not wound my Soul
By a Distrust unworthy of us both.

Q. M. Ah, my Lord Admiral, can you imagine
That we are past all Fear, or Hope of Mercy,
That there's no Conscience, no regard of Vows,
No Grace, no Rev'ence, Fear of Heav'n, nor Hell,
Nor common Care of Fame, ev'n in this World?

King. To Bed, to Bed; let me intreat you rest.

Q. M. Nay, you shall go, my Lord, supported thus
Betwixt your Bosom Friends: Believe me, Sir,
This is not feign'd; there are not two alive
That love you more, than those that now sustain you.

Adm. Is't possible? Why, if it were dissembled,
The very Counterfeit of such a Friendship
Were worth a Dying for. Alas, my Lord!
O Madam! Why, why must this Trouble be?

The Massacre of Paris.

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But lead me, lead your poor old Admiral,
Blind with his Tears, and faint with loss of Blood :
If I do well again, I'll thank you, Sir,
I'll thank you in the Field ; O grant it Heav'n,
That I may End where no Assassins are,
And fall a Victim in the glorious War.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Guise, Aumale, Elbeuf, Angolefine, with
Parisians.*

Gui. Look you, my Lords, this is the Royal Order ;
The Dukes of *Nevers* and *Monpensier*
Must wait to guard the Person of the King,
With all the Royal Regiment in Arms :
Haste, for the Day begins to wear apace.

An. El. We obey.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Gui. President *Charton*, Provost de Merchand,
The Head of the *Parisians*.

Prov. Here, my Lord.

Gui. Provide two thousand Men compleatly arm'd ;
Let each particular Man, on his left Arm
Wear a Shirt-sleeve, and a white Cross in's Hat,
That, upon notice given, all may be ready
To execute his Majesty's Commands :
The *Eschevins* of every several Ward
See in just Order and precisely set,
That upon ringing the Palace-Bell,
Lights may be put directly on the instant
In every Window all throughout the Town.

Prov. It shall be done.

[*Exit.*]

Gui. My Lord, Grand Prior,
With what Commanders we can raise, be ready
To take the Admiral's Life. But see the Queen !

Enter Queen Mother, Cardinal, Anjou.

Q. M. Come, come, my Lords, let's lose no longer
The *Hugonots* proceed not to a Tumult,
(time ;
But

But only vent their Fury in high Words :
 Therefore away. My Lord of *Guise* your Father
 Looks from the Clouds, and cries, Revenge, Revenge.
 I think 'twere better too, while you kill the Admiral,
 The King's Grand Provost should pursue his Wife.

Gui. The old gray Sire, the Dam, and little Babes,
 I'll take 'em all together in the Nest,
 And pass 'em till they sprawl. You and the Cardinal
 Haste to the *Louvre* ; when the Gates are shut,
 Call the chief *Hugonots* down, and cut their Throats.
 My Lord, the Duke of *Anjou*, to your Care
 The King commits the City: So farewell:
 There wants no more but ringing of the Bell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E *The City.*

*Lights in the Windows. The President marches his Men
 over the Stage. The Bell of the Palace rings out.*

Enter Admiral in his Night-Gown.

Adm. The Palace Bell rings out, loud Cries of Murder,
 Guns fir'd, and groans of dying Men below ;
 The King has giv'n his Warrant for my Last ;
 His Vows, his Oaths, and Altar Obligations
 Are lost : the Wax of all those sacred Bonds
 Runs at the Queen's Revenge, the Fire that melts 'em.
 They are no more: The Admiral's no more.

Enter Cavagnes bleeding.

Cav. My Lord, God calls us ; Death is in the Court:
 Fate, in the shape of *Guise*, all over Blood.
 I saw your Son-in-Law *Teligny* die ;
Roura, the Son of Baron *de Atrets*,
 With Colonel *Montaumar*, gallant *Guerchy*,
 Wrapping his Cloak about his Arm, fought on
 Till he was all one Wound, and so expir'd :
 But hark, they come !

Adm.

Adm. Why, let 'em, let 'em come;
We shall e're long, my Friend, be worth their Envy:
To die thus for Religion, O *Cavagnes*,
It puts the Soul in everlasting Tune,
And sounds already in the Ears of Angels!
And, O, what Cause had ever such Foundation!
I tell thee that the Root shall reach the Center,
Spread to the Poles, and with her Top touch Heav'n.
But see, they come: Stand fix'd, and look on Death
With such Contempt, so masterly an Eye,
As if he were thy Slave.

Enter Besnie, Sartabons, four Soldiers.

Besn. See where he stands! ha, Slaves, what makes
you pause? [him.

1 *Sold.* Kill him your self, for my part I'll not touch

2 *Sold.* Nor I: For my part I am sorry for what is
(done already.

Adm. Cowards indeed! thus to be terrified
Ev'n with the shadow of the Admiral.

Besn. It goes against me; yet I must obey:
Sheath all your Daggers in the Traitor's Breast.

Adm. Young Man, thou ought'st to reverence these
(gray Hairs;
But I command thee, do as thou art order'd,

Thou'lt cut but little from the Line of Life. (Children.

Besn. Die then, die both: Now for his Wife and
[Stabs both, and Exeunt.

Adm. Heard'st thou, *Cavagnes*? said they not my
(Children?

Cav. I know not what you say; the stroak of Death
Has stunn'd my sense of Hearing.

Adm. Yet let's crawl
With all our Wounds into each others Arms,
And hand in hand go martyr'd thus to Heav'n.

Cav. I am gone, farewell. [Dies.

Adm. Why dost thou shudder thus,
And gasp upon my Po'ora? 'Twas his last;
My Soul so likes her House, she's loth to part:

But,

But, O What Builder can repair the Ruins?
 The Lights are choak'd, the Windows are dam'd up,
 The main Beams crack, and the Foundation sinks;
 Besides, the lordly Owner warns me forth:
 I come, great Master of the World and me,
 And, O! revenge, revenge thy Peoples Blood.
 A hundred thousand Souls for Justice call;
 Let not the guiltless without Vengeance fall. [Dies.

Enter the Duke of Guise and Soldiers.

Gui. So, fling him down, down with him to the Court,
 Expose his Carcass to the Peoples Mercy,
 Drag him away, and hurl him from the Window:
 See all his Bastards strangled on the Spot;
 There's Orders for't The *Hôtel de Chastillon*.
 Be raz'd for ever; his Posterity
 Be made incapable of bearing Office,
 Or being Noble; burn his Statue, haste:
 There's a Commission granted for the Deed;
 Nay, kill, as if 'twere Sport to see 'em bleed. [Exeunt.

SCENA ULTIMA. *The Louvre.*

Queen Mother, Cardinal, Duke of Anjou, Colonel D'O.

Q. M. Here Colonel, bring forth your Prisoners,
 And let me see these Leaders of the Faction.

The SCENE draws, showing the Commanders standing with their hands ty'd behind 'em betwixt the Soldiers in a rank. The Count de Rochfocault, Marquis de Renel, Files, Pluvialt, Pardillan, and Lavardin.

Give the Word, Colonel.
 D'O. Fire on 'em all.

[Shoot.

The

The SCENE draws, and shews the Admiral's Body burning.

Gui. I saw the Master Villain dragg'd along
To Execution, by the common People,
Who from the Shoulders tore the mangled Head,
Cut off his Hands, and at *Mountfaucon* hung him,
Half burning, by one Leg upon the Gallows.

Enter King, Princes, and Alberto Gondi.

King. O Horror! Horror! O thou cruel *Guise*!
O Mother! Brother! and thou murd'ring Priest!
Dost thou not blush to sail in Seas of Ruin,
To hang the Flag of a damn'd Pirate forth,
Yet call thy bloody Bark the Christian Church?
Or, tell me, Canst thou lay the Furies here,
Pale *Hugonots* that haunt me up and down
Thro' Chambers, into Closets, Beds, and Couches?
Or dar'st thou shield me, when the Admiral's Ghost
Claps to my Heart the Dagger of my Word?

Q. M. Why are you thus?

King. The Angel's Words are true,
And *Charles* is near his End. O Mother! Mother!
Hear my last Words, and take my dying Counsel,
Stop the vast Murder that you have begun;
For know, all Churches by Decree and Doctrine,
Kings by their Sword and Balance of their Justice,
All Learning, Christian, Moral, and Profane,
Shall by the Virtue of their Mercury Rod
For ever damn to Hell those curs'd Designs
That with Religion's Face to Ruin tend,
And go by Heav'n to reach the blackest End.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

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